

**The
National
Review**

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THE NATIONAL REVIEW

No. 301. MARCH 1908

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

HIS Majesty's Ministers must by this time have acquired much valuable experience, which should stand them in good stead during the remainder of their official existence. Our Par-

The Foreign Minister's Task

liamentarians of both parties do not as a general rule take an intelligent interest in international affairs. They are completely absorbed in domestic

politics. Conservative Cabinets have the good sense to recognise their limitations, and invariably leave the management of Foreign Affairs to the Foreign Minister, but such detachment is less easy for Liberals to practise, because they are imbued with certain *a priori* theories which have no reference to actual facts, and the atmosphere of a Liberal Cabinet renders the task of a Liberal Foreign Minister infinitely harder than that of a Conservative Foreign Minister, and except during the days of Lord Rosebery, who enjoyed peculiar personal prestige, Liberal Foreign Policy until the *régime* of Sir Edward Grey was an almost unbroken record of disaster, or of humiliation worse than disaster. The atmosphere of the present Cabinet can hardly have been very favourable at the outset to the prosecution of a prudent, continuous foreign policy, many of its members being penetrated by these *idées fixes*, and it speaks volumes for the sagacity and steadfastness of our Foreign Minister, as also it must be admitted for the loyalty of his colleagues, that Sir Edward Grey

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should have been able to remain master in his own house, and to treat foreign affairs from a national rather than from a party standpoint, a fact which should be recognised by all Unionists, who are anxious to take foreign politics out of party politics. Happily his task will grow easier as the Cabinet gathers experience, and contact with actualities dissipates the delusions which form part of the mental equipment of most Liberal politicians.

It is a cardinal tenet among Liberals when in Opposition that our relations with foreign Powers depend mainly upon the amiability of the British Government and the British Press. How, they ask, can we expect other nations to be friendly so long as England is governed by a Ministry identified with "bloated armaments," and supported by Jingo journalism? Germany's antagonism was habitually attributed to the existence of a Tory Government in England, so far as it was not regarded as the invention of professional alarmists like the editor of the *National Review*, and the moment our Government changed Liberals prophesied a corresponding change on the part of Germany, who, recognising that her genius is military rather than maritime, would seize the very first opportunity of abandoning those "insane naval ambitions" which, we are told, must inevitably bring any first-class military Power to bankruptcy, especially one afflicted with Protection, and whose people are *ex hypothesi* impoverished by ruinous tariffs. She would naturally refuse to make any pacific move so long as England remained under the Jingoes, but she would joyfully respond to any friendly overture from a Liberal Prime Minister obviously animated by an abiding affection for peace. There is every reason to believe that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman himself entertained this delightful theory. The famous passage in his Albert Hall speech in December 1905 on Free Trade and Disarmament, was manifestly addressed to Berlin. The new Premier had his first eye-opener at the Algeciras Conference the following month, when Germany, not unreasonably assuming that a change of British Government involved a change of British policy, rudely tested the *entente cordiale* between ourselves and France, and to her great surprise

and to the credit of the present Cabinet she found it as solid as it had been when similarly tested six months before when Lord Lansdowne was at the Foreign Office. Some weeks later this country was involved in a serious difficulty with Turkey regarding the frontier of Egypt, to which it is a matter of common knowledge Germany was no stranger, and which may, in fact, without exaggeration, be described as having been "made in Potsdam"—the German Emperor having persuaded the Sultan that with a peace-at-any-price Cabinet installed in London, the moment was propitious for aggression, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was compelled to resort to such "methods of barbarism" as the mobilisation of a squadron of British battleships before Turkey abandoned her preposterous pretensions.

DISAPPOINTED but not daunted by these disagreeable experiences, the Prime Minister proceeded to open his Disarmament campaign,

**The Last
Programme**

and as a preliminary pledge of good faith he announced the abandonment by this country of the Cawdor shipbuilding programme, and undertook to go further along the same slippery slope if other Powers responded. His only reward was to be held up to odium in the semi-official German Press as a Machiavelli who was craftily seeking to secure British naval supremacy for all time "on the cheap," and he received his official answer at the Hague Peace Conference, where, owing to the hostility of Germany, it was impossible even to obtain serious consideration for the British proposals. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had suffered yet another disillusionment, because so far from relinquishing their "insane naval ambitions," the German Government, seeing that we were slackening in our shipbuilding, introduced a fresh naval programme in the autumn of 1906, which went like butter through the Reichstag, and was subsequently enthusiastically endorsed at a General Election by the German people, who, although groaning under Protection, were cheerfully prepared to shoulder further burdens for the sake of Sea-power. If after these successive eye-openers as to the scope and character of German policy, doubt still lingered in any Ministerial mind, it must have been finally dissolved by a sensational incident last autumn. Great store had been set by the Potsdam

Party in the Cabinet, though by this time it had grown "fine by degrees and beautifully less," as well as by the pro-German Press clique, headed by the *Westminster Gazette* (which has never condescended to explain its complete *volte face* regarding the German naval menace), on the German Emperor's visit to this country, which was expected to open a new era in Anglo-German relations. So it did. Because, as our readers remember, the eloquent echoes of the Imperial professions of peace at the Guildhall had scarcely died away before the German Government launched yet another and most portentous programme of naval construction—in fact, nothing less than the Cawdor programme of four great armoured ships per annum, which the British Government had discarded in order to promote the cause of peace and disarmament.

It must, moreover, be added that throughout the last two years the Liberal Press has been uniformly friendly, not to say effusive, towards Germany. No opportunity for gushing has been missed, and nothing has been permitted to appear in its columns which could conceivably hurt the susceptibilities of the most sensitive German, while there has been no lack of sympathetic sycophancy in the Unionist Press, especially in those organs written or controlled by aliens. In spite of all these friendly factors, one by one all the amiable and reassuring explanations of the extraordinary expansion of the German Navy have gone by the board, and even our most purblind politicians can no longer ignore the sinister significance of the immense development of amphibious power within thirty hours of our shores. Great Britain is the objective of the German Navy. Such enormous and unprecedented expenditure, probably amounting to over £500,000,000 before the gigantic Armada is completed, which advances by leaps and bounds from year to year, and which, curiously enough, appears to advance by about the amount that our naval expenditure declines, is clearly not needed for the defence of Germany, who is threatened by nobody, and is rendered invulnerable to attack by her all-powerful army. Nor is it required to protect German colonies, which are hardly worth possessing; nor to secure the over-sea food-supplies of the German people, who

could always be fed over-land. Nor is the German Navy needed to attack France, whom Germany counts on overwhelming with her ever-increasing army; nor to fight Russia, who is no longer a serious Sea-power; while the Dual Monarchy and Italy are both allies of Germany. That it is not being built to fight Japan or the United States is demonstrable from the limited coal-carrying capacity of German battleships, which disables them from operating at any great distance, and, as a matter of fact, they never leave the North Sea, except when, thanks to the complaisance of the British Admiralty, their officers are permitted to familiarise themselves with British home waters. All the world knows—even English Cabinet Ministers now know—that Germany is developing her Sea-power simply and solely for the purpose of challenging our Sea-power. Her present policy towards this country is explained by the artless admission of Herr Basserman, leader of the National Liberals, one of the principal parties of the Bülow *bloc*, who said aloud five years ago what the German Emperor has been keeping to himself ever since: “In our attitude towards England we must keep cool, and *until* [our italics] we have a strong fleet it would be a mistake to allow ourselves to be driven into a hostile policy towards England.”

WILHELM II. is ceasing to be a popular hero with the Liberal and Free Trade Party, who are beginning dimly to realise what has long been obvious to less prejudiced observers, that he is the deadly foe of every form of political progress, and that his naval megalomania is likely to be a powerful factor in destroying both the Liberal Government and our Free Trade system through sheer financial pressure. The outlook is already alarming. Mr. Asquith has persuaded the Admiralty—*alias* Sir John Fisher—to abandon the Two-Power Standard, which was universally regarded as the palladium of British liberties, in order that our national insurance premiums may be diverted to Old Age Pensions. We confess to being unable to take much interest in the struggle now raging between Liberal Tapers and Liberal Tadpoles as to whether our shipbuilding programme be reduced to the Half-Power Standard or to the Quarter-Power Standard—*i.e.*, whether we lay down two

The Half-Power Standard

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big armoured ships or only one. We should console ourselves if the Littlest Navyites defeated the Little Navyites, because the reaction would be all the swifter and all the stronger. The following are expected to be the British and German shipbuilding programmes for this year:

	Great Britain.	Germany.
Battleships, <i>Dreadnought</i> type . . .	1	3
Armoured cruisers, <i>Invincible</i> type . . .	1	1
Armoured cruisers, small . . .	4	0
Small unarmoured cruisers . . .	3	2
Destroyers . . .	10	12
Torpedo-boats . . .	?	?
Submarines . . .	?	?

In other words, the Mistress of the Seas is to be out-built in every single category of ship except small cruisers. Sir John Fisher's journalistic friends bid us be of good cheer, because next year the Admiralty will insist on a huge programme of five or six *Dreadnoughts* and *Invincibles*. It is always jam yesterday and jam tomorrow, but never jam to-day. Sir John Fisher was the author of the Cawdor Programme of 1905, which laid down that "strategic requirements necessitate an output of four large armoured ships annually." This statement, be it remembered, was made in the winter of 1905, after the destruction of the Russian fleet, after the conclusion of the *entente* with France and the alliance with Japan, but *before* the expansion of the German fleet effected by the Novelle of 1906 and the new Act of 1908, which has raised the German annual average of large armoured ships from three to four. As Sir John Fisher has consented this year to halve, if not to quarter, our irreducible minimum in the interests of Old Age Pensions, what is to prevent him next year from abandoning British shipbuilding altogether for some equally philanthropic object, and relying entirely on his own bluster to sink the German fleet? The general discouragement is increased by the refusal of an inquiry into the working of our amazing Admiralty, apparently because Lord Esher forbids, which has prompted the not impertinent question in the *Morning Post* and *Standard*, "Who is Lord Esher?" Will the Front Opposition Bench continue to preserve a criminal silence towards the abandonment of the Cawdor Programme of the late Government?

ON the strength of his menacing armaments, and the temporary dislocation of the balance of European power, Wilhelm II. is endeavouring to establish himself as the suzerain of Europe, and claims the right to dictate the foreign policy of other Powers. Our readers will not have forgotten his resounding visit to Morocco—the German reply to the Anglo-French Agreement of 1904, which was passionately resented, partly because it had not been negotiated under Imperial auspices, and still more because it dealt a heavy blow at the great superstructure of Bismarckian diplomacy, which rested on the mutual mistrust of other Powers. Nor have they forgotten the Emperor's subsequent campaign against the great French Foreign Minister, M. Delcassé, who had refused to dance to the piping of Potsdam and had committed the unpardonable crime of shaking hands with England. It is not, we believe, generally known that similar machinery was set in motion from the Wilhelmstrasse against the other distinguished signatory of the Anglo-French Agreement, but the campaign against Lord Lansdowne never got beyond the Austrian Press, which might be appropriately labelled "All German rubbish shot here." Latterly, Wilhelm II. has been much exercised and exasperated by the conclusion of the Anglo-Russian Agreement composing the principal differences between two Powers whose traditional antagonism had brought much grist to the German mill, and whose friendship would deal a deadly blow at the diplomacy of the international *agent provocateur*. He has been casting about for some means of retaliation. His irritation probably explains the abrupt announcement of Baron Aehrenthal, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, of the Dual monarchy's intention to steal a march on Russia by linking up Austro-Hungarian railways with Turkish railways, thereby obtaining access to the sea at Salonika—a move which is believed to have been prompted from Potsdam. It is certainly far more characteristic of Wilhelm II. than of Francis Joseph, and of Prince Bülow than of Baron Aehrenthal. The episode has provoked much discussion throughout Europe, and has caused considerable concern outside Berlin. We do not yet know what reply, if any, Russia may decide to make to this challenge, or what effect it will have on the Near Eastern

question; but should it lead to a new grouping of Powers, and afford Russia, France, and Great Britain an opportunity of political co-operation, it will not prove an unmixed evil.

GERMAN diplomacy seems to be ubiquitous in creating difficulties for other Powers. We are ignorant as to the precise phase of

A Sham her protracted intrigue to convert the Baltic into
Entente a *mare clausum*, but in any case she seems to have successfully set Sweden and Russia by the ears, besides starting foreign journalists discussing "Russian designs" on the Aland Islands. It stands to reason that if once the Baltic became a *mare clausum*, the command of that sea would belong to the strongest Sea-power, i.e., Germany, and "Russian designs" upon the Aland Islands or other places would be immaterial. Germany's skill in inducing the watch-dogs of the Press to bark up the wrong tree is prodigious. If we may believe those "tame" journalists who supply British newspapers with the information which Prince Bülow deems good for them, our Government has been entangled in some kind of agreement with Germany concerning the North Sea, which will look admirable on paper, consisting as it does of an undertaking by Germany, Great Britain, France, Holland, and Denmark to respect the *status quo* and it is compared by the inspired scribes to the Mediterranean agreements of Great Britain, France, and Spain. As we explained last month, this development originated in an ingenious German attempt to drive a wedge into the *entente cordiale* by inveigling us into a North Sea Agreement without France. On the refusal of our Government to walk into this transparent trap, Germany suggested the larger arrangement, which is now on the stocks. We cannot pretend to feel any enthusiasm over an agreement which without causing Germany to abate a jot or tittle of her territorial ambitions, is evidently to be used by pro-Germans here and elsewhere to lull the public into a state of false security. Moreover, this sham *entente* between the wolf and the lamb will prevent a real *entente* between the *bona fide* sheep-dogs. Great Britain and France are honestly interested in maintaining a *status quo* which Germany is determined to disturb at her own time, and she never has been deterred from anything she wanted by paper arrangements. The *Westminster Gazette* characteristically

informs us that "Pan-German aspirations concerning their neighbours' possessions can no longer be proclaimed under any pretexts as the aspirations of the German Emperor and his Government," while "the inhabitants of the smaller States will be reassured by the North Sea *entente*." That is its object in a nut-shell—not to secure the safety of other States, but to "reassure" them. It is even suggested that "a possibility now looms in the distance of elaborating a plan for realising what was not attainable directly at The Hague, viz., a delimitation of armaments, or what would be tantamount to the same—a diminution of expenditure on armaments." This is suggestive. The sham *entente* is to be used as another argument for reducing our shipbuilding programme.

THE third Session of the second Parliament of King Edward VII. was opened on Wednesday, January 29, by the Sovereign in

Opening of Parliament person, who was accompanied by the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Speech from the Throne, which was of unusual length, opened with the customary references to external events. Satisfaction was expressed at the autumn visit of the German Emperor and his Imperial Consort: "The cordial reception given to their Majesties by my people was warmly appreciated, and cannot fail to confirm the friendly relations existing between the two nations." A sympathetic allusion to the death of the King of Sweden was followed by the intimation that "my relations with foreign Powers continue to be friendly." The Anglo-Russian Agreement had been "animated by the sincere desire to settle by mutual agreement certain questions concerning the interests of Great Britain and Russia in Persia, Afghanistan, and Tibet," and to its conclusion was attributed the fact that the two Governments had been able, "notwithstanding disturbances and complications in Persia, to maintain a peaceful policy." Great Britain had joined with France, Germany, and Russia in signing a treaty to preserve the integrity of the Kingdom of Norway. Then came a guarded reference to "the second International Peace Conference at the Hague," the results of which were "receiving the attentive consideration of my Government," especially the proposal to create "an International Court of

Appeal in prize cases," and Ministers contemplated "inviting representatives of the leading maritime nations to attend a Conference in London" next autumn "with a view to coming to an understanding on certain important points of international law for the guidance of the Court." The Royal Speech acknowledged that there was no improvement in Macedonia, where "bands of different nationalities continue to pursue a campaign of violence, and the situation gives serious cause for anxiety." The Powers had agreed to present the Turkish Government with a scheme for strengthening the local Judiciary, while the British Government had made "further proposals" both to Turkey and to the Powers for "dealing effectually with the principal causes of disturbance." We hope that this does not indicate any intention on our part to play "a lone hand."

THE Congo agitators, for the first time, we believe, in the history of this mischievous movement, obtained the honour of an entire paragraph in the Royal Speech, though happily it was of a strictly non-committal character; and it is satisfactory to know that many sensible politicians who somewhat thoughtlessly allowed themselves to be inveigled into this deplorable agitation are beginning to regret their precipitancy; "My Government are fully aware of the great anxiety felt with regard to the treatment of the native population in the Congo State. Their sole desire is to see the government of that State humanely administered in accordance with the spirit of the Berlin Act, and I trust that the negotiations now proceeding between the Sovereign of the Congo State and the Belgian Government will secure this object." After a reference to the negotiations with the United States to refer the Newfoundland Fisheries dispute to the Hague Court, satisfaction was expressed at the settlement of the immigration difficulty between Japan and Canada, and sorrow at the scarcity and sickness in India caused by the shortage of rain. It cannot be said that the British Empire occupied a very conspicuous place in the Speech from the Throne, which is perhaps hardly to be wondered at, as this document is nowadays drafted by a Committee composed of spurious Imperialists and heart-whole Little Englanders. One might, however, have expected a word

of jubilation over the recent capture of Cape Colony by an Afrikaner Bond Government, the installation of which completes the chain of Boer domination in what is still euphemistically called British South Africa. Thanks to the cold-blooded and cowardly treason of the Campbell-Bannerman Cabinet, for which the Vice-Presidents of the Liberal League are equally responsible with the pro-Boer Lord Chancellor and the author of "Smoking Hecatombs of Slaughtered Babes," our fellow kinsmen in the sub-continent who fought for us and suffered with us during the war have been placed for all time under the heel of a vindictive and merciless enemy, who is now engaged in squeezing them out of the country. We are turning our best friends into our bitterest enemies without turning a single enemy into a friend. The Royal Speech concluded with an amorphous list of measures which his Majesty's Ministers propose to pass into law this Session, beginning with Old Age Pensions, the other subjects being specified in the following order: (1) Licensing; (2) Elementary Education; (3) Regulation of Mining Hours; (4) Housing; (5) Valuation of Property in England and Wales; (6) Irish University Education; (7) Irish Land Purchase Amendment; (8) Port of London; (9) Protection of Children. Finally Parliament was informed that "the Bills relating to Scottish Land and Valuation, which were introduced last Session, but failed to pass, will be again submitted to you."

THE opening proceedings in the Upper House were rendered especially interesting by the introduction of Lord Curzon of Kedleston, to whose election as an Irish Representative Peer objection had been taken on the ground that his name was "not upon the Roll of Peers of Ireland" having the right to vote. But the Lord Chancellor overruled this objection, declaring that, "having examined the Act of Union, he was satisfied that Lord Curzon, whose name appears on the Ulster Roll as a Temporal Peer of Ireland, might properly be elected, although he has no claim to be entitled to vote for a Representative Peer." In the new Peer the House of Lords admittedly acquires a brilliant addition who has not been slow in making his presence felt. The debate on the Address followed the customary course, the mover and seconder being two worthy Radical plutocrats who have recently disguised themselves

**Debate in
the Lords**

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under the picturesque names of Lord Airedale and Lord Nunburnholme. They made the usual speeches, and received the usual encomiums from the Leader of the Opposition, Lord Lansdowne, who was in exceptionally good form, and contributed a masterly survey of the political situation. He spiced his compliments to Lords Airedale and Nunburnholme by emphasising the connection of the former with railways and the latter with shipping, recalling that Mr. Lloyd-George had lately told a public meeting that "the House of Lords possibly knew something about parsons and gamekeepers, but it knew nothing about trade," and suggesting that when Lord Ripon selected as mover of the Address "the noble Lord, who has not only had the advantage of being President of the National Liberal Association, but also President of the Leeds Chamber of Commerce and of the Iron and Steel Institute, he must have intended to administer a sly rebuke to his colleague." After a passing allusion to the German Emperor's visit, and a brief reference, critical but not unfriendly, to the Anglo-Russian Convention, Lord Lansdowne discussed the Blue-book on the Hague Conference containing a despatch by the Foreign Minister frankly admitting the disappointing character of its deliberations. But this was because exaggerated expectations had been entertained, for instance by the Prime Minister, who had seriously believed, and encouraged others to believe, that it would effect a general reduction of armaments, in lieu of which they had the momentous statement of Sir Edward Grey, who was conspicuous for his "calmness of judgment," "that the British Navy, far from being too strong for our needs, was not more than sufficient for them, and that if foreign Powers were to increase their naval strength it would be necessary for us to follow suit, if we desired that our homes should be safe from attack."

LORD LANSDOWNE declared that it was not easy to separate the gold from the dross in the Hague Blue-book. The Conference had produced no less than thirteen Conventions, many of them still awaiting the signatures of the most important Powers; and eight resolutions, or "opinions"—pious opinions they might be called—which represented "strivings . . . after somewhat remote and unattain-

able ideals," *plus* a declaration concerning the use of balloons in war. He gathered that his Majesty's Ministers recognised that all these documents required careful consideration before this country committed itself. This was especially the case as regards the Convention referred to in the Royal Speech creating an International Prize Court, which they would rejoice to see established if it were properly constituted, and administered a well-considered code of regulations approved by the great Powers affected by them. The present position without such a Court was highly inconvenient, as we had learnt from experiences during the Far Eastern War. "But these ills, intolerable as they were, would be much more tolerable than those which we might endure if we found ourselves placed entirely in the hands of an imperfectly constituted tribunal, administering, not a recognised code of international law, but precepts which it might itself lay down from time to time for its own guidance." It is a matter of general satisfaction that the present Government, in spite of its strong cosmopolitan sympathies, and the dangerous sentimentalist on the Woolsack, proposes calling a Conference of the maritime Powers prior to signing the convention. It is a wise decision such as we are entitled to expect from the Foreign Office under present auspices. In dealing with "the melancholy subject of Macedonia," Lord Lansdowne confessed to "a feeling of despair." During the last four years there had been no less than ten thousand violent deaths in the Macedonian villayets. Our Government had had to contend with immense obstacles, viz., the obstinacy and short-sightedness of the Turkish Government, and "the incurable timidity of the Powers"; but he welcomed the scheme for the improvement of the Judiciary, and he emphasised the promise of "fresh proposals for dealing effectually with the principal causes of disturbance," and trusted that in the event of Turkey continuing to prove recalcitrant "the Powers will take courage, and will press upon the Porte proposals, the efficacy of which shall not be impaired by any attempt to deal tenderly with Turkish susceptibilities." Since this debate, as already noted, the situation in the Balkans has been transformed by the inconsiderate action of the Dual Monarchy.

WE strongly protest against the Unionist Party being implicated as a Party in any responsibility for the Congo agitation, though we cannot control cranks in our ranks, Ireland and we observe with much satisfaction that Lord Lansdowne carefully abstained from giving any encouragement to the agitators, confining himself to a bald expression of hope for the success of the negotiations between the Congo State and the Belgian Government, and significantly adding that nothing should be done in this country "to impede or embarrass the course of those negotiations." Unfortunately the so-called Congo Reform Association is doing its utmost to frustrate a settlement, with the assistance of well-meaning busybodies oblivious of Lord Cromer's admirable advice, "Mind your own business." In complimenting the Government of Canada and the Japanese Government on "the adjustment of a difficulty which might have proved acute," Lord Lansdowne described our allies as having exhibited "not for the first time, a self-restraint and a sagacity which have elicited the admiration of all those who have had the opportunity of coming into close contact with their diplomatic proceedings." He spoke with unusual vigour and warmth of the anarchy to which Ireland has been reduced by a literary Cheap-jack, expressing his astonishment that it had found no place in a Speech which covered all the four quarters of the globe. How simple to have added an Irish paragraph similar to the Macedonian paragraph, with slight verbal variations; for instance, "The condition of the population in several important Irish counties shows no improvement. Bands instigated by Nationalist members of Parliament continue to pursue a campaign of violence, and the situation gives serious cause for anxiety," followed by an intimation that his Majesty's Government were taking measures for "dealing effectually with the principal causes of disturbance." The present deplorable and scandalous state of things was entirely due to the blindness and weakness of the existing *régime*. Never before in our history had a Government calling itself a strong Government "so connived at an attack upon a respectable class of the community, a class entitled to protection at their hands." A few days ago Judge

Curran reminded the Grand Jury of Longford that last October he had referred to the persistent and long-continued conspiracy against certain individuals in the hope that the authorities would put an end to this persecution and afford these unfortunate people some protection, but he now found that not a finger had been raised and no movement had been made on their behalf, and he (Judge Curran) hoped that even at the eleventh hour the authorities would step in and give them, not mercy, but common justice, and afford them the protection to which they were entitled. Lord Lansdowne quoted another learned Judge who had referred to his degrading experience upon the Bench at Dublin, while the Government's own Attorney-General not long ago spoke of the prevalence of Mob Law, and characterised the conduct of the people in a particular district as "worse than that of West African savages." It was true that the conspiracy and its consequences were at present confined to a certain number of counties, its objective being the destruction of a particular industry. "When you tell me that this is a local matter, I would reply, you might as well tell a patient who has got gangrene in his foot that he need not be anxious about it, because the other organs of his body are for the moment in a healthy condition."

THEY might be told that there was a momentary lull in Irish disorder. That in itself was a very disquieting symptom, on account of the means by which it had been brought about. There had been, if no overt arrangement, at any rate some understanding between the Government and the Nationalist Party under which an acceptable Bill was to be introduced on the subject of Irish University Education, while, as Lord Lansdowne pointed out, "in regard to cattle-driving, intimations have been made which suggest . . . that cattle-driving will no longer be necessary, because the Chief Secretary himself is going to have one huge cattle-drive which will obliterate the grazing industry in Ireland." When the present Government took over Ireland from the late Government it was in good order. "You gave us a receipt for it. The late Chief Secretary (Mr. Bryce) announced that he took office at a moment of tranquillity; the

Cattle-Driving

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between the Government and the Nationalist Party under which an acceptable Bill was to be introduced on the subject of Irish University Education, while, as Lord Lansdowne pointed out, "in regard to cattle-driving, intimations have been made which suggest . . . that cattle-driving will no longer be necessary, because the Chief Secretary himself is going to have one huge cattle-drive which will obliterate the grazing industry in Ireland." When the present Government took over Ireland from the late Government it was in good order. "You gave us a receipt for it. The late Chief Secretary (Mr. Bryce) announced that he took office at a moment of tranquillity; the

present Chief Secretary congratulated himself upon the comparative peacefulness and crimelessness of the country." The lamentable change which had since taken place was attributable to the announcement that the incoming Government intended "to govern Ireland according to Irish ideas," i.e., "not the ideas of the reasonable law-abiding population of Ireland, but the ideas of the clamorous minority, which is only formidable because you always run away from it." They had refused to renew the Peace Preservation Act; they had allowed free trade in firearms, with the result that in Galway 50 per cent. of the outrages of the last twelve months had been caused by an improper use of firearms. Then, again, Ministers had pledged themselves to rely on the ordinary law, well knowing its uselessness under present circumstances, on the ground that they could not use the Crimes Act because they had opposed its passage through Parliament. "Was there ever a doctrine so dangerous and unconstitutional?"—which could only mean that criminals must look, "not to the Statute Book, but to the pages of *Hansard*, to see who it was supported a particular measure and who opposed it." But while rejecting the Crimes Act in their love of ordinary law, the Government were not above proceeding under an Act of the reign of Edward III., and another of the reign of William IV., which they set in motion, not against the instigators of crime, but against the instigated, "against the dupes who are misled by the members of Parliament who have succeeded in plunging the country into the state in which we now have it." Lord Lansdowne declined to be put off with the old story that the root cause of these disturbances was the British refusal to associate the people of Ireland with the management of their own affairs, which was a twofold fallacy. The cattle-driving conspiracy was a purely predatory, selfish movement, promoted by people prepared to ruin the most important of all Irish industries, because, in the words of the Chief Secretary, they "have set their eyes upon territories occupied by the graziers." It was equally fallacious to suppose that any remedial measures had the faintest chance of success until they had taught the people of Ireland to respect the law.

LORD LANSDOWNE described the promised scheme of universal and non-contributory Old Age Pensions as "a tremendous plunge," which excited grave misgivings, especially in its financial aspects. Ministers had already reduced indirect taxation, and had announced yet further reductions, while direct taxation was on a war level at a time of profound peace. Our liabilities, already colossal, were becoming yet more colossal. Any reduction of the Naval Estimates was clearly impossible, and every one knew that Mr. Haldane's military policy would cost a great deal more money than was at first anticipated, while the Civil Service Estimates were mounting by leaps and bounds. If an Old Age Pensions Bill was inopportune at the present time, there was equally little need for another Licensing Bill. Intemperance was not increasing, nor had the Act of 1904 failed in its object, as licences were diminishing at the rate of a thousand a year. Upon Education the speaker professed his preference for legislation over such administrative action as they had lately experienced, which was "diametrically opposed to the spirit of the existing law." Under another Education Bill (Irish University), he gathered from Mr. Birrell's mouthpiece, Dr. Traill (Provost of Trinity College, Dublin), that there were to be three universities in Ireland, without tests, but with "atmospheres," and he expressed the hope that, as regards education in England and Wales, "some way might also be found of affording these 'atmospheres' which you are so eager to concede to Ireland." Lord Lansdowne ended his admirable review by criticising the absence from the Speech from the Throne of any proposal for dealing with the relations between the two Houses of Parliament, which had been deliberately raised by the Prime Minister last year as the great and overshadowing issue. Was it fair to stump the country holding up the House of Lords to ridicule or odium, while refusing to bring forward any remedial proposals? In any case, the Peers should be accorded a fair chance of fulfilling their functions as a Second Chamber. Lord Ripon, on behalf of the Government, made the usual inaudible reply, which imposes an intolerable strain on the unfortunate author-reporters. It was a purely colourless, semi-official statement of no particular interest on any single point. Generally speaking, all is for

the best under the most impeccable of Governments, which is absolutely incapable of erring in any department of public affairs. It is miraculous that so many Solons should be collected in one Cabinet, while it is even more miraculous that the fruits of such collective wisdom should be what they are. Lord Ridley put in a timely word on the subject of Unemployment (with which Mr. Garvin deals elsewhere in an illuminating article), which had not been mentioned in the Speech from the Throne, emphasising the growing number of able-bodied paupers, and pointing out, *inter alia*, that the figures of the Income Tax Commissioners for the last available year, 1906, showed that there had been an increase in the income derived from capital invested abroad of nearly six millions. In other words, capital is on the wing from what Mr. Garvin calls the "unique" island to the "unanimous" world.

THE opening of the new Session in the House of Commons was almost a replica of proceedings in the Lords. Two austere democrats, Messrs. Lehmann and Howell Davies, arrayed in levee dress, respectively moved and seconded the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne, and were warmly congratulated by the Leader of the Opposition on their memorable achievements, one of which is, however, described by impartial spectators as being even below the usual level. Mr. Balfour, like Lord Lansdowne, contributed a general survey of public affairs, though he did not come to very close quarters on any single subject. He was more critical of the Anglo-Russian Agreement than the ex-Foreign Minister, presumably constituting himself the mouthpiece of colleagues who have managed to persuade themselves that had they been in power they would have been able to get better terms from Russia—a pleasing illusion we are wholly unable to share. Mr. Asquith, in the regrettable absence of the Prime Minister, who is unlikely to be able to play a very prominent part in Parliament this Session owing to the state of his health, replied to the Leader of the Opposition with his usual clearness and ability, pointing out that the object of the Anglo-Russian Agreement was the removal of "a standing source of difficulty and danger to the peace of the world," adding, "So important does it appear to the Government, with-

out sacrificing any substantial or real British interest, to obtain a real, definite agreement with Russia, that I personally should not feel that we had in any way betrayed the interests of our country or been false to our stewardship if it were pointed out that in this or that particular quarter Russia had gained slightly more than we had." We differ from the present Government on almost every public question, but this strikes us as a sound view of this much-debated question, and we scarcely think that the *National Review* is open to the reproach of approving any policy of "graceful concessions" of British interests to other Powers. The acting Premier was much less happy in his defence of other departments of Government, especially Irish maladministration. His declaration that the Crimes Act had been discarded "for reasons which are obvious to any one acquainted with the parliamentary history of the last twenty years," fully justified all that Lord Lansdowne was saying in the House of Lords, and it took the edge off his subsequent denunciation of cattle-driving: "I do not palliate and none of my colleagues have ever palliated cattle-driving [Lord Denman?]. I think it is not only a criminal but a stupid act, because, apart from all moral considerations, it seems to me calculated to strike a very serious blow at a flourishing and necessary Irish industry."

THE discussion of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's amendment on the unemployed was within an ace of producing a political crisis.

As it was, the division was distinctly disagreeable to Ministers, who would have found themselves in a minority but for the deliberate abstention of the bulk of the Unionist Party. The incident excited some heart-searching in our ranks. Were the Opposition wise in absenting themselves, or did they miss a legitimate opportunity of striking a blow at a Government it is their duty to destroy? Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's amendment ran as follows: "And further we desire humbly to express our regret that, in view of the distress arising from lack of employment, your Majesty's advisers have not seen fit to recommend any legislation dealing with the subject." It must be admitted that the mover delivered an unusually moderate speech, which made a marked impression, all the more as he spoke with first-hand

knowledge of his subject. Labour Members, like other politicians, are given to rhetorical exaggeration, but they know the condition of the masses, and they are entitled to be heard on this question. According to the latest figures unemployment had reached the alarming proportion of 6.1 per cent., and Distress Committees were being formed in every industrial centre. The Central Unemployed Body for London had 17,000 unemployed persons registered in 1906, 21,000 in 1907, while in the present year the registrations were much greater than this time last year. The returns of pauperism showed the same tendency. There was not a Member of the House who would deny that the state of things was appalling, and who had not come to the conclusion that the want of employment was not a personal but a national problem. Not the least alarming feature of the present situation was that unemployment trod so closely on the heels of "good times." According to the Board of Trade, £1,500,000 more was paid in wages in 1906 than in 1905, but even these boom figures represented only an insignificant increase of 30s. per head among a million men; those who were always on the verge of poverty actually suffered a decrease in wages, while the cost of living had gone up 20 to 25 per cent., "so that instead of a period of trade boom benefiting the people in the mass, official figures showed that the mass emerged from the boom in a worse condition than they entered it." The speaker ended with the dubious suggestion that the local Distress Committees should be encouraged "to put men to some kind of experimental employment."

MR. CURRAN, the seconder, complained that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald had underrated the amount of unemployment, as there was a large floating mass of unskilled labour which was not registered, after which he proceeded to indulge in a Socialistic diatribe against landlordism and capitalism. The "greed" of the few was driving the many out of production, &c. &c. Mr. Masterman, the Radical Member for West Ham, who is always interesting, warned his Party that Tariff Reform was progressing owing to the "one haunting fear pervading a large section of citizens living on a weekly wage," viz., the dread of unemployment, pointing out that if they were offered an alternative by one Party and no

**Unemploy-
ment and
Tariff Reform**

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out that if they were offered an alternative by one Party and no

alternative by the other Party, they would support the Party with a policy. Mr. Masterman himself appears to be equally without a remedy except emigration, i.e., emigration from the "unique" island to the "unanimous" world. What a comment on our fiscal policy from the wage-earners' standpoint! Dr. Macnamara, the Under-Secretary for the Local Government Board, sang the usual praises of his Department and extolled the blessings of Free Imports, though like his superior, Mr. John Burns, he had the courage to say that much unemployment was due to excessive drinking. The President of the Local Government Board, who is an engaging though egotistical figure, wound up the debate in a characteristically breezy, buoyant, inaccurate speech, largely a glorification of himself, which did not, however, throw much light on the problem. Unemployment was decreasing; so was pauperism. He was trusted by the House, and he was trusted by the country, and he would do his duty without fear or favour, &c. &c. The views of the Opposition were carefully stated by Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who recognised that the situation was not only grave but increasing in gravity. Tariff Reformers did not pretend that their policy was a panacea, but only a palliative. Under any fiscal system there must be fluctuations in trade which no Parliament could prevent. This country was not, however, faced, like other countries, by spasmodic or seasonal unemployment, but by the fact that even during a trade boom, when the returns were all that could be desired, we suffered from a chronic lack of employment, which had a tendency to grow even in the best times, and might develop rapidly in bad times. It did not arise because people drank more or were less educated, for as a fact they drank less and were better educated, but from the decline in the proportion of our population engaged in productive labour. There seemed to be, in fact, a general movement turning our people from productive workers into distributors, and this change was largely responsible for chronic unemployment; and if they wished to go to the root of the question, they must increase the number of productive workers, which could only be done through Fiscal Reform. After this excellent exposition, which was vigorously enforced by Mr. Chaplin, it might have been expected that the Unionist Party, being clearly dissociated from the reckless

speeches and wild nostrums of the Labour Party, would have trooped into the Aye lobby. But unfortunately Mr. Walter Long, whose attitude during the last two years towards Tariff Reform and kindred questions has been somewhat disappointing (apparently on the ground that the Labour and Unionist remedies for unemployment differ), declined to support the amendment.

ABOUT thirty members of the Opposition very properly disregarded the lead of the Front Bench, which was subsequently

Duties of an taken to task by the *Morning Post*, and an interest-
Opposition ing controversy ensued; and though some plausible arguments were adduced in favour of the tactics

pursued, there is a general consensus of opinion among Unionists that as a party of Tariff Reformers who believe in Tariff Reform, and who are continually preaching Tariff Reform as at any rate a mitigation of unemployment, the Opposition could conscientiously have supported a motion condemning the *non possumus* attitude of the present Government, which would rather England were ruined by Free Imports than saved by Tariff Reform. We hope it is unnecessary for us to say that we are entirely opposed to purely factious partisan tactics compromising great public and national interests, such as were occasionally resorted to a quarter of a century ago by Lord Randolph Churchill and his friends. The Opposition would disgrace itself by supporting motions it disapproved simply in order to defeat the Government, and the suggestion of the Liberal Press that on questions of national defence Unionists are ready to play a wrecking game is a wicked calumny. But where a motion such as that of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald commends itself to the judgment of the Unionist Party, it should be strenuously supported, however objectionable may be some of the speeches delivered in its favour. In the present instance Mr. Austen Chamberlain had made our position clear, and obviated the risk of any possible misunderstanding; and, under the circumstances, we can only regard the retreat of the Opposition as an act of superfluous squeamishness. As it was, the amendment was only rejected by a majority of 49 (195 to 146), and an opportunity was missed of dealing a heavy Parliamentary blow at the Government at the very moment it was tottering in the constituencies.

As already noted, there was no reference to "the great Constitutional issue" in the Speech from the Throne, for the simple reason that a *bona fide* attack on the Peers necessarily involves Dissolution, and recent events have not unnaturally developed a positive terror of Dissolution in the Ministerial breast, and the entire Liberal Party are seeking and finding a hundred reasons for shirking it. Their attitude makes the House of Lords master of the political situation. The Peers can postpone or precipitate an appeal to the people as they please, there being presumably a degree of humiliation which even our Ministerial limpets would be unable to endure. The Upper House—upper in every sense of the word—may be trusted to use its exceptional position in national rather than in partisan interests, and we hope that the favourable change in the political atmosphere will not deter the Peers from putting their own house in order, with the assistance of Lord Rosebery's Committee. A purely hereditary Second Chamber is an anomaly in a Democracy. It would be strengthened by the addition of other elements. The weakest point in the past record of the House of Lords is that it has seemed to be infinitely more indulgent to Conservative than to Liberal legislation, and has swallowed *holus bolus* any measures, however novel, bearing the Unionist hallmark, whereas it has meted out very different treatment to kindred measures of Liberal authorship. But it must be admitted by all impartial observers that the Lords have relieved themselves of this latter reproach by their recent extraordinary, if not excessive, generosity towards Ministerial Bills, of which they are estimated to have swallowed over a hundred during the last two years, and it takes an unblushing demagogue to charge them nowadays with hampering a Liberal Government or with obstructing the will of the people; and we may be sure that this Session, in spite of the much stronger position they occupy than during any previous period of the present Parliament, owing to the collapse of the campaign against them, the Peers will justify their existence as a serious Second Chamber by continuing to accord reasonable treatment to Ministerial measures. But they will not allow themselves to be intimidated by Radical bluster from amending or rejecting Bills calculated to inflict permanent injury on public interests, of which the waning authority of

the House of Commons enables them to judge quite as well as the so-called popular branch of the Legislature.

ALTHOUGH the temper in which Mr. McKenna avowedly approaches his task is anything but encouraging, we shall continue to hope against hope for a reasonable solution of the Ministerial Education question, the prospects of which are Courage materially improved by the obvious weakening of militant Nonconformity in the constituencies, and we may be sure that the Peers will do their utmost to close a controversy as unedifying as it is wearisome. It may be assumed that the fate of the Irish University Bill will be decided in the House of Commons, and *a fortiori* that of Old Age Pensions, for which, as it is a money Bill, the Peers are spared responsibility, while the Licensing Bill will probably resolve itself into a compromise upon "time limit" after an appalling wrangle. It is somewhat suggestive that Ministers have abstained from providing many ingredients calculated to "fill up the cup" this Session, while that luckless vessel has been denuded of most of its exiguous contents by the extraordinary action of the Prime Minister, who, to the unbounded delight of his opponents and to the bewilderment of his supporters, has gratuitously given the House of Lords a certificate of good conduct for last Session, *ipso facto* condemning his own abortive autumnal crusade, which was founded on the alleged crimes of the Peers. The incident is highly instructive as shedding a flood of light on the Ministerial mind, and as showing how rapidly the Ministerial courage is oozing out of the Ministerial finger-tips. It was as good as a play to watch the glum faces of the Radical Party during this amazing deliverance. They were almost as melancholy as the subsequent article in our usually pugnacious contemporary, the *Daily News*, practically throwing up the sponge, while the semi-official *Westminster Gazette* is now completely resigned to the retirement of the Prime Minister to the Upper House. It is rather difficult after this exhibition to take politics or politicians seriously, or at any rate Ministerial politics and Ministerial politicians, and our readers can hardly resist sympathising with the strident lamentation of "A Radical Stalwart," who, being a man of conviction, protests in our pages against the disorganised hypocrisy now governing the country.

On February 12 (the day of the Leeds by-election) Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman proposed a portentous resolution, probably the longest resolution ever drafted, covering nearly half a column of print, the gist of which was that the two Scottish Bills (the Small Landholders Bill and the Land Values Bill), which were passed by the House of Commons last year, and rejected by the Lords, should be summarily passed by an unprecedented use of the Gag and Guillotine, and again sent to the Lords.

OUTSIDERS have no comments to offer on Parliamentary procedure, which is a dreary mystery to the uninitiated, and we are unable to opine whether the Premier's proposal is, as Ministerialists allege, a reasonable and statesmanslike proceeding, or whether it is an outrage on the liberties of the House of Commons, as all good Unionists affirm. The main interest of the Premier's motion lies in the fatal admissions of the mover, whose speech was substantially an apology to the Peers for their cavalier treatment last Session, coupled with a tacit promise that it should not recur. After describing the passing of the two Scottish Bills through the House of Commons, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman calmly observed, "These Bills, however, failed to pass into law. How was that?" Throughout the winter we have been told on the platform and in the Press that this failure was entirely due to the iniquitous conduct of the hereditary enemies of the people. Now, however, according to the Prime Minister, it was because "they were sent up in the expiring days of August—perhaps I should say in the days of expiring August," when it was impossible for the Lords to deal with them as they deserved. "The larger measure [the Small Landholders Bill] was subjected to some criticism, and then the debate on the Second Reading was adjourned *sine die*, and the intention openly expressed by its opponents was that the Bill should be entirely remodelled, and that provisions of another kind altogether should take the place of those which we put forward." To quote the speaker,

it became obvious in the last days of August that so large an operation could not be carried out and discussed in both Houses during what remained of the Session. It was the more hopeless because the views indicated by the

opponents of the measure involved a strong prejudice—I will say no more—against the cardinal principles of the Bill . . . and it became, I will not say impossible, but obviously extremely difficult, to arrive at a reconciliation of the views entertained by the advocates and the opponents of the Bill. *Therefore this Bill came naturally to an end.* [Our italics.]

That, remember, is the considered and, indeed, written epitaph of the Government on their own Bill, now that their impudent attempt to set the heather on fire in Scotland has ended in a gigantic fizzle.

ON the same authority we learn that “The Land Values Bill, on the other hand, was denied a Second Reading. Much exception was taken to its principle, but the main reason alleged by the Leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords for rejecting the Bill was lack of time”; and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman quoted with manifest approval Lord Lansdowne’s complaint that a Bill of such importance should be sent to the Lords “within twenty-four hours of the prorogation,” as also his declaration that in refusing to read this Bill a second time the Peers were only deferring its consideration until a more opportune moment, adding that “it is to gratify this view of Lord Lansdowne, *which I admit is a reasonable one* [our italics], that we reintroduce both these Bills in the earliest days of this Session.” Realising the dismal effect of this extraordinary *volte face* on his followers, the Prime Minister devoted the rest of his speech to a laboured effort to show that present procedure was the natural and logical sequel to last year’s declaration of war against the House of Lords, quoting his own previous statement that under the Ministerial plan for reducing the Lords to a nullity, Bills, either the same Bills or modifications of the same Bills, “might be reintroduced after a substantial interval; and by a substantial interval I have in my mind a minimum of perhaps six months.” It was about six months since August, and therefore his demand that these measures should be summarily passed through all their stages in the Commons and sent up to the Lords should not come as “a surprise” to any one, even though it was an unprecedented and drastic proceeding. Mr. Balfour, in a vigorous speech of great ability and acumen, simply tore the Prime Minister’s case to tatters. No “surprise,”

he admitted, was excited by the present procedure, though "great surprise" was caused by the admission that "the House of Lords was perfectly justified, considering the time at which an important measure was sent up, in declining to proceed with it in the course of last Session," a statement irreconcilable with the innumerable Ministerial speeches which throughout the autumn and winter had been rained upon Scotch audiences at the rate of two per week, all of which dwelt on the demerits of the House of Lords rather than on the merits of the Bill, the rejection of which constituted the case against the Peers. It was gratifying to learn that all this enormous expenditure of eloquence had been wasted, and that, in the opinion of the Prime Minister, "taking all the circumstances of the last Session into account," he (the Prime Minister) "cannot deny that the Lords were thoroughly justified in declining to discuss these very important questions towards the latter end of August." As Mr. Balfour caustically observed, "we do not always agree on the subject of the House of Lords, but I imagine that on this particular occasion and in this particular controversy the Prime Minister and myself are entirely at one."

IN condemning a plan which combined the evils of every other plan because it did not give Ministers an opportunity of revising their Bills, Mr. Balfour appropriately quoted

**An Inept
Manœuvre** Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt, who had declared "the great advantage would be lost, as pointed out by the Committee of 1851, of altering in a new Session the freedom and scope of a measure. There are few Bills of the first importance which after full discussion, and with a more complete knowledge of the sentiment of the House and country, could not with advantage be recast"—a criticism which was peculiarly applicable in the present case, as Ministers who had publicly differed on the merits of their Scottish Land legislation, which in itself differed from their English and their Irish land legislation, could hardly expect to be regarded as infallible guides, impervious to criticism. But as every one knew, this manœuvre was merely a move in the campaign against the Peers, Scottish Agriculture being the *corpus vile*. As Mr. Balfour observed, "it is perfectly clear from the whole action of the

Government in regard to this Bill that they are not now trying to improve the lot of any class in Scotland. Nothing will disappoint them so much as seeing their measure become law." Their action was as inept as it was unprincipled. Constitutional revolutions were not so easy to carry out as the Prime Minister appeared to suppose, and any Party which meant business must be a little more careful in its methods and somewhat happier in its moments. They could never arouse any genuine enthusiasm for two such preposterous Bills, and "even if they were as good as some of the Prime Minister's colleagues think them bad," there was no steam behind them. Mr. Balfour ended by declaring that although he had never attached undue importance to by-elections, any Government which had sustained such reverses as his Majesty's Ministers was "not in a condition to carry out a great revolution. The huge battalions opposite may be diminished only by a unit or two here and there, but you cannot carry out revolutions unless you have something more behind you, and that something the Right Honourable gentleman has lost, never to be regained." The doom of their great campaign against the House of Lords was sealed.

MR. BALFOUR is right. The crusading days of his Majesty's Ministers are over. They had not the courage to put their fortunes

The Pity of It tunes to the touch when they had a fair chance of victory, and the golden moment has passed, never to return.

The huge, unwieldy, unnatural, unrepresentative majority will no doubt continue to register Ministerial decrees, whether they be issued by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman or by Mr. Asquith; but it is rapidly losing the sanction which alone makes it formidable, and its authority will decline month by month, and as its authority wanes its powers of mischief will dwindle and it is not too sanguine to hope that the less objectionable elements in the Ministerial host, which have hitherto remained in the background and allowed the "wild men" to "run" the Party, may pluck up courage to assert themselves, not that courage is the most salient characteristic of moderate Liberals. England is steadily recovering her sanity, and we are entitled to hope that the rule of the Radical Malignant is over, even though he may continue to reign—to control the

fountain of honours and to enjoy the emoluments of office. Unhappily, the change has come too late to save South Africa from Boerdom, but it is not too late to save Ireland from becoming another Transvaal, or the British Constitution from being put into the melting-pot, and without excessive optimism we may now look forward to the effective consolidation of the British Empire. The pity of it is that none of the calamities—of which the most calamitous is, of course, the loss of South Africa—need ever have occurred if only Mr. Balfour's Birmingham speech had been spoken two years earlier at Newcastle on the eve of the General Election. The Unionist Party must in any case have been beaten, because the Unionist Government had outstayed its welcome, and had got "on the nerves" of the Man in the Street, but it would only have had an ordinary beating. We should not have been smashed, pounded, and pulverised had we gone to the country as a united Party with a clearly defined, positive policy of Tariff Reform, instead of as a fortuitous concourse of incoherent atoms; we should have emerged as a normal Opposition instead of an impotent Opposition, and as such we should have been able to exercise sufficient influence to restrain the present Government from its worst outrages.

GIVEN an ordinary Opposition, and the Byles-Seely-Mackarness-Churchill gang could have been kept in some semblance of order, and there would have been less banging, barring, bolting of Imperial doors, and less flouting and jibbing at the self-governing Colonies. Mr. Haldane might have been prevented from running amok in the Army, and Lord Tweedmouth from playing ducks and drakes with the Navy, while Ireland would not have sunk to the level of Macedonia or the Congo Free State. Above all, South Africa would have been effectively retained within the British Empire. The effect of the long-delayed Birmingham speech on the political situation has been electrical, as may be gathered from comparing the by-elections before Mr. Balfour gave us a lead "understood of the people" with the by-elections since, which have been almost in the nature of what the Americans call "a landslide." No political contest turns exclusively on a single issue, but so far as any constituency can ever be induced to concentrate on one

The Birmingham Speech

question, Mid-Devon turned on Tariff Reform, and as a consequence Captain Morrison Bell converted a Radical majority of 1200 into a Unionist majority of 600. In South Herefordshire it was admittedly the same issue with the same result. Captain Percy Clive converted a Radical majority of 300 in 1906 into a Unionist majority of 1000 in 1908. As the Unionist candidate at Worcester was Mr. E. A. Goulding, one of the ablest and staunchest of Tariff Reformers—a politician who may almost be said to have recreated the Tariff Reform organisation, and who has placed our cause under the deepest obligations by his strenuous devotion—it is unnecessary to emphasise the issue, but the poll surprised even the most sanguine, as Mr. Goulding multiplied the Conservative majority tenfold, raising it from 129 to 1292. In South Leeds, in spite of the obstruction of certain local Unionist Free Fooders, to whom the Unionist candidate, Mr. Neville, was too deferential, we gained a moral victory, as stimulating to the losers as it is demoralising to the winners.

	1908		1906
Mr. W. Middlebrook, L.	5274	...	L. 6200
Mr. R. J. Neville, U.	4915	...	U. 2126
Mr. A. Fox, Lab.	2451	...	Lab. 4030
	<hr/>		<hr/>
L. majority over U.	359	...	4074

As will be seen, since the General Election

The total vote has increased	284
The Unionist vote has increased	2789
The Liberal vote has decreased	926
The Labour vote has decreased	1579

The significance of this contest lies in the extraordinary turnover of votes from Labour to Unionism, which completely shatters the childlike belief of the Labour Party that they can escape the vicissitudes of other political parties, and that their polls must automatically increase. Even the Cobdenite Press acknowledges that this upheaval is due to the progress of Tariff Reform among the working classes. The new Member for Leeds, Mr. Middlebrook, claims the result as a victory for Free Trade. We wish him joy of it. If Free Traders are satisfied with the reduction of a Free Trade majority from 4000 to 300, so are we. Should the phenomenon repeat itself sufficiently often, there will be hardly a

Free Trader in the next House of Commons. As a matter of fact South Leeds has caused consternation throughout the Ministerial ranks, as in the face of these figures no sitting Liberal feels secure, and even the Labour Members are beginning to realise their hideous blunder in presenting the Unionist Party with a monopoly of such a magnificent asset as Tariff Reform. Unionists are not unnaturally elated, and the great Tariff Reform meetings held in London in the midst of these joyful events, which were signalised by many stirring speeches, reflected the general jubilation.

HITHERTO luck seemed to be against us, though in reality what we chose to call bad luck was largely our own bad management in allowing Unionist policy to remain a subject of speculation for four years. As a consequence we have wandered long in the wilderness, and now at last the Promised Land is on the horizon. But we

Need for
 Greater
 Effort

are not there yet, and the *Observer*, which is edited by one of the keenest political intellects in the country, wisely reminds our optimists of the tremendous task confronting an Opposition which has to win no less than 200 seats before securing a Parliamentary majority. Unionism is unquestionably the strongest of the three parties into which politics are now permanently divided in the industrial boroughs which hold the key to the position, and Tariff Reform is the only vital force in Unionism; but because we are manifesting such strength, we may expect to see some effort to patch up a temporary compact between our opponents, the Labour and Liberal parties, with the object of terminating these disastrous triangular contests. We are not so clear as some of our contemporaries that Labour candidatures are advantageous to Tariff Reformers, because although they may divide the so-called Free Trade forces, the Free Trade of the Labour Party is a very thin veneer, and the third candidate likewise divides the anti-Ministerial forces, and thus prevents Unionism from securing the full benefit of the swing of the pendulum. The columns of the *Clarion* teach us that Socialists despise Liberals even more than they dislike Unionists, and under no circumstances would the followers of Mr. Hyndman (who contributes a most interesting article to this number) vote Liberal,

so if there were no Labour candidate the Opposition would be more likely to secure the Labour vote than the Ministerial nominee, even though, as the *Observer* points out, Tariff Reformers are the only party "capable of stopping the Socialist advance." In any case Tariff Reformers should realise that they have now reached the critical point, "and far from slackening their energies, they must redouble their efforts." To name only one of our difficulties, we may at some time or another have to consider the formation of another Unionist Government. Do any of us desire to see "the old gang in the old places," even though most of the old gang are tumbling over one another in their anxiety to advocate Tariff Reform, now that "the cat" has so clearly jumped our way, while not a few ex-wobblers have persuaded themselves that they were Tariff Reformers years before Mr. Chamberlain?

ALTHOUGH up to the time of writing Ministers have not produced any of their new contentious legislation, there have been several interesting debates in both Houses of Parliament, **Anarchy and Separatism** which considerations of space compel us to condense. Much attention has naturally been bestowed on the deplorable plight of Western Ireland, and the Irish Secretary has been given more than one opportunity of making an exhibition of himself which he has not been slow to seize. In the whole history of administration there is no more abject figure than Mr. Birrell, and it is only necessary to read any one of his speeches to understand the abominations being perpetrated by that section of the Irish population who have never emerged from the tribal stage, and who have now a man after their own heart in Dublin Castle. The arraignment of his administration, which has been driven home with so much power by Sir Edward Carson and other Unionists, should at any rate enable us to clear our minds of cant, however much Mr. Birrell may continue to cant. The flat refusal of the Executive to take any steps to vindicate the law, except by abortive prosecutions, of which there have been a record number during the last few months, simply means that the whole influence of the administration is now thrown into the lawless scale, and as Mr. Birrell, in the same speech in which he made his confessions of ineptitude, reiterated that he was a Home Ruler, it is easy to fathom the motive of his policy, and it

is not uncharitable to assume, in spite of his lachrymose disclaimers, that the government of Ireland is being deliberately made impossible in order that the "predominant partner" may be induced in despair to try an experiment in Separatism, after which our Unionist Birrell, Lord Dudley, also bankers. This manœuvre is too transparent even to impose on the present House of Commons. Ireland is not being governed at the present time according to any avowable English ideas. It is being governed according to Mr. Birrell's conception of Irish ideas. He dances to the piping of the Nationalists, and his every public utterance is punctuated by rebel applause.

THE so-called "lull" in crime is just as much the result of a corrupt compact between Mr. Birrell and the Roman Catholic The "Lull" Hierarchy, whereby the former has undertaken to sell the Nonconformist conscience for a mess of pottage, as is the repatriation of Chinese coolies from the Transvaal the result of another corrupt compact between Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and General Botha, whereby the former promised to guarantee a loan of five million pounds, thus putting at least £50,000 a year into Boer pockets, and the latter undertook to help the Liberal Government to redeem inconvenient electioneering pledges at the expense of the mining industry. The bargain is of course as hotly denied in the one case as it was in the other, and with as little effect. What is the use of such "deals" unless their authors are prepared to repudiate their existence? Take Mr. Birrell's own version of his "interview" with Cardinal Logue, an incident which even he could not conceal because too many people were aware of it. The House of Commons was seriously asked to believe that Mr. Birrell summoned Cardinal Logue, "the simplest and most devout Christian man I think I ever met," and delivered him a lecture on the Irish University question. "I never asked him anything about the University Bill, but told him the lines on which we were proceeding, and suggested that he might hereafter perhaps tell me what he thought of them, and made no proposals or suggestions to him of any kind; cattle-driving was not mentioned." We may be sure that the Cardinal, "who seemed to me to think of nothing so much as the spiritual interests of his country," even though he struck Mr. Birrell as

being so simple, did not fail to let the Chief Secretary know the views of the Catholic Hierarchy upon the creation of an Irish University with the requisite clerical "atmosphere"; nor is it rash to infer that these terms will be embodied in the Bill which Mr. Birrell is pledged to force down the throats of British Undenominationalists, or that these pliable politicians will ultimately swallow this disagreeable dose, even though they may make many wry faces over it. In return for his complaisance, there is an understanding about which Mr. Birrell need not be so squeamish, as it has been openly discussed on the platform, that he is to be "given a chance," or in other words there will not be more outrages than the British Democracy can stomach pending the creation of a Jesuit University in Dublin.

THERE were innumerable other gems in this inimitable speech (February 3), as, for instance, the suggestion that the chief function of juries is not to acquit the innocent or to convict the guilty, but to let the Government know "what are the feelings of the people." We had hitherto imagined that this was a Parliamentary function. While refusing to make any attempt to suppress boycotting, Mr. Birrell declared, "I detest it; I loathe it. It is a negation of Christianity, a repudiation of humanity, as many bad names as you can put upon it." Thanks to the *Observer* and the *Daily Mail*, the British public now understand what an Irish boycott means. The story was originally told by the victim in the Duchess of St. Albans' drawing-room on February 10, it was subsequently reproduced in our public-spirited contemporaries, and we are glad to think that it is likely to be retailed from a thousand platforms. Mr. Persse belongs to a highly respected family settled in Galway for three hundred years. Three years ago he became tenant of Woodville Farm, near Loughrea, at a large rent on a thirty years lease, from which moment he has been subjected to a persecution which only a man of unconquerable character could have survived. No one had been evicted to make room for Mr. Persse. Woodville was not a grazing "ranche," but an agricultural holding, and he is wholly unconscious of ever having violated the unwritten law of the League. And yet, as the *Observer* points out, "his life is made

a hell upon earth," simply because his neighbours covet his land, and seek to drive him from the country in order to divide the spoils. His first intimation of coming trouble was the following threatening letter: "Sir,—if you purché (purchase) Woodville, you must at least suffer the loss of an arm or leg. Bring a coffin with you if you have pluck to venture.—R.I.P." Directly he took possession in January 1905, his sixteen labourers were summoned before the local branch of the League and ordered to stop work. He protested to the secretary, who only replied, "I have got you in a trap and I will keep you there," since when he has had to employ emergency men from a distance. Five of the sixteen labourers returned the following winter asking for work because they were nearly starving. Mr. Persse pointed out the risks they ran by returning. "They answered they would have to take their chances. A few nights afterwards three had their cottages fired into, the other two had their windows smashed with stones." The baker was forbidden to supply Mr. Persse with bread, and for the last two years he has had to bake all his bread at home. A German clockmaker in a neighbouring town, on being asked to make some trifling repairs, declared "Not for twenty pounds would I touch it." All his supplies come by parcels post or by train. "The man I send to fetch them has to be accompanied by an escort of police. The men I send to work in my fields must also be escorted by armed policemen."

MR. PERSSE himself can never leave his house without being accompanied by three policemen. Last year a man who bought his timber was intimidated from accepting delivery. **Hell on Earth** The house of another man from whom he bought fuel was fired into.

When I was about to begin mowing my fields were planted with iron spikes, hundreds of them, which prevented the use of a mowing-machine. A grave was dug, provided with a headstone, and decorated with flowers. I was awakened in the middle of one night by the noise of a great crowd below. Standing in my night-shirt at the bedroom window, I saw a mob about, as I thought, to attack the house. I was on the point of firing when my wife said, "Do not shoot, the light is behind you. They can see you too well; you will be killed." I went downstairs. By this time, seeing lights in the house, the mob began to move away. I now realised that they were driving off my cattle. As I opened the door they surged past, sweeping the cattle with them. Though they had

three encounters with the police, they succeeded in carrying off eleven out of fifty head. That crowd was under almost military direction. I heard the regular words of command given.

Last December a friend giving a shooting-party explained that he could not invite a boycotted person because he would not be able to get any beaters, but he asked a nephew of Mr. Persse. As soon as his presence was noticed, the beaters refused to work unless this gentleman withdrew. He refused to leave. The beaters went away—all except two or three whose houses were fired into a night or two afterwards. It is not only great landlords and big farmers who are thus treated.

Similar, and even greater, tyranny is practised upon small owners, but more often than not nothing is heard of these outrages, for the victims are so alarmed that for fear of worse they prefer to mend the windows and conceal, and even deny, the damage rather than make a complaint. The reason why there are not more murders is that murder is not necessary. The victims are so frightened that they do as they are ordered, when ordered.

Two Galway neighbours, an old lady and her son, were greeted with a volley on leaving church. "She was badly wounded in the body, the young man in the face. He called upon the crowd to come to the assistance of his mother. They jeered at him." Take this incident again:

There is a widow living near me who spent most of her life in America. When her husband died there she came back to the old country with the little money he had left. She bought a farm and cottage. She, too, was attacked. She offered to give up her place if she could be repaid the money it had cost her. She is boycotted, too. She wrote to me a short time ago in great distress, asking me to buy her cattle and proposing to send it over to my place at midnight. I answered that I was in trouble enough, but having pity on her would take her stock if she could not dispose of it otherwise. She then arranged with a young relative to take her cattle for sale to a distant fair. There in the middle of the fair, in the presence of hundreds, he was knocked down senseless, and there was not a man there who would give evidence.

We cannot accept Mr. Birrell's doctrine that "minorities must suffer" at any rate to this extent, and we would suggest that the humanitarians of the Congo Reform Association and the Balkan Committee should devote their superabundant energies to Western Ireland otherwise we may see the formation of "Associations" and "Committees" in Belgium, Germany, and elsewhere, for the purpose of arousing the civilised world to the shocking state of Galway.

AMONG other topics besides Ireland debated in the House of Commons was India (January 31), when Mr. John Morley gave a dressing down to "Paget, M.P.," in the person of Dr. Rutherford who, on the strength of a six weeks cold weather tour, proposed to turn India inside out and upside down, after which Sir Edward Grey resisted equally foolish proposals concerning Egypt. On another occasion (February 5), Lord Robert Cecil attacked the chicanery of Mr. McKenna, who employs every available administrative resource to make things hot for educational institutions with which he has no sympathy. On the following day (February 6), Sir Edward Grey made another weighty speech against a mischievous motion from the Opposition Benches expressing regret that the British delegates at the Hague Conference had not forwarded the cause of international disarmament by assenting to the principle of immunity of the enemy's merchant vessels other than carriers of contraband of war. The Foreign Minister riddled the legend, which was originally "made in Berlin," and taken up by our pro-German Press, whence it has found its way into the House of Commons, that we should have promoted Disarmament by this concession, or that we had anything to gain by surrendering the strongest weapon of the strongest Sea-power. On the same day Sir Gilbert Parker vainly endeavoured to secure some redress for the unfortunate Englishmen who are being hounded out of the Transvaal Civil Service because they are not Boers. No Englishmen need apply for justice to the present Colonial Office. On February 10, the debate on the Address being concluded, Mr. Samuel, Under-Secretary for the Home Office, brought in a Bill for the Protection of Children, which has been received with general approval, after which Mr. Haldane produced the first of the supplementary estimates required to finance his Territorial Army—its cost will be its only solid and constant feature. On February 11 there was a significant discussion on Railway Nationalisation, which elicited a notable speech from Mr. Lloyd-George reviewing the whole railway problem, and admitting the need for a general inquiry into our present system, which is unsatisfactory to all parties. The nationalisation of British railways is a large order, which would hardly commend itself to the majority of Englishmen, if only on

account of its colossal cost, but we confess that we should have no objection to seeing Mr. Lloyd-George experimentalise with the South Eastern and Chatham. No change in its fortunes could possibly injure the unfortunate public subject to its ministrations.

AMONG the topics debated by the Peers were the treatment of our Indian fellow subjects in the Transvaal, raised in a sympathetic speech by Lord Ampthill, who was powerfully supported by Lord Roberts and Lord Curzon, though happily, no thanks to the Home Government, the difficulty had been disposed of before the debate. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the exhaustive discussion of the Anglo-Russian Agreement, which was initiated in the Lords in an elaborate speech of conspicuous ability by Lord Curzon, and in the Commons with no less skill by Lord Percy, because not only is the agreement a *fait accompli*, but likewise a *chose jugée*. There is a general consensus of opinion that although his Majesty's Ministers may not have made a very wonderful bargain—the Persian Convention being especially open to animadversion—it was probably the best bargain that could have been made at the time, and quite as good a bargain as any other British Ministry would have made under the circumstances. The real importance of the transaction is that a definite written Anglo-Russian Agreement replaces the somewhat illusory assurances which had hitherto characterised and compromised Anglo-Russian relations, and almost all our leading statesmen anticipate a consequent improvement in the mutual relations of two Powers who have pin-pricked one another for more than fifty years, exclusively for the benefit of the *tertius gaudens*, and upon whose future cordial co-operation the peace of Europe largely depends. Criticisms on the Agreement have been rather the criticisms of local experts than the criticism of statesmen seeing our Foreign policy steadily and seeing it whole. The *entente cordiale* with France, which is now so generally popular on both sides of the Channel, sprang from a not dissimilar settlement of outstanding Anglo-French differences. May we not hope that Sir Edward Grey's handiwork will produce as valuable fruits as Lord Lansdowne's? In any case, it is the duty of all good Englishmen to do what in them lies to promote

an Anglo-Russian *entente*, even though they do not underrate the internal obstacles and external enemies to any such development. The German Emperor will stick at nothing to stop it, but his opposition should only serve to stimulate Russian and British statesmanship. The hopes aroused by the Agreement in friendly foreign quarters are referred to by M. André Mévil, one of the best-informed Frenchmen, at the close of a remarkable article which is the distinguishing feature of this number of the *National Review*.

SENOR FRANCO'S heroic effort to cleanse the cesspool of Portuguese politics ended in a terrible tragedy on February 1, when King Carlos and the Crown Prince were murdered in cold blood as they were driving in a carriage with the Queen and Prince Manuel through one of the chief thoroughfares of Lisbon on their return from Villa Viciosa to the Royal Palace. The escape of the rest of the party was miraculous, as the assassins, armed with carbines, fired repeated shots point-blank at the royal carriage before they were struck down. The Dictatorship had been growing more and more unpopular, chiefly because it involved the retrenchment of hosts of needy, greedy, useless officials, who had acquired a vested interest to batten on the State, and who, on their dismissal, reinforced the otherwise insignificant Republican party. The butchery of the Royal Family was the appointed punishment for their steadfast support of the Dictator. The King appears to have been amply warned of his danger, but to have despised all precautions, and no escort accompanied the royal carriage. Happily the ghastly success of the miscreants stopped short of complete annihilation, and King Manuel reigns in his father's stead. Although the crime has caused a thrill of horror throughout the civilised world, and evoked immense sympathy for the stricken but gallant Queen, and the admirable young King, according to the *Times* correspondent it is viewed with "incredible equanimity" by the Portuguese, who are demonstrating their regard for the regicides. There must be something very rotten in the state of Denmark. The country had apparently become hardened to political brigandage, and resented the late king's attempt to

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protect his people from their politicians. In the interests of pacification Senor Franco has gone into exile, and a Government representing all the monarchical parties has been formed and is now busily engaged in restoring the *status quo ante* by repealing the measures of the devoted statesman to whom history will be juster than his compatriots.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH, who was once described by Mr. John Morley as the only man of genius he had ever known, celebrated his eightieth birthday on February 12. The

Mr.

**Meredith's
Birthday**

occasion was made memorable by a unique demonstration of affectionate admiration by the whole educated world, which seems anxious to atone in his old age for the cold neglect with which Mr. Meredith has laboured throughout the greater part of his life. Although without any tinge of that vanity which seems to be almost inseparable from literature, Mr. Meredith cannot help enjoying the appreciation which, though so long withheld, has now come in overwhelming measure. His talk is no less wonderful than his books, and that he may long be spared is the prayer of all who know him and love him.

THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR

AN UNPUBLISHED PAGE OF INTERNATIONAL DIPLOMACY

As German diplomacy was unable to prevent the consummation of the Franco-Russian Alliance, which was not only concluded in spite of Germany, but for the express purpose of combating her pretensions to the hegemony of Europe, that Power devoted herself to diverting the attention and activity of the new allies from European affairs—a tolerably efficacious method of nullifying an alliance with an exclusively European object. On the conclusion of the Dual Alliance the Machiavellis of Berlin whispered to Russia that her future lay in Asia, and to France that England was her only enemy.

It will be remembered that after the fateful interview between Prince Lobanof, the Russian Chancellor, and M. Hanotaux, the French Foreign Minister, Russia embarked on her Far Eastern policy, while France became enmeshed in the Bahr-el-Gazal—the partners thus turning their backs on one another and completely sterilising the alliance. It was at the urgent instance of Germany that Russia and France joined hands with her in preventing Japan from gratifying a long-standing ambition to appropriate Port Arthur after the successful conclusion of her war with China. This intervention was justified by an appeal to the necessity of upholding the “integrity of China.” The pretext was plausible, and if the new Triplice of Russia, Germany, and France had subsequently constituted themselves the guardians of Chinese integrity, and had consecrated their energies in the Far East to that object, the intervention of Simonosaki would have been intelligible.

But to Germany the “integrity of China” was simply a convenient formula for entangling Russia in a disastrous policy

of which France was made the accomplice. Nor did Germany long conceal her game, which consisted in creating complications and in precipitating Russia into an enterprise which, by tying her hands in Asia, would gradually reduce her to the position of a *quantité négligeable* in Europe. With a cynical contempt for the "integrity of China," on behalf of which she had induced Russia and France to intervene after the Treaty of Simonosaki, Germany on November 14, 1897, suddenly seized Kiao-chau, a magnificent harbour at the entrance of the Gulf of Pechili, the opportune massacre of some of her nationals having decided her to violate Chinese integrity. It would have been difficult to exhibit a more audacious disregard for international *convenances*.

The hook was cunningly and temptingly baited, and Russia was not long in biting. Four months later, on March 28, 1898, Russian troops entered Port Arthur.

The effect of these treacherous proceedings upon Japan was disastrous. This young, ardent, ambitious, patriotic community, determined to play a great rôle in the Far East, restrained herself at the moment, and resolved to bide her time. As the needs of her own expansion required that Japan should gain a footing on the mainland, she could not consent to allow Russia to bar the way by establishing herself both in Manchuria and Korea. At the close of 1901 Russo-Japanese antagonism wore a sufficiently anxious aspect. After the Boxer Rising, which had provoked the intervention of the Powers, Russia occupied Manchuria, on the ground that she must secure her own frontiers against Chinese aggression. To the Japanese this was an aggravation of the acquisition of Port Arthur, while the Russo-Chinese Agreement concerning Manchuria was regarded in Tokyo as a virtual annexation of that country by Russia.

From that moment France became apprehensive as to the possible consequences of the growing rivalry of Russia and Japan. The subject was discussed between Nicholas II. and President Loubet at Compiègne in September 1901, when M. Loubet impressed on his illustrious guest the necessity of preserving peace no less in the interests of Russia than in those of the Dual Alliance. The Emperor declared that he entirely shared this wise opinion, and assured him that *Russia would never declare war against Japan*.

THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR

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It was considered in Tokyo that the situation only admitted of two logical solutions—either an understanding between Russia and Japan, founded on an equitable division of their respective spheres of influence, or war. In justice to Japan, it must be recognised that she endeavoured at the outset to secure a pacific settlement, and in the spring of 1901 the Marquis Ito was sent to Europe. The Tokyo Government thought that France, as at once the ally of Russia and the friend of Japan, should play the part of intermediary in such delicate negotiations, and accordingly the Marquis Ito in the first instance came to Paris. Contrary to prejudiced, misleading, and inaccurate assertions, he received the welcome from the French Government which he was entitled to expect. M. Delcassé, then Foreign Minister, was most favourably and actively disposed towards an *entente* between the two Powers, and so successful were his efforts on its behalf that in the early days of 1902 *such an understanding appeared on the eve of realisation*. But whether it was the tardiness of Russia in making up her mind, or the development of fresh pretensions on the side of Japan, or from both causes combined, the fact remains that instead of the proposed Russo-Japanese Agreement, to which *both France and England could not fail to have acceded*, a formal treaty of alliance between Japan and Great Britain was signed in London on January 30, 1902. Thus disappeared the strongest hope of preserving peace in the Far East. German policy triumphed for the moment. A conflagration among these four Powers would have made her the arbiter of all their destinies. M. Delcassé realised that the only way of escaping the threatening peril was to effect an understanding between France and Great Britain, and the clarity of his vision has been confirmed by subsequent events.

It cannot be denied that but for the clairvoyance of M. Delcassé France must have been inevitably drawn into the maelstrom on the occasion of the North Sea incident in the autumn of 1904. The statesman who was able to ward off this peril is surely entitled to the gratitude of his countrymen; but alas! we all know the reward he received. Such ingratitude is all the more unpardonable in that Germany never forgave the French Minister who defeated her schemes and exposed her intrigues. In 1908 Japan felt that she was capable of coping with Russia. On

the other hand, it must be recognised that Russia was quite unprepared for war, as she was in the throes of reorganising her Far Eastern forces. Her troops were ill-equipped, her railway was unfinished, her fortifications were incomplete, her arsenal and harbour at Port Arthur were inadequate. In a word, her offensive power in the Far East was non-existent, while her defensive resources were, generally speaking, vulnerable and incapable of prolonged effort. Moreover, her internal situation was precarious, and any serious external complication might produce a general convulsion. Japan was aware of this. She could hardly, indeed, ignore it, considering that M. Plehve, then the most powerful Minister in Russia, made no secret of his anxiety, and declared everywhere that the state of Russia forbade the idea of war with Japan.

Until the fatal moment French public opinion was influenced by the optimism prevalent in Russian circles, which resolutely refused to believe in the possibility of a war which Russia did not want. In spite of allegations to the contrary, French diplomacy was better informed, and did not share these illusions. It was recognised in competent quarters that when once two parties are face to face either of them who may wish to do so is in a position to precipitate a conflict, and the categorical and detailed telegrams from the distinguished French Minister in Tokyo, M. Harmant, left little room for doubt as to the bellicose intentions of Japan. At this time the well-informed newspapers and news agencies of Great Britain, appreciating the actual situation, published alarming information from day to day. French public opinion, which had never grasped the peril of the position, was content, when the inevitable moment arrived, to throw the blame for its own optimism on to French diplomacy, which was charged with disastrous blindness.

But it is not true to say that our diplomacy, foreseeing nothing, did nothing to prevent the outbreak of a war which must for the time being annihilate the Dual Alliance, and thereby compromise the external interests of the country. If shortly before the commencement of hostilities M. Delcassé allowed it to be known that he still hoped that war might be avoided,* it did

* I shall show later on that between January 26 and February 4, 1904, there was good reason for this belief in Paris.

not follow that he regarded it as a chimera; still less did it mean that he had abandoned himself to self-complacent optimism, and did nothing towards the diplomatic adjustment of the dangerous differences between Russia and Japan. A Minister for Foreign Affairs is not called upon to reveal diplomatic secrets to every passer-by, nor to disclose the incidents of current negotiations. It may be as well for him to conceal his apprehensions. It is credibly asserted that M. Delcassé replied in the following significant terms to a friend who called his attention to the criticism directed against his foreign policy of having neither foreseen nor prevented the Russo-Japanese War: "*I await until those reproaches are made from the tribune of the Chamber. I should leave the Minister of Foreign Affairs to deal with them as seemed best to him, for there is no lack of conclusive arguments at his disposal in the archives of the Quai d'Orsay.*" It would be difficult to speak more precisely. It was recognised at the Quai d'Orsay that Japan was determined to attack Russia should the latter remain *intransigent* as regards Korea. Accordingly our diplomacy refused to allow itself to be deluded. Realising the gravity of the situation, it exerted itself to dissipate a danger which had day by day become more menacing. Unfortunately, the tardiness, the hesitations, and above all the divergence of views in the councils of Russia paralysed the conciliatory action of France. Let us examine the facts.

In the spring of 1903 the latent conflict between Russia and Japan suddenly took an acute turn. Even in Russia many sagacious men, of whom the most sagacious was Count Lamsdorff, had no illusions as to the danger of the storm brewing in the Far East. Some months previously Count Witte, on returning from a trip to the Far East, addressed a memorandum to the Emperor, emphasising the gravity of Russo-Japanese antagonism, and advising a temporary solution by means of a compromise which would satisfy Japanese aspirations concerning Korea. In the month of May 1903 General Kuropatkin, then Minister of War, was sent to Manchuria and Japan on the triple mission of ascertaining the best means of preparing for war, of studying the military power of Japan, as well as the possible bases of a Far Eastern *entente* with that country. Before Kuropatkin started, on the eve of the Emperor's departure to Moscow, there was an

important Ministerial Council, presided over by the Sovereign, at which the War Minister's mission was discussed. On this occasion General Kuropatkin expressed himself emphatically. *He was opposed to a war with Japan, for which Russia was at that time ill prepared, and which would require 300,000 men and would cost £80,000,000.* In his view it would be wiser to conclude an arrangement with Japan establishing the peace of the Far East on a permanent basis.

It was, therefore, in a conciliatory spirit and with a conciliatory object that the Russian War Minister went to Manchuria and Japan, reaching Tokyo on June 12, *via* Simonosaki, having previously visited Port Arthur. The Shiba Palace, an *annexe* of the Imperial Palace, was placed at his disposal. He was received by the Emperor, the Empress, and the Heir-Apparent, and was generally overwhelmed with civilities. He reviewed all the troops in garrison, visited every military establishment, and had a long interview with the Japanese War Minister. As it was understood that General Kuropatkin had no special diplomatic powers, but had merely come on a military mission, he entered upon no *pourparlers* with Japanese statesmen. But it is no secret to well-informed Russians that his brief sojourn at Tokyo confirmed his view that Japan was a formidable military Power, and strengthened his pacific inclinations. On June 16 he left the Japanese capital, travelling *via* Kyoto and Kobe to Port Arthur.

Public opinion in Japan was apprehensive lest the journey of General Kuropatkin should encourage the Japanese Government to conclude some arrangement with Russia which would not completely satisfy national aspirations, and a Memorandum containing the signatures of numerous personages, and urging the necessity of war with Russia, was submitted to the Japanese Cabinet, while seven professors of the University of Tokyo went on a deputation to impress the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Baron Komura, with the desirability of exchanging Korea against Manchuria. The Press generally showed itself unfavourable to Russia, and extolled the alliance with England. The *Nichi-Nichi*, the Marquis Ito's organ, which is by way of being a moderate paper, was exceedingly severe in its strictures on Russian policy in Manchuria. In a word, both public opinion and Press already gave vent to those anti-Russian sentiments which later on reached

a pitch of exasperation. Both seemed equally anxious to enforce an energetic policy upon the Government.

On this, his second visit to Port Arthur, General Kuropatkin held a Council of War, attended by Admiral Alexeieff, then Governor of Port Arthur; the Russian Ministers at Peking and Seoul; M. Pokotilof, Director of the Russo-Chinese Bank in Peking; General Deosino, the Russian Military Attaché in China; and the Russian Commissioners in Manchuria and the Governors of the adjoining Siberian provinces, as also General Wogack, who in 1900 had played a considerable part in the events of Tchi-li. The latter had come from St. Petersburg by special train. At this Council of War General Kuropatkin once more expounded his views with perfect frankness. He urged that Russia, whose organisation and military preparations in Manchuria were absolutely insufficient, especially *vis-à-vis* such a formidable adversary, should endeavour at all costs to come to terms with Japan, and should be prepared to limit her expansion in the Far East. Unfortunately his advice was unpalatable to those who were inciting Russia to play a predominant part both in Manchuria and Korea. M. Besobrasof and his financial group, who already had designs on Northern Korea, were among these extreme expansionists, whose views were shared by Admiral Alexeieff. They were all unanimous in regarding General Kuropatkin's moderation as a danger which must be disposed of, and they not unnaturally feared that he might succeed in convincing the naturally pacific Emperor. So they resolved to anticipate his return to St. Petersburg, and to destroy in advance the possible effect of his conciliatory advice, and accordingly M. Besobrasof was sent home by special train, and on reaching St. Petersburg at once opened operations, pleading the cause of Far Eastern expansion with much warmth. He explained that this policy could only be carried to a successful conclusion under some independent energetic leader invested with full diplomatic and extensive military powers, and he succeeded in convincing Nicholas II. that Admiral Alexeieff, who enjoyed the complete confidence of all Russians in the Far East, was the man for this post, and on July 30 a ukase was issued appointing Admiral Alexeieff Viceroy of the Far East, with all the powers stipulated by M. Besobrasof. The creation of a Far Eastern

Viceroyalty was the decisive episode which precipitated events. It was interpreted in Japan as signifying that Russia was determined to act, and its effect was enhanced by knowledge of the insidious intrigue by which it had been brought about.

Count Lamsdorff, the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs, whose pacific and conciliatory sentiments are incontestable, was both irritated by the Imperial decision, which made it impossible for him to continue negotiations with Japan, and apprehensive as to the consequences of subordinating Russian policy to the personal ambitions and interests of this particular clique. The episode was all the more regrettable as the Tokyo Government had only a few days previously made direct overtures to the Government of St. Petersburg with the object of concluding an arrangement.

In September (1903) the Tsar went to Skiernevice, Müritzsteg, and Darmstadt. On the 24th of that month Count Lamsdorff joined his Imperial Majesty at Darmstadt, and accompanied him on his visit to Austria, where he discussed Macedonian affairs with Count Goluchowski, and subsequently returned with his Sovereign to Darmstadt. He endeavoured to bring home to Nicholas II. the danger of withdrawing the control of the controversy with Japan from the Imperial Chancery, and being apparently unable to make any impression, he asked to be allowed to resign. But the Emperor besought him to remain, declaring that there was at the time absolutely no danger, and that on his (the Emperor's) return to St. Petersburg Count Lamsdorff should resume control of the Far Eastern negotiations. Unfortunately, on leaving Germany the Russian Empress became ill at Skiernevice, and the Imperial family did not return to St. Petersburg until it was too late.

During the absence of the Russian Sovereign Admiral Alexeieff and his counsellors, having a free field, actively prosecuted their expansionist policy. The operations of the Yalu Wood Company on the northern frontier of Korea acquired considerable importance at this time, as detachments of Cossacks were sent in its interests to patrol the banks of the Yalu, an act which caused no little irritation in Japan, where the exasperation against Russia steadily developed, and war was regarded as inevitable, popular feeling being inflamed by the circulation of such rumours as that, *e.g.*, Russia was building forts on

Korean soil, and though this was energetically denied in St. Petersburg the *démenti* excited considerable incredulity in Japan. It will be readily realised that such circumstances and such an atmosphere were highly unfavourable to diplomatic negotiations, all the more as it was obvious that Russian councils were divided, owing to the conflicting views of the Imperial Chancery and the Viceroyalty of the Far East, which not unnaturally gave the Japanese the impression that her adversary did not want to come to terms, and was merely seeking to gain time.

The Japanese Note, published after the declaration of war, shows that the Tokyo Government mistrusted Admiral Alexeieff's diplomacy, and desired that the negotiations should be conducted in St. Petersburg by Count Lamsdorff, whose moderation and straightforwardness Japan appreciated. In the words of this Note, "From the outset the Japanese Government desired that the negotiations should take place in St. Petersburg between its representative and the Russian Foreign Minister, in order that as speedy a settlement as possible might be reached. But as the Russian Government absolutely declined to negotiate in St. Petersburg, on account, it was said, of the journeys abroad of the Tsar, and for various other reasons, it was decided to carry on negotiations in Tokyo." This signal blunder of withdrawing the transaction from the Imperial Chancery in St. Petersburg had a deplorable effect, and may perhaps be regarded as the principal cause of the subsequent war.

Admiral Alexeieff's negotiations dragged on until January 16, 1904. Japan desired to be master of Korea, and her diplomacy was directed to that object. Russia, or rather the Far Eastern section of the Russian Government, would not consider this claim except on conditions unacceptable to Tokyo, such as the establishment of a neutral zone comprising all the peninsula north of the thirty ninth degree, *i.e.*, about one-third of the territory of Korea, while also stipulating that no strategic use should be made of any part of the peninsula. Japan retaliated by disputing all the rights acquired by Russia in Manchuria. No solution was possible in the face of these competing claims. The situation went from bad to worse, and it was only after January 16, when Japan telegraphed her final proposals to Admiral Alexeieff, that it took a turn for the better.

At that moment Count Lamsdorff, after a desperate effort to make the Emperor realise the peril of the aggressive Alexeieff policy, obtained authority to resume control of the negotiations, and to make the concessions necessary to bring them to a satisfactory conclusion. The French Government was informed of this happy decision of the Russian Emperor, and took the opportunity of once more representing to the Government of St. Petersburg the desirability of a peaceful issue of the controversy. The British Government entirely approved the action of France, and the Quai d'Orsay was assured by Downing Street that Great Britain would give identical advice to her ally. Count Lamsdorff informed the French that Russia was only too anxious to bring the controversy to a speedy and satisfactory close, and by the end of January the Chanceries of Europe were entitled to regard the situation as saved.

On January 25, M. Kurino the Japanese Minister in St. Petersburg, on the instructions of his Government, requested Count Lamsdorff to indicate the approximate date when Russia would reply to the last Japanese proposals. In this connection the *Official Messenger* published some days after the opening of hostilities, the following statement: "M. Kurino was informed that his Imperial Majesty, after having consulted the responsible administrators and the Viceroy of the Far East, had deigned to appoint a Special Council to draw up Russia's answer, which would meet on January 15 (28), and that in all probability the Imperial decision would not be taken before January 20 (February 2)."

I do not know whether, as is asserted in this *communiqué*, Count Lamsdorff informed M. Kurino of the meeting of this Special Council, but I am in a position to affirm that on January 25 the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs promised M. Kurino that Russia would deliver her reply on February 2, and that that reply would satisfy Japan, *because it would recognise Japanese influence in Korea, on condition that she did not erect fortifications in the northern part of the peninsula*. Thus, without striking a single blow or spending a single farthing, Japan would secure what a few years before would have been regarded as a dream. M. Kurino informed Tokyo by telegram of this conversation with Count Lamsdorff, and did not conceal his optimistic

expectations. On Tuesday, February 2, he went to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in order to receive the formal Russian reply promised for that day. Count Lamsdorff declared that to his very great regret he was not in a position to give the answer, which would only be ready on the following day, viz., Wednesday, adding in substance that "at the last moment the Emperor has been persuaded to submit the final text of our reply to Admiral Alexeieff, to which he has consented. But I can assure you that the decisions of Russia will be in no respect modified, while there will only be twenty-four hours' delay, as without any doubt the Russian reply will be transmitted to Tokyo to-morrow." This further delay on the part of Russia was disastrous and, indeed, it is permissible to regard it as the *decisive incident* which precipitated hostilities. On receiving M. Kurino's telegram announcing that Russia's reply was postponed for twenty-four hours, in order that it might be submitted to Admiral Alexeieff, Tokyo came to the regrettably hasty conclusion that this was tantamount to a rupture. This news presumably reached the Japanese Government on the evening of Wednesday, February 3, as that night the Marquis Ito received an urgent summons from the Mikado, and his audience was followed by an Extraordinary Council—consisting of seven statesmen: the Prime Minister, the Minister of War, the Minister of Marine, the Vice-Minister of War, and three admirals—which lasted seven hours, after which the Prime Minister and the Minister for Foreign Affairs had another conference with the Emperor. War was decided upon during these deliberations. Instructions were instantly issued for the severance of all telegraphic communication with Russia, and the Japanese fleet received sealed orders to start for Port Arthur, upon which a surprise attack was to be made at a given moment. On Thursday afternoon, February 4, Viscount Hayashi, the Japanese Minister in London, learnt the decisions of the Tokyo Government, and simultaneously received instructions to request M. Kurino to inform the Russian Government, firstly, that diplomatic negotiations between Japan and Russia were over, and secondly, to leave St. Petersburg at once. On the same day, in an interview with a French journalist, Viscount Hayashi gave vent to pessimistic opinions, which were the first serious intimation to the French public of the gravity of the crisis.

Meanwhile the Russian reply had been despatched with the mere delay of twenty-four hours foreseen by Count Lamsdorff, *i.e.*, on Wednesday the 3rd, when the St. Petersburg Government sent three telegrams to the Far East, containing the text of the projected arrangement with Japan, which, as had been explained by Count Lamsdorff to M. Kurino on January 25, recognised Japanese influence in Korea, the only stipulation being that no fortification should be erected in the north of that country. These telegrams likewise set forth the arguments and considerations which had induced the Russian Government to make certain slight modifications in the last proposal put forward by Japan, and the Viceroy was charged to transmit them to the Russian Minister in Tokyo, together with the Russian reply.

As I have already stated, Viscount Hayashi was instructed on Thursday afternoon, February 4, to telegraph to M. Kurino (Japanese Minister in St. Petersburg) the orders of his Government concerning the rupture of negotiations, and the recall of the Japanese Legation from Russia. These instructions reached M. Kurino on the following morning (February 5), but owing to an exceptional incident he did not consider himself bound to act on them immediately. That night there was to be a grand ball at the Hermitage Palace, to which the Court, the diplomatic corps, and the official world were summoned, and the Japanese Minister thought it better not to disturb such an occasion, and he consequently postponed his disagreeable duty until the morrow, and with the rest of the world he went to the Court ball. It would be difficult to imagine anything more tragic than the participation of a diplomatist—who had in his pocket what was tantamount to a declaration of war—in an entertainment given by those with whom some hours later his country would be at war. One of the guests present at this famous *fête* at the Hermitage, told me that the occasion was particularly brilliant and animated, although the sombre visage of M. Kurino, who could hardly conceal his emotions, cast a shadow over the entertainment. Let us hope that the distinguished diplomatist may one day be tempted to record his impressions of this historic occasion.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of the following day, M. Kurino fulfilled his mission; but as it was too painful to go in person to Count Lamsdorff, whose pacific sentiments and absolute

loyalty throughout the whole negotiations he fully recognised, the Japanese Minister sent two Notes to the Russian Foreign Office, declaring in the first that the Tokyo Government had suspended negotiations because Russia had failed to reply to its proposals; while the second announced that diplomatic relations between the two countries were ruptured, and that the *personnel* of the Legation would leave St. Petersburg on February 10. To these two official Notes M. Kurino added a personal line to Count Lamsdorff, expressing the hope that war might yet be averted. This was, no doubt, perfectly sincere on the part of a diplomatist who up to the very last moment desired peace. Curiously enough, the Japanese Minister was fated to learn of the achievements of the Japanese torpedo-boats at Port Arthur from the shouts of the newsboys in St. Petersburg, and, greatly concerned at the announcement of this sensational event, he hastened to the French Embassy for confirmation. There he learnt the truth, and his emotion on realising that all hope of peace was at an end will not be soon forgotten by those who witnessed it. Count Lamsdorff transmitted M. Kurino's Notes to the Emperor in the evening, and Nicholas II. received the grave news in his box at the theatre. He was thunderstruck.

Japan's decision came like a thunderbolt to St. Petersburg. Count Lamsdorff was equally astonished and upset. At the very moment it was permissible to hope that the two Powers were on the eve of an arrangement, the situation was completely transformed, and war seemed now only a question of hours. Count Lamsdorff was unable to share the illusion of the Japanese Minister as to the possibility of preserving peace, which he regarded as an exclusively personal opinion, as the Japanese Government was evidently resolved on war. The Russian Minister in Tokyo, Baron de Rosen, was immediately ordered to quit the Japanese capital with the *personnel* of the Legation, while simultaneously the Russian Ambassadors to the great Powers and the Russian Ministers in Peking and Seoul as well as the Viceroy of the Far East, were apprised of the situation by telegram. Meanwhile the Japanese Fleet had been preparing to attack Port Arthur since February 3. During the night of February 8 and 9 (January 26-27), it surprised and torpedoed the Russian fleet. Admiral Alexeieff informed the Emperor of this serious event in

the following telegram: "I beg to respectfully inform your Imperial Majesty that about midnight, January 26-27, Japanese torpedo-boats suddenly attacked the Russian squadron in the outer harbour of Port Arthur. The battleships *Revitsan* and *Tsarivitch*, and the cruiser *Pallas* sustained damages, which are now being investigated. I will send precise details to your Imperial Majesty in a supplementary telegram."

Thus war began. The sinister policy inaugurated at Simonsaki under the inspiration of Germany, had borne fruit, which was destined to prove very bitter to Russia. Happily after the terrible lessons of Mukden, Hull and Tsushima, the Powers pulled themselves together. Great Britain and Russia, at last realising their true interests, have recently signed an Agreement which must inevitably produce happy results. Japan has become reconciled with her adversary of yesterday, and has concluded an agreement with France. The problem of the Far East has thus been solved. Finally, the *Entente Cordiale* is firmer and closer than ever. Thus the quadruple arrangement outlined during the autumn of 1901, which would have prevented the war, is now a reality. World-policy is no longer perverted to the exclusive advantage of a single nation, which has always sought to establish its dominion upon the disunion of other Powers.

The moral of this reliable and detailed account of the genesis of the Russo-Japanese War, which I have endeavoured to set forth with the utmost impartiality, is that international differences should be settled with as little delay as possible, and in the most definitive fashion, as otherwise sooner or later a storm will burst with which no diplomacy can cope, or even delay by a single hour. This lesson should be taken to heart, for who knows whether the history of yesterday may not be repeated to-morrow.

ANDRÉ MÉVIL.

COBDENISM AND ITS CANCER

EVERY argument for Free Trade becomes under free imports a logical contradiction. The conditions are not merely modified; they are inverted. There is a strange supposition in many minds that our system is at least the better half of Mr. Cobden's ideal. They are mistaken. Our system is not even the half. It is, accurately, the opposite. The essence of free exchange resides solely in the double liberty of the transaction. To have only the half of fair dealing is to have the negation of it. If space permitted, we might find fantastic entertainment in playing upon the Cobdenite enthusiasm for 50 per cent. of justice. They might as well assure us and themselves that half the world is free to a goat who is only tethered by a hind leg. Or we may yet have a clearer illustration. Take a pair of compasses. The whole use of the instrument depends upon the duality of its construction and upon the mutual relation of its limbs. Break it in half, and what have you? You have nothing at all to the purpose. Free imports are as futile as the fixed leg of a pair of compasses deprived of its fellow.

Least of all nations does England enjoy anything in the shape of free exchange, with its essential condition of market for market. Germany, for instance, is actually much nearer to the enjoyment of Mr. Cobden's ideal. Germans have free imports of the raw material to be worked up, and to this country at least they have free exports of the resultant manufacture. To assert that England has free trade and that Germany is enclosed and weighed upon by a self-oppressing system of "protection" attempts an argument which reveals, at this hour of the day, either superlative ignorance or sheer mental dishonesty. With some of the traditional fictions of fiscal controversy it is time to have done. From beginning to end the Free Trade argument—intensely French

as it was in the fervent logic and fact-defying idealism of its whole conception—depended upon the notion of liberty, equality, and fraternity in trade. The middle word of the triune phrase has proved, as we all know, to be the crux of the formula. Free trade implied “equality.” Free imports imply inequality. That is why our present system means the very inversion of Mr. Cobden’s intention in its bearing both upon goods and labour.

Our present purpose is more specially to trace the results upon the employment of the people. With respect to that most vital of all subjects what was the Free Trade theory? Why has it come about that the plausible arguments representing free imports to be the greatest interest of the masses are falsified by the facts? From the first the inarticulate instinct of the working classes realised a danger in Mr. Cobden’s doctrine. Their action was a methodical rebellion against the ideal of free trade in labour. It was an essential part of the system. To Mr. Cobden and his friends trade unions were as abhorrent as tariffs. Both were attempts to resist Nature, and must be regarded as futile even if not wicked. Tariffs could never increase the volume of production; trade unions could never raise the level of wages. But labour is a commodity like any other. It has its price in the market. Its whole struggle is, and must be, to raise that price in the market. If economy in production were to be regarded as the greatest of boons, then, since labour is the largest element in costs, a low price for labour ought to be in the chief interest of the consumer. The theory of immediate cheapness would cheapen nothing so immediately nor so much as flesh and blood. There, as matters have worked out now, is the first and worst of all the logical contradictions. But upon the one hand the trade unionist instinct attacked the whole principle and practice of Mr. Cobden’s creed at its weakest point by putting a tariff round the living commodity of skilled labour. To the theory and practice of protection in this respect our whole system of national production has had to accommodate itself.

Upon the other hand, the pure Free Trade ideal promised definite advantages which free imports, indeed, were until recently supposed to have realised. In speech after speech Mr. Cobden explained the prospect. By putting up fiscal barriers the people could only keep out the demand for their labour. Let us throw

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down our barriers, and the foreign nations would throw down theirs. Then who could compete with us? We had almost a monopoly of modernised industrial power. Our manufactures would dominate every market, while our consumption would enrich all foreign cultivators. The largest supplies of food and raw material would keep their prices as low as possible; but the universal demand for our incomparable manufactures would raise the price of our goods as high as possible. An ever-widening market for our exports must mean an intensifying demand for British labour, and wages were accordingly certain to rise if the working classes had the good sense and morality not to overbreed. It sounds now a naïve system, but it is not astonishing that it convinced and prevailed. Labour organised trade unionism in order to leave nothing to chance, and for the purpose of making sure that the advantages promised would be actually secured. But the attractiveness of the Cobdenite vision for democracy depended upon the prophecy of a free world-market dominated by British manufactures, creating the maximum demand for British labour, and tending more powerfully than any other influence conceivable to raise British wages to the maximum rate. The inconsistencies of this proposition are such that detailed criticism would leave it a sieve. But that was our apparatus for drawing water, as we hoped, with unparalleled success.

Two generations of the experiment have brought us to an extraordinary contrast. Tariff after tariff has been passed throughout the world to prevent the unlimited increase in the demand for British labour. The main object of all independent nations is to create the largest amount of agricultural and industrial employment for their own people. To this end every resource of fiscal policy is applied, with such results as we shall see. The sequel at home is becoming extremely serious. The rate of increase in the total demand for British labour has for a long time been slackening. There are now disquieting signs of a cessation of progress. These latter symptoms have been slow in appearing. They are beginning to show themselves acute. Every thoughtful student of social affairs is aware of the tendency. We may differ as to the explanation, but no longer, I believe, as to the fact. Thus in the last decade the course of wages has

been nothing less than alarming. The following are the figures from the *Labour Gazette*:

COURSE OF WAGES SINCE 1900.

Year.	Per Week. Net Decrease. £	Per Week. Net Increase. £
1901 . . .	77,902	—
1902 . . .	72,865	—
1903 . . .	38,557	—
1904 . . .	39,278	—
1905 . . .	4,087	—
1906 . . .	—	56,728
1907 . . .	—	199,605
Total Reductions .	£232,689	Total Increases £256,333

Allowing for the increase of population in the interval, it is certain that the level of wages last year was no higher than eight years ago. We are now again in a falling market, which will send the price of labour still lower. We may say that the last ten years have effected no improvement whatever in the fundamental condition of the welfare of the people. In the meantime, however, food, fuel, clothing have been dearer. The prices of all domestic commodities have been higher than in the period when the movement of wages was more favourable. There is no doubt that in the latest decade of free imports the purchasing power of the people has been severely reduced. From the course of wages since 1900, we should be compelled to judge that the demand for labour in this country was barely keeping pace with the comparatively slow growth of our population.

That this is the fact is proved by a more direct test. So far as definite information on the subject is available, take the statistics of worklessness in this country from 1870. The period covers nearly forty years. The demand for labour, as shown by the returns for the skilled trades, never has been so great as at that culminating moment of Cobdenism—a date most unreasonably detested by all fiscal worshippers of the past—1872. We shall be in a better position to judge definitely what is happening when the present depression has run its course and yielded its statistics. The fluctuations in employment have not been so abrupt and violent in the last decade as in two or three former periods. But from the returns emerges one conclusion that no economist has

endeavoured to contest. In the last generation there has been a stupendous increase in the population, the prosperity, the consuming power of the world at large, but there has been no increase in the intensity of the demand for British labour. That at least is indisputable. Whatever the cause, taking the home trade and the foreign trade together, our market is not widening. Under our present fiscal system, commerce is no longer a progressive force actively tending to raise the condition of the people. At the best this means a slowing down in the advance of working-class welfare ; it means, so far as concerns the masses of the country, an unmistakable tendency to social stagnation, perhaps to social retrogression.

But there are some other considerations to be taken into account, and when they are duly weighed it must appear beyond doubt that the expansion of employment has now ceased to keep pace even with the relatively small and slackening increase of our population. If this is true, no fact from the point of view of democracy could be so grave. But can there be any reasonable doubt upon the subject ? In the last decade and a half an immense stream of emigration has poured from our shores. That has relieved the pressure upon the labour market, and helped the chances of the workers remaining. At the same time the gradual decrease in the surplus of births over deaths should now be commencing to tell slightly upon the labour market. Yet although the rate of natural increase amongst us has become very moderate, and although, again, the Colonies and the United States take off our hands hundreds of thousands of those who would otherwise be candidates for labour at home, we cannot find anything like full work for those who remain, and we show a decreasing ability to provide it. So far as the people are concerned, our whole industrial organism shows a feeble and a weakening pulse. The total demand for British labour and its products no longer rises, but shows a perceptible tendency to shrink. Wages are at the level of eight years ago, or slightly under it. Any steady tendency towards general improvement in the face-value of wages is no longer to be traced. Upon the other hand, the decline in the purchasing power of equal amounts means that by comparison with eight years ago the condition of the people has deteriorated. For those who desire social advancement by increasing the earn-

ing power of the people—not merely by distributing vast doles from the Treasury—the present system offers no prospect whatever. Before we have done we shall see more distinctly why.

But what, in the meantime, is the contrast between a unique island and an otherwise unanimous world? The demand for British labour is subject to the dictation of foreign Powers. "Goods are crystallised labour." A tariff upon a manufactured article directly tends, of course, to kill the employment of the man who made it. Hostile tariffs against British goods are hostile measures against the labour they contain. The demand for that labour is forcibly reduced. But whatever causes an article to be less required means a reduction in the value it would otherwise possess. If a commodity to a certain extent is no longer wanted, the wages of the man engaged in producing it must to a certain extent tend to fall. Every tariff put up throughout the world must of necessity tend, in its bearing upon this country, to take away work and to increase worklessness. If we take the general state of the fiscal world a generation ago, when British manufactures still dominated all markets, and compare it with the existing situation, when our trade has been placed under heavy restrictions all over the globe, when Protectionist competition already dominates Europe and America, we shall no longer wonder at the stagnating character of wages and employment in this country during the last seven or eight ominous years. Upon the other hand, while foreign and Colonial tariffs—except so far as Preference mitigates these latter—are hostile in effect, hostility is not their purpose. They are one and all inspired mainly by a clear and most excellent purpose. They aim at providing a maximum amount of employment for their own people. The United States and Germany realise that aim with brilliant efficiency. No figures are available for the United States which can be properly compared with our trade union returns to the Board of Trade; but we have statistics for Germany made up on a similar, though not an identical, basis. No one pretends that the differences in the mode of preparing the British and the German returns invalidates to any material extent the usefulness of the comparison. Both tables represent the percentage of worklessness among the members of the chief trade unions of the respective countries. And here is the contrast for the last five years :

UNEMPLOYMENT IN SKILLED TRADES, 1903-7.

	UNITED KINGDOM under Free Imports.		GERMANY under the Tariff.	
1903	.	5.1	...	3.0
1904	.	6.5	...	2.1
1905	.	5.4	...	1.6
1906	.	4.1	...	1.2
1907	.	4.2	...	1.5

There can be no answer to figures like these. They cover exactly the years of the boom in foreign trade when we were invited by our incautious opponents to observe what a country under free imports was really capable of doing. In the midst of that period Germany adopted a new and higher tariff, which was certain to ruin her according to the confident predictions of every sage who is inclined to judge foreign affairs from a free-importing standpoint. Yet in this very period Germany has succeeded to an extent that puts our system to open shame in her aim of providing a maximum amount of employment for her people. Look again at the parallel columns. We find that, taking year in, year out, the extent of worklessness in the skilled trades is in this country three times as great as in Germany. But notice also the bearing upon argument about the boom. At the height of the amazing rise of values in foreign trade there was very little improvement in the employment of our people. Germany did better, with her command of the home market and her privilege of free export to this country. She provided work for almost every unit of her vast population. The figures given above are annual averages. More elaborate and remarkable figures might be compiled showing the state of the German labour market month by month; and such a table would show that for considerable periods together during the last ten years there has been employment for every single worker among the Kaiser's subjects; and in some months more places have been vacant than there were men to fill them. Could there be a more conclusive proof that the German tariff policy of providing a maximum amount of employment for the people has not missed its mark? I can imagine no evidence more convincing to an unprejudiced mind. Cobdenism incorrigible urges that it is all a curious coincidence, and that the figures mean nothing in particular. It would be as wise to assure us that a continual

hitting of the bull's-eye is no proof of marksmanship, and that the shot who never makes an inner is clearly the better man of the two.

As regards the United States, for lack of official figures we cannot illustrate the situation so simply. But up to the very moment of the copper crash and the financial crisis there had been a period of activity unparalleled in the economic history of the world. There had been a demand for labour such as had never been known. I am not going to load these pages with statistics of prosperity running into billions as naturally as astronomical distances. Mr. Asquith might well demand smoked glasses to save his vision from that dazzling arithmetic, and might well confess that his ineffectual figures had paled. There was in the United States a climax of production. Enormous masses of raw material of every kind were consumed. Still there was almost a famine of raw materials, and prices were rushed up. The earth's whole mineral and vegetable yield seemed hardly able to stay the appetite of American industry. "There is an increasing scarcity in the supply of men to do the world's work," wrote Mr. Richard H. Edmonds, the editor of the *Manufacturer's Record*. "The employer is everywhere looking for the labourer with far more business offering to him than he can find the labourers to handle. From the smallest farm all the way through every field of human employment in industrial affairs the scarcity of labourers is the universal cry. Increasing wages on a scale never seen before marks the closing months of 1906." That was the state of things in America a year ago. There was a demand for labour under the United States tariff such as has never been known under free imports in the present generation. In good times there was no comparison. The systems of our Protectionist competitors beat us hollow in their labour-employing and wage-increasing power. This at least is undeniable.

Yes, we are told at this point, but what of the bad times? However interesting may have been the relative figures for various countries at the height of prosperity, what we want to know is how the comparison stands now. The "boom" has broken. It has broken in America and in Germany, as well as in this country. Are not bands of workless men tramping the streets of New York? Have there not been unemployed riots in Berlin? What of the reaction in the Protectionist countries? That is a

fair question. No official figures are available at present either for Germany or the United States. But we may at once assert as quite certain that in Germany at least unemployment is nothing nearly so severe as in this country. The sober tone of Socialist writers is convincing on that point. The most serious feature of the situation across the North Sea has been the slackness of the building trade after a period of great energy. It is not expected that this particular cause of depression will long remain, since money and materials are cheapening; and there has been a considerable amount of very loose and exaggerated writing with regard to the actual amount of worklessness in Berlin. But there is a very simple means of bringing the matter to a test. Even after the great *Krach* in Germany six years ago, the worst disaster in her recent economic history, the amount of unemployment in that country never rose to the figure at which it stands in this island at the present moment. By comparison with ourselves, as our own Consul-General wrote afterwards, the Fatherland, under the national tariff, was hit less severely and recovered sooner. "Although the number of unemployed rose rapidly during the last period of depression," wrote Consul-General Schwabach in his annual report, "this calamity hardly assumed the proportions it did in the United Kingdom, and, moreover, disappeared much quicker."

Examine that statement. It comes from a witness whose bias is certainly not against free imports. Yet he tells us—what the figures given on a previous page most amply prove—that in the last spell of hard times labour under free imports suffered more than labour under the German tariff. Above all, there is the fact that not a single witness asserts the state of the labour market in Germany to be as weak as it was even in 1903. Yet in that year there were only 3 *per cent.* unemployed in the skilled trades among the Kaiser's subjects. The figure is certainly not higher now. It is probably rather less. Yet turn to the last number of the *Labour Gazette*, and the rate of worklessness in the British trade unions is 6.2 *per cent.** Thus, although official figures are lacking, we shall be tolerably safe in assuming that

* Since this was written, I find the exact figures in the *Labour Gazette* for February. On December 28 last, in the German skilled trades there were 2.6 of the men out of work, as against 6.1 in this country! The comparison is still crushing.

we have at least twice as many skilled artisans wageless and workless as are out in Germany, and among the forlorn mass of our casuals the proportion of unemployment is unquestionably far greater still. In the present period of depression the moral is undoubtedly the same as our Consul-General deduced from the last. By comparison with free imports, the German tariff system has the advantage in good times and bad. When things go well a workless artisan in Germany, compared with a British artisan, has three times as good a chance of finding a place. But when things go ill the German trade unionist has still about twice the chance of his British fellow. Our opponents have been consistently and incurably wrong about the state of things in Germany during the last five years. They were wrong about their prophecies of gloom after the last *Krach*; they were wrong about the result of raising the tariff; they were wrong about horse sausages; they are equally wrong in their impressions of the relative state of unemployment in Berlin and elsewhere.

As for the United States, there is nothing to show that, with more than twice our population, she has anything like a larger relative number of workers upon the streets; or even half our number of unemployed relatively to population. And yet her temporary crisis, sharp as it is, followed upon a decade of incredible prosperity. Our free importers are a patient people, but are they not yet tired of waiting for the ruin of the United States? At her worst times, ten years ago, the problem of unemployment was not worse than with ourselves now, and it was a passing difficulty. But we are eminently distinguished from America and Germany by having the unemployed always with us under a free importing system.

The whole comparison upon the basis now proposed to us by the defenders of Cobdenism is a delusion and a snare. As we have seen, it does not help their argument. But it does not suggest anything like the full weight of our case. For consider our low rate of natural increase and our high rate of emigration. Consider the example of Germany, where the population increases twice as fast and emigration has almost stopped. Consider the position in the United States, whose inhabitants are now increasing by two millions a year, or twice the German rate, owing mainly to the vast influx of immigrants seeking employment and finding it in normal years under an alien flag more

certainly than our people can find work upon their own soil. When we measure, not the percentage of persons whom no man has hired, but the comparative extent of the actual demand for labour, it is apparent at once that the number of persons placed in new employment and maintained in it has increased, by contrast with this country, more than twice as fast in Germany, and at least five times as fast in the United States. That is the criterion. A mere comparison of the number of unemployed in a country, such as is suggested by recent references to Berlin and New York, is, taken by itself, the most fallacious of tests. For example, three men seek employment, and two receive it; twelve men seek employment, and eleven receive it. There is in each case one man out; but the real point is that in the second instance there are a much larger number of persons "in," and there is the largest demand for labour and the worker's wider opportunity.

For the German Empire and the American Republic agree that upon the home trade depends the vital interests of the overwhelming majority of the people. They agree that commercial policy shall be so adjusted as to make it impossible that home consumption shall support aliens abroad while men are workless at home. But under the system of our unique island the demand for British labour is first restricted by foreign legislation, necessarily to the detriment of wages; and free imports, allowing our own market to be unconditionally invaded, still further contract the opportunities of the working classes in this country, and enable protected competition to drive British men out of employment upon their own soil by a calculated campaign transferring home work to foreign hands while masses of our people starve. It is not true that any tariff can provide work always for every one, or prevent the industrial fluctuations following the vicissitudes of harvests and the changes of the seasons. It is assuredly true that Tariff Reform can provide for our workers that larger degree of opportunity and security which is their right. Because the promise to heal all diseases by a single panacea is the surest sign of a quack, it does not follow that we should place in the same category, as our opponents seem to do, a physician who sometimes loses a patient, but has an unusual reputation for cures.

J. L. GARVIN.

THE RED FLAG OF INTERNATIONAL SOCIALISM

It scarcely surprises Social-Democrats to discover how little the well-to-do classes of this country and their newspapers have known for a long time past what has been going on around them. For very many years Socialist speakers were almost entirely boycotted by the Press. A conspiracy of silence prevailed. The Queen's Hall might be packed with an enthusiastic and paying audience: similar audiences might gather in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, and other great halls in the provinces; but either no report at all appeared of the proceedings, or a few lines of garbled summary were thought enough for such uninteresting matter. The public were kept in ignorance. Yet from January 1881, when the modern Socialist movement began in Great Britain, and the Social-Democratic Federation was founded, a vigorous propaganda, constantly expanding in scope, has been carried on all over this island, at the street corner, in the factory and workshop, in the trade unions, and among the organised workers, which could not fail to produce a great effect. Moreover, during these seven-and-twenty years of strenuous endeavour a new generation of Socialists, born of Socialist parents, grew up to spread the light, no longer under the red flag of the S.D.F. alone, but also under the less distinctive banners of less thoroughgoing organisations. Not only so, but the Trade Union Congresses of the aristocrats of labour were passing pious Socialist resolutions, and the new trade unions arising from the dock and match strikes had a definite Socialist programme for their basis. In like manner with our literature. At the commencement of our propaganda there were no Socialist books in the English language. Now there is quite a large library of such works. For a few shillings, even for a few pence, the

worker or the student can purchase all that he needs to be able to master the main theories of Social-Democracy. The sale of these writings is mounting up by leaps and bounds every year, every month, every week. Four metropolitan weekly papers tell the Socialist story, while local Socialist sheets are springing up everywhere. In the capitalist Press, in political speeches, in the sermons of every Christian sect, as well as in common everyday talk, thoughts and phrases first made use of by Social-Democrats are constantly found, without the speakers or writers having any idea whence they came. It was all of no importance.

Although our old opponents of the Liberty and Property Defence League tried hard to persuade the public that the S.D.F. and the rest meant mischief to class supremacy and private ownership, nobody heeded their warnings. Socialism could never attract the solid British workman. He was too sensible, too practical, too deferential to his betters, ever to accept the wild imaginings of Social-Democrats as holding out any promise of improvement for him. So they said. Even the success of the Labour Party at the last General Election did not open men's eyes. There was a momentary shock, it is true. But when it speedily appeared that the great majority of these thirty independent members were of much the same type as their working-class forerunners; that they were eager to "catch the tone of the House"; that they ventured upon no definite Socialist criticism of proposed measures; that they were always quite ready to compromise in a reasonable way; and that their leaders were prompt to flatter Cabinet Ministers, alike of the Old Whig and New Traitor varieties—then the well-to-do world at large came to the conclusion that "to-morrow shall be as to-day, and much more abundant," and that these exceedingly easy-going gentlemen had not the slightest intention of disturbing in any serious way their nice comfortable sense of secure possession. The Labour Party, it appeared, only meant a moderate endeavour to obtain better conditions of existence for the workers under capitalism and the wages system. Well, there was nothing very alarming in that. So the temporary scare died down, and only slightly flickered up again when Mr. Victor Grayson was returned as an avowed Socialist for the Colne Valley; though the efforts to make out that the feeble middle-class Progressives on the London County

Council were dangerous Socialists helped to return a Moderate majority to that body.

When, however, the Conference of the Labour Party at Hull, after declaring against the exclusion of non-Socialists by an overwhelming majority, carried the old collectivist formula of the S.D.F. as the object of the organisation on the following day, in spite of the protest of the Standing Orders Committee and the solemn warnings of Mr. Shackleton as to the result of passing such a resolution, there could no longer be any doubt about the serious progress which Socialism, in the shape of revolutionary Social-Democracy, was making among trade unionists. For it was a vote of trade union delegates as trade union delegates, not a vote of Socialists as Socialists at all; and the resolution for the complete socialisation of private property in the great means of creating and distributing wealth was proposed by the delegate of the richest and best organised trade union in Great Britain. This, therefore, was not capture, but conversion. Henceforth, however anxious Labour "statesmen" may be to reject the leadership of the rank and file, until that vote is rescinded the Labour Party in this country is a Socialist, not to say a Social-Democratic, party, and Socialists present might well sing "The Red Flag" and cheer for the social revolution.

What then does the red flag betoken? What does international revolutionary Socialism mean?

I

So long ago as 1884, in my debate with the late Charles Bradlaugh at St. James's Hall on "Will Socialism benefit the English People?" I gave the following definition: "Socialism is a conscious endeavour to substitute for the anarchic competitive production of to-day the organised co-operative production of to-morrow." That still holds good. But it covers only a portion of the ground. Socialism is much more than this. The word "conscious" conveys to us revolutionary Socialists a meaning which can only be explained by a brief survey of its historic connection.

We contend that the whole progress of mankind, from the early communism onwards, is based upon material conditions and economic development. Under that early communism all

production was necessarily social, and the distribution was social too. Exchange either did not exist at all or existed only in a very rudimentary shape. Yet this did not prevent tribes under these conditions from having a very remarkable system of agriculture and irrigation, from building houses of considerable beauty and comfort, and constructing sailing-vessels capable of carrying more than two hundred men. For my part, I consider the great Ndrua of the South Seas, tied together with sinnet and the decks adzed with flints, as quite as great a marvel of human ingenuity, in its way, as the *Mauretania* or the *Dreadnought*. It took the artificers who were engaged upon such a canoe fully two years to build it, and they were fed meanwhile by the labours of other members of the tribe, who tilled the yam patches and irrigated the taro beds, gathered the cocoa-nuts and went out fishing. Similar arrangements were made for other purposes.

Obviously in such a state of society as this the greater part of the Ten Commandments could have had no application whatever, and would have been wholly unintelligible to the tribe, no matter how divinely they might be inspired. The first and most important step in the break-up of this early communion was probably that captives were allowed to live as slaves, instead of being killed and eaten for food, when men were found to produce more than their keep. When the institution of private property in slaves and land, and the extension of exchange brought in the use of the precious metals, those great class antagonisms and class wars began, due to the economic developments which underlie all human history from that time onwards. It is this material explanation of history, coupled with the Marxist analysis of capitalism, that has given modern Socialism its scientific basis. There was Socialism of the sentimental school long before this was achieved, and the anarchy of incipient capitalism was understood by the famous John Bellers two hundred years ago and shown up by Robert Owen in its more developed form a hundred years ago. But the formulation and description of the inevitable antagonisms of the complete capitalist system were left to the latter half of the nineteenth century.

Thus, according to this view, slavery, like cannibalism, came to an end from economic causes. There could be no downfall of that institution until the time was ripe. All the slave revolts

and servile wars before the economic circumstances decided in favour of general manumission and emancipation were suppressed with relentless cruelty, and the slaves were no better off than they were before their risings. But so soon as Rome ceased to be a conquering power, and slaves became dear as well as their food, chattel slavery began to decline, and eventually disappeared. Economic causes won where the greatest heroism was unavailing. Then ethics came in to justify what economics had secured; and religion, always late to recognise human progress, was eager to bless what had been already achieved without its aid.*

There was no conscious, foreseeing development on the part of mankind in all this gradual transformation of the old system. Even the ablest brains of antiquity could not understand the existence of human society without slavery. It certainly was not cruelty on the one side or hatred on the other which brought about the change. As a matter of fact, the treatment of slaves had greatly improved, and their acceptance of their position was never more general than when the causes mentioned broke down the system. The social change was preceded by economic modifications.

It was the same with the feudal epoch. Through all its long series of class antagonisms and class wars there was no conception of what the next period would be. The movement forward was still unconscious, undirected. The great nobles who went forth to fight with their free retainers around them, who put down the upheavals of Jacquerie or peasants with frightful savagery, and fought and intrigued against the King and one another from generation to generation, had no idea whatever that the men to take their place in the next stage of human development would be the burghers and traders, and merchants and capitalists, for whom they had so much contempt.

Unconscious throughout. Risings, revolts, upheavals of all kinds quite useless until the economic forms were ready which rendered the dominant class a superfluous survival from the previous epoch. The ancient nobility of France, for instance, had been cruel, unscrupulous, and lustful for centuries; but so long as they played a useful part in the social economy of their

* My friend Professor Ciccotti's book *Il Tramonto della Schiavitù*, brings all this out admirably. I am surprised it has never been translated into English.

time they kept control of their vassals and serfs and maintained the privileges of their order with a high hand. But when they gave up living on their estates and turned mere hangers-on of the Court they became superfluous, and were swept away by what after all was not a more desperate attack upon them than others that had gone before. Their pitiable appearance at Coblenz, waiting for the new France to humble herself before the men she didn't want, made them the laughing-stock of Europe. Yet the people of the Revolution did not know that they themselves were merely making ready the triumph of the bourgeoisie by all their efforts and sacrifices. They did the work and the fighting: the class which economic conditions had prepared for the leadership, the grasping Third Estate, gained most of the advantage.

So true is it that no man and no body of men can *make* a revolution, and that no man and no body of men can head back a revolution when once it is fully prepared in the womb of society by economic conditions. Then the winning class which assumes the dominant position gives legal sanction to its own victory, and a new era begins.

II

Capitalism in its full and unhampered development under free competition constitutes the immediate prologue to the final stage of class domination, and represents the last and simplest form of the class war. There then remains but one crucial and irreconcilable class antagonism: that between the wage-earners on the one side, and the capitalists and profit-mongers with their hangers-on upon the other. Under no previous form of society was exchange the prevailing factor in production. Under no previous form of society were the great body of men divorced from all ownership of property and deprived of the control over their very means and instruments of making wealth. Under no previous form of society were women and children so crushed beneath the Moloch of money-getting. Under no previous form of society was the livelihood of the industrious man so uncertain. Capital in its modern sense, however, could not exist until there was a mass of propertyless workers waiting to be hired at subsistence wages and a number of persons with accumulations of money or the control of credit ready to hire them in order to make profit out of them. There was and could be no capital in this overmastering sense in the Middle Ages or in ancient times. But with the

capitalist epoch the final differentiation from the old-world communism is reached. So eager were the capitalists in the early days of the system to compete against one another for greater profits, so impossible was it for the toilers to help competing against one another for low wages, that all sense of social harmony was lost. Personal relations were entirely at an end: pecuniary relations were substituted in every department of human life. Production for use then practically ceased: production for profit became the rule. Workers turn out goods of no value to themselves: employers look only to the pecuniary advantage to be derived from their sale.

And yet all the time this is going on the social forces are making themselves felt through the competitive anarchy. No man, however completely individual he may imagine himself to be, can do any individual work in the great factory, or workshop, or yard of modern times. Social labour comes behind every toiler to estimate the relative value of what he produces in terms of other goods. He cannot by any possibility pick up a finished bit of work and say, That is my doing. The work of others is combined with his own, whether he likes it or not. He is forced by hunger to sell his power of labour in his body to a class that pays him but a fraction of the labour value which the functioning of his vital forces under the control of the employer embodies in commodities, and it is the accumulation of this mass of unpaid labour realised in money or its equivalent by their sale which accounts for the greater part of the capital we see in this and other countries. But the workers must always sell their own sole commodity of labour power at a disadvantage. It is also a commodity which speedily deteriorates by keeping, seeing that its owner cannot maintain his full labour capacity unless he sells it regularly. Moreover, he cannot afford, being a free man, to throw up his job; for the unemployed, who are the inevitable result of the capitalist system, are ready to take his place if he steps out. And, even so, the labourer advances his work to the capitalist on credit for a week, a fortnight, a month: the capitalist advances nothing to him. He is, in fact, paid a mere fraction of his own labour value in the shape of wages out of the results of his toil; and these wages, in their money form, delude him as to the

manner in which the whole transaction is carried on through life at his expense.

In America and Canada, where statistics are carefully tabulated, it is shown to demonstration that the workers receive but one-sixth of the total labour value they produce; and I have no doubt, if our statistics were equally well kept, the same ratio of paid to unpaid labour would appear here. It is commonly thought that because the rate of profit and of interest has a pronounced tendency to fall, when averaged over a long period, therefore the rate of exploitation of labour falls also. This is quite erroneous, as all thorough students of political economy are well aware.

Furthermore, inasmuch as all inventions and discoveries applicable to industry—which are manifestly social in their origin, as obviously no individual can invent or discover independently of the stage of development of the society into which he is born—fall into the hands of the employing class, and are used by them against the worker, his position becomes more and more precarious. He may be thrown out of work in a skilled or unskilled trade at any minute by the introduction of wages-saving machines which women and girls can tend, or by the speeding up of existing appliances to such a point that no man over thirty-five can live up to them. To such an extent is all this now carried that unemployment is common even in the best of good times; while the growing amount of capital needed as the unit in any branch of industry decrees that once a wage-earner always a wage-earner shall be the rule for the propertyless toiler. Hence the vast accumulations of wealth at the top of the social scale, as disclosed by the legacy and income tax returns, and the proportionate growth of parasites, moneyless hangers-on, and hopeless slum-dwellers at the bottom.

Here we have, as already said, the last of the class wars, and a terrible one it is; for women and children suffer as they have never suffered before, and degeneration and squalor become the common lot of huge masses of the people in the great cities. The revolutionary character of unregulated capitalist competition is surely apparent to the most prejudiced observer. There is no certainty of comfortable existence for any but the rich at any time of their life.

But now capitalism begins to correct its own anarchy; of course in the first instance to its own advantage. Employers find it more convenient and more profitable to combine than to compete. Pools, cartels, combinations, trusts are formed, national and international. Even the most stringent protective tariffs cannot check the development of such trusts; even Free Trade cannot effectively hinder their growth. The great Oil Trust originated in Protectionist America; the great Cotton Thread Trust was started in Free Trade Great Britain. The forecasts of the theorists are being verified in practice. Competition is finding its logical term in monopoly, as was predicted in 1825.

Simultaneously the State and the municipality come in, first, to control, as with the Factory Acts and other deliberate legislative interference with the free working of unrestricted competition, and then to take over whole branches of industry and distribution. In spite of all individualist prejudices and the piercing shrieks of the fanatics of false economy, this tendency is most marked in these islands, where developed capitalism has held sway for nearly five generations. The State and municipalities are already by far the greatest employers of labour in the United Kingdom; though always, so far, on the basis of competitive wagedom for the workers and non-competitive salaries for the well-to-do. This partial transformation, however, remains unconscious. The effect of it all is only just beginning to be recognised by the public, thanks almost exclusively to the work of Socialist writers and speakers. Even many of the trade unionists whose combinations are most influential and who vote for Socialist resolutions still shrink from the idea of openly endeavouring to overthrow the wage-earning system that holds them all in subjection. Logical deduction is not the strong point of our insular minds, and even at this moment the greatest efforts are being made to minimise the significance of the Socialist vote at Hull. But economic progress does not wait for the timidity of trimmers. Revolutionary Socialism, all over the world, is being forced to the front by the relentless pressure of social development.

To the smart professional imaginationist, who naturally makes fiction do duty for study and knowledge; to the self-sufficient Parliament man, who suffers from the hallucination that the addition of M.P. to his name has expanded his intelligence, when it is only his head that has swelled—the theories briefly and insuffi-

ciently summarised in the foregoing pages are "idealist," "out of date," and so on. Our theories are incomprehensible! If we are dominated by economic determinism, how can we consciously handle our own evolution and revolution? These ideas and these theories are, nevertheless, the mainstay of the great party of International Revolutionary Socialism throughout the civilised world. If a vote of the assembled delegates had been taken at the International Socialist Congresses of Amsterdam and Stuttgart on the existence of the class war, the material conception of history, the probability of cataclysmic upset, and the imperative necessity for complete revolutionary transformation, our opinions would have been carried by so overwhelming a majority that the belated minority would have been reduced to its proper insignificance. From Europe right round to North and South America, Australia, and now Japan, precisely the same conceptions are emancipating the minds and firing the hearts of the workers of the world.*

III

Evolution, revolution: revolution, evolution. What a silly juggling with words it is when these terms are put in antagonism! All Nature teaches us that evolution is an inevitable progress towards revolution; that revolution but gives an outlet to the uncontrollable forces of evolution. Peace, too. Who is not for peace? But the birth of a child is not a very peaceful process for the mother; and a chick has a curious habit of breaking its shell when its evolution demands a wider outlook on the world. Neither are social growths very peaceful. There is no peace in the economic and social world of our period. All is movement: all is antagonism. The bodies and minds of millions are being sacrificed daily in the never-ending class war of capitalist greed. The question of peaceful or forceful revolution has, therefore, only one aspect for us. Which will be more speedily successful in establishing and legalising the new order? At present in every civilised country force is all on one side, and is used even in France and Great Britain against the workers. Should their turn

* A book of mine published many years ago has been translated into Japanese, and is now being used as a text-book in the Socialist schools of Japan. Wherever fully developed capitalism makes its appearance there organised Socialism at once springs up as its determined opponent and inevitable successor.

come, we may all hope they will be more considerate than their rulers have been in its use.

Just, however, as slave-owning and feudalism fell, not because they were wrong or even because they were harmful, but because they were worn out and incompetent as economic and social systems, so will capitalism be overthrown, not because of its immorality, but by reason of its incapacity. In this case, as in others, progress will come from the "bad side" of our civilisation, not from the good; from the proletariat, not from the educated and well-to-do. But the dominant class is exhibiting its failure to deal with the advance of humanity long before the final collapse. We have only to look through the history of the past hundred years to recognise this. The record of industrial, commercial, and financial crises alone is enough evidence on that point. These are manifestly social shocks due to social causes. There have been no fewer than nine such crises, at intervals roughly of ten or twelve years, since 1815. Yet the statesmen of the dominant class are as incapable of explaining them, or of dealing with them, as they were a century ago. Nevertheless, the effects of such crises are terrible. They bring hundreds and thousands of the well-to-do class to ruin, and throw millions of the workers out unemployed upon the streets. They are due to the fact that man is overmastered by the very immensity of his power to produce wealth. How many of the "organisers of labour," how many of the "great men" of the capitalist world, understand us when we say that when an industrial crisis occurs the form of production has revolted against the form of exchange? They do not really comprehend, as a class, the working or non-working of their own system; and professors of political economy in England, unlike their fellows on the Continent, refuse to enter seriously upon the discussion of social problems from the Socialist point of view.

Neither here nor elsewhere, besides, is it as yet fully recognised that the success of co-ordination and trustification under capitalism must inevitably be the last word in capitalism itself; as by the institution of such industrial, commercial, and distributive monopolies, in order to save waste of material and labour, and to secure larger profits for the monopolists, the capitalist class makes plain the way for the socialisation of all such great organisations by the community.

Here comes, then, the solution of the apparent contradiction between the revolutionary transformation brought about by economic determinism and the conscious preparation for such revolution by an educated democracy. It is quite true that at least ninety-nine hundredths of social action hitherto has been automatic and unconscious; just as true as that with the individual a similar proportion holds good all through. But in the same way that mind, itself a function of matter, reacts upon and controls within limits the highly organised matter of which it is the outcome, so the social intelligence can now comprehend and, also within limits, order the social evolution, of which it is the outcome and expression, for the first time in the history of the race. We inherit the lessons, and are in a position to reap the advantages, of all the long martyrdom of man to the forms of production and exchange. The integration of the long series of differentiations has already begun. Competition having broken down, private property having become so largely company property, organisation and monopoly with the least expenditure of labour becoming daily more and more the rule, it is obvious that the individualism of constant economic and social struggle may advantageously give way to the individualism of the highest and freest personal development, in social co-operation with others, round the whole circle of human life. When men and women once understand what can be, they will inevitably try to revolutionise what is. And in this effort the current of the time, whose direction they at last see and can take advantage of, tells in their favour. "True liberty is the knowledge of necessity."

IV

It would be wrong to state that the majority even of revolutionary Social-Democrats are wholly imbued with these views and have a complete grasp of them. But they know at least quite enough to understand and appreciate the objects of the party. Were it not for the money fetish which overshadows and darkens the whole firmament of social affairs, and the idea of compensation for previous expropriation which deters the unthinking, the mass of the people would soon come to the same point of view and arrive at the like conclusions. In every country our propaganda and programme are the same, though we know quite well that they must be adapted to the different

stages of economic development in each case. But with the power of man over nature now so great that it is twenty or a hundred fold more true than it was in Robert Owen's day that "wealth may be made as plentiful as water," and with industry and distribution arrived at the company form in all the most advanced nations, the difficulty of realising Socialism in our own day manifestly arises no longer from our social surroundings, but solely from our own lack of comprehension of them. We have, in fact, worked round the full cycle until now we can return to social production and communist distribution on an infinitely higher plane than the tribal barbarians, without the intervention of money, save perhaps for international exchange during the transition period.

This is undoubtedly the greatest transformation which human society has undergone throughout the ages. But it is certainly no more "in the air," or "contrary to human nature," than the forms of capitalism which displaced the old methods of production were in regard to their precursors. The difference is that we are now in a position to foresee and prepare for the coming change, which our predecessors were not. In the meantime, we Social-Democrats, in our endeavour to lessen the clash of conflicting interests, and to prepare men and women for the coming change, propose in every country palliatives of existing evils which we hope will build up a more capable set of humans to face the problems of the future. Knowing quite well that no complete emancipation can be effected until wage-slavery is entirely swept away, we are nevertheless anxious to minimise the pressure from above by collective resistance and collective action.

Thus we work for every reform which tends to put public services directly under democratic control, and helps to set on foot national and municipal workshops and storehouses, based on co-operation instead of competition and profit. State Maintenance of Children, Co-operative Organisation of Unemployed Labour, skilled and unskilled, male and female; Construction of Wholesome Homes for the People at public cost; Full Provision for Old Age and Sickness; Nationalisation and Socialisation of Transport; Socialisation of the Public Services: these are measures which, first forced on public attention by revolutionary Social-Democrats, are now being considered by sensible men and women all over the world, and are actually finding their

way into Parliamentary discussions. We have no fear of the tyranny of bureaucracy when the whole people is well fed, well housed, well clothed, well educated, and economically free, and what we gain we shall assuredly never give back.

It is commonly urged against us that we attend only to the material wants of humanity. This is quite a mistake: as erroneous as to say that we wish to destroy family life because we mean to sweep away the disgusting "homes" which capitalism provides for its wage-slaves. We are active and conscious, and not merely automatic Socialists; because we see clearly that morality, art, music, science, culture in any high sense are quite unattainable by the mass of mankind under existing conditions. Their nobler faculties are stunted, and can find no outlet owing to the never-ending pressure of their daily needs. Remove that sordid systematic slave-driving, and a new vista opens out before all humanity. True individualism, meaning thereby the most complete physical, moral, and mental development for every member of the community side by side with his fellows, will then first become possible for the race. The forms whereby this great emancipation can be accomplished are ready at our hand: we need but the intelligence to use them aright. Already we have among us Social-Democrats some of the brightest brains on both sides of the Atlantic, who come forward to work and fight under the Red Flag as a duty and a pleasure in the service of man.

Thus, then, Socialism is to all Socialists a great material religion. The old supernatural creeds have long ceased even to pretend to guide; they have now almost ceased to influence the thought of our time. Nowhere else can the world provide unpaid and self-sacrificing zeal and enthusiasm to the extent that they are exhibited daily in the Socialist camp. Nowhere else can men and women be found who, regardless of any personal interest or any hope of direct reward, here or hereafter, work steadily on for the victory of the cause. Temporary defeat occasions us no depression: the most sweeping success of the moment never turns our heads. We know that the future is ours, and that though we may not live to see realised even a portion of that for which we are striving, those who come after will benefit continuously by the glorious campaign for human freedom we have waged under the Red Flag of International Socialism.

H. M. HYNDMAN.

LORD KELVIN *

ON June 16, 1896, there took place in the University of Glasgow in Scotland, an almost unique ceremony. On that day, the jubilee of Lord Kelvin was celebrated; he had been Professor of Natural Philosophy at Glasgow University for fifty years. The Prince of Wales, now King Edward, sent him a letter of congratulation; twenty-eight universities, twelve colleges, and fifty-one learned societies sent delegates with addresses, wishing Lord Kelvin many more years of health and happiness, and mentioning in terms of profound admiration his magnificent achievements in the domain of physics. What were these, and why did they deserve and obtain such universal admiration? To answer that question fully would require a much longer space than is at my disposal; but I shall try to give a short sketch of William Thomson's life and work.

In 1812, James Thomson, William's father, was a teacher in the Royal Academic Institute of Belfast. He was one of the descendants of a number of Scotsmen who emigrated to North Ireland in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He had two sons, James and William, both of whom were born in Ireland, and both of whom became illustrious. When William was eight years old, his father was appointed to the chair of mathematics in the University of Glasgow. My father was one of his students; and I remember well his allusions to Professor Thomson's kindness and sense of humour.

It was his habit to cross-examine his students, at the beginning of each lecture, on the subject of the preceding day's work; and it was customary in his junior class to begin with very elementary questions. One day he asked a certain Highlander: "Mr. McTavish, what do you understand by a 'point'?" The

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answer was, "It's just a dab!" Again, Mr. McTavish was asked, in the course of the construction of some diagram: "What should I do, Mr. McTavish?" "Tak' a chalk in your hand." "And next?" "Draw a line." Professor Thomson complied, and pausing, said: "How far shall I produce the line, Mr. McTavish?" "*Ad infinitum!*" was the astounding reply.

At the mature age of ten William entered the University. His training had been wholly in his father's hands; Professor Thomson was clear-sighted enough to recognise that he had two very remarkable sons. They were brought up on Classics and Mathematics, Logic and Philosophy.

Less than a year ago, at the annual dinner of the London "Glasgow University Club," I had the good fortune to hear Lord Kelvin express his views on education. His theme was the "University of Glasgow"; and he commended the universality of the training which it used to give. By the age of twelve, said he, a boy should have learned to write his own language with accuracy and some elegance; he should have a reading knowledge of French, should be able to translate Latin and easy Greek authors, and should have some acquaintance with German. "Having learned thus the meaning of words," continued Lord Kelvin, "a boy should study Logic." In his charming discursive style, he went on to descant on the advantages of a knowledge of Greek. "I never found," he said, "that the small amount of Greek I learned was a hindrance to my acquiring some knowledge of Natural Philosophy." It certainly was not in his case. And it may here be remarked that it is surely a mistake to lay down a hard and fast rule that no youth should enter a college until he has reached the age of fifteen or sixteen; William Thomson took the highest prizes in Mathematics and Physics before he reached that age. It may be said that his precocity was phenomenal; no doubt it was; but it is precisely those boys who are unique and unlike their fellows who are of value to the race, and every chance should be given to exceptional talent.

Although William Thomson spent six years at Glasgow University, he did not graduate: in those days the aim of a student's ambition was not a degree, but the acquisition of knowledge. Before he had reached the age of seventeen, he went to Cambridge, where he spent four years. There the

examination system was in full swing; and to the disgrace of the examiners, Thomson was not the "Senior Wrangler;" he was not regarded as the best mathematician of his year; and this, in spite of the remark made by one of his examiners, that "the Senior Wrangler was not fit to cut pencils for Thomson." It is known that success in this examination depends largely on rapidity in writing and in accuracy of memory, rather than on originality; and the tale is told that on Thomson's "coach," or tutor, asking him why he had spent so much time in answering a particular question, he replied that he had to think it all out from first principles. "But it is a problem of your own discovery," said the coach. Thomson had to confess that he had quite forgotten his own handiwork, and that while his competitor had learned the answer by heart, Thomson had had to rediscover the problem. However, he was successful in gaining the "Smith's Prize," a reward for inventiveness, rather than memory. That same year, he was elected Fellow of his College, and had an income of about £200, which enabled him to continue his studies in France.

While at Cambridge, Thomson was not only a student; he always took a keen interest in music, and was president of the Musical Society; he also carried off the "Colquhoun sculls" for his excellence as an oarsman. In those days, the science of Cambridge was fettered by the bonds which Newton had imposed. It is unfortunate, though perhaps natural, that to the advent of a great man a period of stagnation succeeds. It was thus with the Schoolmen, who subsisted for many centuries on the philosophy of Aristotle; and the science of Cambridge, in 1845, was based on the work of Newton, nearly a century and a half old. Indeed, the spirit was that of Timæus, in Plato's dialogue, who said, "If we wish to acquire any real acquaintance with astronomy, we shall let the heavenly bodies alone." In fact Bacon's advice to proceed by way of experiment and induction had been forgotten. Needless to say, this reproach has long been removed, by the labours of Clerk-Maxwell, Rayleigh, Stokes and J. J. Thomson. In the 'forties Paris was the home of Fourier, Fresnel, Ampère, Arago, Biot, and Regnault, all physicists and mathematicians of the highest rank; and Thomson spent a year working in Regnault's laboratory, where experiments on water and steam,

their densities, pressure, and specific heats were being carried on with the utmost refinement. During the next year, 1846, the chair of Natural Philosophy in Glasgow fell vacant, and, to their credit, the Senate of the day advised Queen Victoria to appoint William Thomson, then a youth of twenty-two, as Professor. Never was a choice better justified in its results. For Thomson by example and by precept trained many students to be a credit to their old university, and carried out in cellars, which served as laboratories, and which were situated almost next door to that in which James Watt invented the condensing engine, almost all his numerous and important investigations.

Thomson was not what would be called a good lecturer; he was too discursive. I doubt whether any man with a brain so much above the ordinary, so much more rapid in action than the average, can be a first-rate teacher. Certainly, in my own case, I gained much more in my second than in my first year's attendance. But Thomson never allowed the interest of his students to flag; his aptness in illustration, and his vigour of language prevented that. Lecturing one day on "Couples," he explained how forces must be applied to constitute a couple, and illustrated the direction of the forces by turning round the gas-bracket. This led to a discussion on the miserable quality of Glasgow coal-gas, and how it might be improved. Following again the main idea, he caught hold of the door, and swung it to and fro; but, again, his mind diverged to the difference in the structure of English and Scottish doors. We never forgot what a couple was; but—the idea might have been conveyed more succinctly. He held strong views on the "absurd, ridiculous, time-wasting, soul-destroying system of British weights and measures"; and in spite of all the efforts of the "Decimal Association," we, the Americans and the Russians, remain examples of irrational conservatism in respect of the awkwardness of our systems.

The Cartesian method of locating a point was indelibly impressed on my memory by the following incident: A student whose position was roughly about the centre of the lecture-room made that noise so disturbing to a lecturer, yet so difficult to locate, caused by gently rubbing the sole of his foot on the floor. "Mr. Macfarlane!" said Sir William. Mr. Macfarlane, the *fides*

Achates came, received a whispered communication, and went out of the room. In about ten minutes he returned with a tape-line, and proceeded to measure a length along one wall, on which he made a pencil-mark. He then measured out at right angles another length, and made a chalk-mark on the floor, erecting on it a pointer. "Mr. Smith, it was you who made that noise: be so good as to leave the room," said Sir William. Mr. Smith blushed and retired. Then came the explanation. Mr. Macfarlane had gone below the sloping tier of seats; had accurately diagnosed the precise position of Mr. Smith's erring foot, and had accurately measured the distance from the two walls. These measurements were reproduced in full view of the students, and the advantages of the system of Cartesian co-ordinates were experimentally demonstrated, while justice was satisfied.

Owing to an accident, Sir William was lame; but it did not interfere with his activity of body. Indeed, it lent emphasis to his amusing class demonstration of "uniform velocity," when he marched backwards and forwards behind his lecture-bench, with as even a movement as his lameness would permit; and the class generally burst into enthusiastic applause when he altered his pace, and introduced us to the meaning of the word "acceleration."

In his laboratory Sir William was a most stimulating teacher, though his methods were not those which have since been introduced into physical laboratories. I remember that my first exercise, which occupied over a week, was to take the kinks out of a bundle of copper wire. Having achieved this with some success I was placed opposite a quadrant electrometer and made to study its construction and use. I was made to determine the potential difference between all kinds of materials, charged and uncharged; and among others between the external and internal coatings of a child's balloon, blacklead externally and internally, and filled with hydrogen. Nor was the Professor always prescient. On one occasion I turned the handle of a large electrical machine, while he held a two-gallon Leyden jar by its outside coating, and charged it by the knob. It was not until it was fully charged that it occurred to one of us that while the jar was quite safe as long as it was in his hands, it was impossible to deposit it on the table without his running the risk of an inconveniently heavy shock. Finally, after rapid deliberation,

two of us held a towel by its corners, and Sir William dropped the jar safely into the middle; it was then possible to touch the outside without mishap. In short, we had little systematic teaching, but were at once launched into knowledge that there is an unknown region where much is to be discovered; and we were made to feel that we too might help to fathom its depths. Although this method is not without its disadvantages—for systematic instruction is of much value—there is much to be said for it. On the one hand, too long a course of experimenting on old and well-known lines, as is now the practice among teachers of science, is likely to imbue the young student with the idea that all physics consists in learning the use of apparatus, and in repeating measurements which have already been made. On the other hand, too early attempts to investigate the unknown are likely to prove fruitless for want of manipulative skill, and for want of knowledge of what has already been done. The best of all possible training, however, is to serve as hands for a fertile brain—the brain of one who knows what he wishes to discover, who is familiar with all that has already been attempted, and who gradually trains his assistant to take part in the thinking as well as in the manipulation. If at the same time the student is made to read, not merely concerning the problem on which he is immediately engaged, but on all branches of his subject, nothing can be better than such stimulating intercourse with an inventive teacher for those who have ability to profit by it.

It is extremely difficult to explain Lord Kelvin's contributions to knowledge to those who have not themselves some acquaintance with its problems. Let me begin by a quotation from Helmholtz, late Professor of Physics in Berlin, an old and intimate friend of Lord Kelvin. "His peculiar merit consists in his method of treating problems of mathematical physics. He has striven with great consistency to purify the mathematical theory from hypothetical assumptions, which were not a pure expression of the facts. In this way he has done very much to destroy the old unnatural separation between experimental and mathematical physics, and to reduce the latter to a precise and pure expression of the laws of the phenomena. He is an eminent mathematician, but the gift to translate real facts into mathematical equations, and *vice versa*, is by far more rare than that to find a solution of

a given mathematical problem, and in this direction Sir William Thomson is most eminent and original." When Lord Kelvin began his work, the equivalence of heat and energy was unrecognised; forces were distinguished as "conservative" and "unconservative"; the world was supposed to be filled with subtle fluids and effluvia; and it must have seemed almost hopeless to seek any general explanation of material phenomena. Light, heat, electricity, magnetism, and chemical action were all regarded as distinct "forces," each a cause of change. Thomson, and his collaborator Tait, the Professor of Physics in Edinburgh, in their *Treatise on Natural Philosophy*, did much to emphasise the view that Physics deals with things, not theories; with relations, not with their mathematical expression, equations; and they tried successfully to free the science from the bonds of formal mathematics. They demonstrated that the principle of "Least Action" is universal; that by its help it is possible to explain the motions of the planets and their satellites, of wheels, lathes, machines of all kinds, of every system of which we can define the moving parts and the forces which act on them.

In 1893 Lord Kelvin gave a discourse on "Isoperimetric Problems" at the Royal Institution, in which he attempted to describe the nature of this general problem; it is that technically called "Determining a minimum"; and he began with the task which faced Dido of old—to surround the most valuable piece of land with a cowhide, *i.e.*, to draw the shortest possible line around it. A similar problem is, to build a railway-line through undulating country at the smallest possible cost; and one very different in appearance, but related to those already cited, owing to Lord Kelvin's consummate power of discovering analogies between phenomena apparently unconnected, is the condition of stability of water rotating in an ellipsoidal vessel, and a number of similar problems. Kelvin's work on Elasticity is no less far-reaching; in Karl Pearson's great treatise on that subject, no less than one hundred pages are filled with Kelvin's contributions.

Lord Kelvin is also the author of a theory of the nature of the ultimate particles of matter—the atoms. He imagined them to consist of "vortex rings in the ether," the ether being conceived as a frictionless fluid, all-present, even filling the interstices between the atoms, or ultimate particles of matter. Vortex rings in air, sometimes made by smokers, are elastic; they cannot be

cut without being destroyed; and, in a frictionless fluid, their rotatory motion would be eternal, if once impressed. Recent discoveries may lead to the modification of this theory of the nature of matter; but it has much in its favour.

Kelvin was a strong partisan of Joule's work on the equivalence of heat and work. It was believed up to 1850 that the heat developed on compressing a gas was "caloric," squeezed out of the gas, as one might squeeze water out of a sponge; but Kelvin taught that heat must be due to the motions of the molecules of a gas; and that when the gas is compressed, the impacts of its molecules on the walls of the containing vessel are more numerous, and that the work done in compressing a gas appears as heat, owing to the more numerous impacts of its molecules. Following on this, it was necessary to devise an absolute scale of temperature, and that we also owe to Lord Kelvin. It is based on what is known as the "Second Law of Thermodynamics"—that heat cannot be transferred from a cold to a hot body without expending work. Following these ideas, Lord Kelvin was led to consider the probable age of the earth, based on an estimate of its original temperature, and the rate at which heat would be lost by radiation. His opinion is that the earth may have been habitable twenty million years ago, but could not have been habitable as long ago as four hundred million years.

The province of electro-magnetism owes very much to Lord Kelvin. It was he who developed the medium suggested by Faraday into a means of representing electro-magnetic forces by analogy with the distortion of an elastic solid. After he had worked out in this manner the connection between energy and electro-magnetism, he devised our present system of electrical units—volts, ampères, farads, coulombs, &c., and invented machines to determine their numerical values. If it be permitted to assign their relative importance to his contributions to practical science, this must be pronounced the greatest. Without it the science of electricity would be helpless as commerce without a monetary system, and without weights and measures. His work is the foundation of wireless telegraphy, and of many applications of the electric current. It was he who taught the world how to transmit rapid and trustworthy signals through cables; and he was a pioneer of cable telegraphy. In the old

days of cables attempts were made to ensure rapid signalling by heavy currents; but Kelvin showed that feeble currents, combined with delicate instruments, made the difficulty disappear. His "siphon recorder" is still used, and cannot well be improved on. A great social and commercial revolution dates from August 1858, when the message was signalled under the ocean, "Europe and America are united by telegraphic communication. 'Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and goodwill towards men.'" This revolution owed much to Sir William Thomson, who never lost heart and never faltered in the belief that all difficulties would be overcome. His presence on board ship during the laying of the first Atlantic cable directed his attention towards nautical matters; and to him we owe a deep-sea sounding apparatus, and a compass easily corrected for the magnetic deviations produced by the iron or steel used in the construction of ships.

We must not estimate Lord Kelvin's greatness, however, merely by his own discoveries and inventions, great as these are; he has served as a model for many disciples. His sincere and single-minded devotion to truth; his interest in the work of others, and his sympathy with their efforts; his fairness of mind and absence of prejudice; and his straightforward and loving character have raised the ideals of the whole scientific world, and have deeply influenced the best minds in all countries. His idea of "a treasure of which no words can adequately describe the value" is: "Goodwill, kindness, friendship, sympathy, encouragement for more work." It is to such a man that the world owes an eternal debt of gratitude, and he it is for whom no honour that men have in their power to bestow can be too great. It is pleasant to be able to state that Lord Kelvin's mental energy was unimpaired by his burden of more than eighty years. He was present at the meeting of the British Association at Leicester in August last, and took part in the discussions on the "Nature of the Atom." The minds of most men, like their bodies, grow stiff with age and unreceptive of new impressions; but Lord Kelvin's until his latest days had all the vigour and elasticity of a young man's. We may well rejoice that he was spared so long to enrich the world with his wisdom and his inimitable example!

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A LITTLE TOUR IN SOUTH AFRICA

AFTER a singularly uneventful passage in an empty "Intermediate," during which we were thrown on our own resources—save for the racy conversation of the captain, of which I with difficulty refrain from reproducing specimens—my mother and I reached Capetown on February 18 of last year. The Governor, Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, had thoughtfully sent his A.D.C. to meet us on landing, and quitting our ship with light hearts, we sped in a small open motor through the shady, jerry-built streets of Capetown, past the statue of Van Rieback—an ancient Dutch Governor of the Cape—the old slave market, and Rhodes's house and park, Groot Schuur, which was very good to look upon after three weeks of unbroken sea, on to Newlands, the Governor's summer residence. Our companion was very kind in pointing out the lions, and in generally enlightening our considerable ignorance as to South African affairs. We received a charming welcome from our host and hostess, who devoted themselves to making our visit agreeable, and the next few days were divided between sight-seeing and talking "South Africa," the political situation being overshadowed by the impending Transvaal elections, and we became learned in the respective policies of the Progressives, the Nationalists, and Het Volk. The Cape seemed to take things with comparative calm, and to look upon the "up-country" as a spot of rabid unrest.

February 20 was a grilling day. We arrayed ourselves in our best to go in state to an agricultural show in Capetown, where we met various Cape notabilities. Everything would have been like an English agricultural show but for the gaily dressed Cape "boys" and "girls," who mingled with Colonials and well-to-do Dutch farmers; and looming above the whole scene was the great Table Mountain—a tower of rock against the vivid blue sky.

In the afternoon we had tea with the Rudyard Kiplings, who live in an ideal spot near Groot Schuur. On one side is a belt of pine trees with Table Mountain rising behind, on the other a sloping stretch of garden, oak-trees, and a long wide expanse ending in the Drakenfels range—fat knobby mountains of no particular height from that distance. After dinner that evening we sat in the garden listening to the mysterious hiss of the crickets, and Sir Walter read out the election telegrams. Most of the names conveyed nothing to us: we only grasped that Sir Richard Solomon had been defeated; that Sir George Farrar and Sir Percy Fitzpatrick—two Progressive leaders, whose names and speeches we had studied in the papers—had got in; that Botha had beaten his English opponent, Mr. Hugh Wyndham, by over 1000 votes; and that all over the country Het Volk was predominant. Everybody appeared to accept this as inevitable and in a cheerful spirit, and we did too, thinking such was the “spirit of the country.” We little guessed of the turmoil and bitterness going on in the Transvaal, of which within a week we should be witnesses.

Capetown, February 21, 1907.—A lovely hot day. We rose early, and found the punctual Governor standing in the hall with his staff, an American lady, and one or two others. “I hope you feel prepared to motor 300 miles,” said Sir Walter. “Jameson has lent us his motor, so now we have two. We’ll start, if every one is ready.” And off we went.

It was a glorious day. The country was looking its best after the rains, and it varied at every bend of the road. At first it was flat, green, and speckled with farms; then came woods of pines and oaks, then hills; then a sort of switchback country up to the Drakenfels pass. The road varied between alternate deep holes and enlarged mole-hills. As we approached them, the military secretary would shout from the box, “Here is another!” and then we’d clutch at the wooden bars which supported the motor cover, and rise to the bumps as a horse does at a fence, and so avoided the alternative of being bounced up from our seats and down again with equal violence.

At Stellenbosch we halted. Sir Walter got out of the other motor and asked if any one would like to alight and see the village. We agreed to do so, and trundled round the pretty

rural village, looked at the big college for Dutch and Africanders, and returned hotter than before.

A hundred years ago Lady Anne Barnard, wife of the Governor's secretary, made an expedition from Capetown to Stellenbosch in a mule-waggon, and took a whole week; we, in 1907, motored along the same route in the space of two hours! After this came a stiff climb over the Drakenfels. The brown heights towered above us as we laboured up the narrow twisting road. The two motors looked curiously incongruous in that wild region. The little steam car puffed gallantly up, and the larger one of Dr. Jameson toiled painfully in its wake—sometimes it almost stopped under the stress of exertion. At last we got over the pass and began to descend. Sir Walter got out and looked around for a suitable luncheon spot.

At first all was glare and treeless, but presently a neat little wood appeared, which seemed to fall in with our requirements. A huge luncheon was speedily unpacked under the shade of some oak-trees, at the sight of which we realised how extremely hungry we were. The American lady took possession of a loaf, and informed us that she would "fix us up some cream cheese slices, at which she was real cunning." An hour later we rose from our peaceful retreat, and, swathed in veils and dustcoats, we mounted once more into the motor-cars. This time we went to Paarl, stopping at the Rhodes fruit farms and factory on the way. The farms looked very snug little model houses, but the factory was somewhat of an eyesore with its uncompromising exterior of fluted tin. Inside all was bustle and work: half-ripe fruit was being packed off to England on one side, and on the other arose a pleasing odour of boiling jam. After this we motored down the seven-mile avenue of Paarl between rows of gigantic oak-trees, and on through villages and along straight red roads, and past lonely tin "stores" and stretches of rough bush land, until the evening drew in and the sun disappeared like a huge red ball behind the Drakenfels hump. It seemed almost a pity to be scurrying along in a motor, and I thought with regret of Lady Anne Barnard's mule-waggon, and the opportunities she had of studying the country during her leisurely progress. One cannot muse on nature in a motor-car.

February 22.—My mother and I shopped in Capetown with B.—one of our new friends. It was a grilling day. Table Mountain was enveloped in dense smoke, caused by the burning of some scrub and trees half-way down the slope. "It is not a bad fire," observed B. "They are sending up boys to put it out."

"Poor little creatures. Isn't that rather hard work?" inquired my mother with feeling. B. smiled, and explained the perversity of the Colonial speech which called Kaffirs of forty and upwards "boys." The black boys, properly speaking, are from the ages of seven to fourteen commonly named "piccanins."

In the afternoon there was a garden-party at Government House, which to the inexperienced visitor was distinctly amusing, though I am warned that it might be indiscreet to reproduce the conversations, for fear of unwittingly compromising my acquaintances politically. I met one gentlemen who told me that his father had fought under Sir Harry Smith in the dim, distant wars of 1849; and another, good-looking and polished, who said that he had spent the morning in conversing with Dutch farmers. "Do you know the language quite well?" I asked. "Well, I ought to, considering it is my native tongue," he replied. "Are *you* Dutch?" I exclaimed in astonishment. A few days ago I should have said "Are you a Boer?" but I had acquired a slight veneer of experience since then. Mr. Van der Byl had been to Cambridge, and knew a great deal more of England than I did.

That evening X. and one or two others arrived from Johannesburg. Our idea of the long journey to the Transvaal was distinctly sketchy, and when we briskly proposed starting the next day, X.'s face fell many ells, and he petitioned for two days' grace. "It's a beastly journey—hot, dusty and slow. I wonder what you'll think of the Karoo." "We are prepared for anything—even to roughing it in a Kaffir kraal," replied my mother. "Capetown is very nice, but it's not one's idea of South Africa." X. treated these remarks with some scepticism. For a long time he imagined that we revelled in the flesh-pots of Cape Colony, and would want motor expeditions and garden-parties every day. He had had experience with English visitors, who hated and

grumbled at the discomforts of "up-country" life, and so he took care to warn us by painting the Transvaal in the darkest colours. But nothing could quench the gay holiday spirit which had taken possession of us.

February 23.—We lunched with Dr. Jameson at Groot Schuur. He took us over the house first of all, and showed us various relics of Rhodes, including his marble bathroom and granite bath. The original house was burnt down some years ago, and Rhodes had the present one rebuilt and copied as nearly as possible by the leading South African architect, Mr. Baker. It is a fine house, built in the Dutch style with two large stoeps, and long oak-panelled rooms with beams across the ceilings. Later on we walked up into the pine wood. The whole of Groot Schuur is public, and Dr. Jameson told us that it was like Hampstead Heath sometimes.

"I don't mind the people if they behave well," he said, "but it was rather trying one day to see from my study windows a young woman rolling down the opposite slope on to the lawn. I hardly liked to stop her, she was enjoying herself so much."

Sir Walter and his A.D.C. arrived for luncheon. It was a very agreeable meal; Dr. Jameson discussed what is called the "lighter side of politics," and touched upon his approaching visit to England for the Colonial Conference.

"I shall make my colleague Smartt attend the round of dinners," he said. "His digestion is more powerful than mine." He prophesied that Deakin would turn out to be the best orator of all the representatives.

After luncheon Sir Walter motored us off to see the Capetown races. We parted regretfully from Dr. Jameson, with many hopes and assurances that we should meet again soon, but alas! we never did. He was the most striking personality I met in South Africa. His manner is irresistible—easy, courteous, and genial; and he has a way, when talking, of including every one present in the conversation, and giving them the impression that somehow they are contributing an important share. Other people impressed by their ability, their "gift of the gab," their charm of manner, but none possessed to such a degree the power of making themselves felt.

The Capetown races presented a very gay scene. When one

saw the bevies of Colonials and naval and military officers, one might almost fancy oneself at an English race-meeting, till one came across gaily dressed Malays and coloured "boys" and "girls," and made the discovery that most of the jockeys were Portuguese. They looked like little brown monkeys as they sat crumpled up on their large mounts. B., who is imbued with the Transvaal prejudice against natives, remarked on the different treatment they experience in Cape Colony as compared to other States. The fact of their having the franchise has made them a great deal more pushing and aggressive. "They even allow them to travel in the same carriage as the whites." "Aren't they allowed to do so in the Transvaal?" inquired my mother. "Good Heavens, no! There are special Kaffir trains provided for them—and in Natal and the Orange River Colony as well." "Poor things! Why should they be treated like cattle? Why don't white men travel with them?" "If you got one whiff from a Kaffir train, you would know the reason why," replied B., curling up his nose in a suggestive fashion. "Well, if they are herded together like that, it's not surprising they don't care about cleanliness. Now if white people chose to consort with them——" "The difficulty is the black man says we smell far worse than they do. They wouldn't at all like us to travel with them. They say we smell like bad fish." "But don't they feel degraded travelling like penned up cattle?" "Not in the least. They have never been used to anything different. They would think a white man had gone off his head if he tried to get into a Kaffir train." "I suppose half-castes can travel with Europeans—some of those Cape people are hardly coloured."

"That makes no difference. As soon as they leave Cape Colony they rank among the blackest Kaffirs. Perhaps the blessings of education will incite them to rebel as time goes on, but so far they never dream of objecting." "And what will happen if Federation comes? Won't the Transvaal natives claim the same rights as the Cape Colony have now?"

"Ah, now you're touching on one of the many questions that torment this 'distressful country,'" said B. "They are all pretty vital, but this old native question is the biggest crux of the whole lot. Wait till you get 'up-country'—it's there you will feel the reality of these things."

February 24.—This day, Sunday, was remarkable for nothing, save that many of us broke its Sabbatical calm by riding round Groot Schuur. It was extremely hot, so that we seldom got out of a leisurely amble, and there were frequent stoppages to inspect the menageries of lions, wildebeest, ostriches, and such like on the way. We urged our ponies up to the half-finished pedestal for the Rhodes memorial. The statue was not there; it will be an impressive sight when it is put up, for besides being on a very steep hill, the pedestal is an enormous one, and can be seen for miles. One of our party, a sailor, took great pride in showing us a diminutive speck of sea on the far horizon, where was stationed his ship, and by dint of excessive straining of the eyes we persuaded ourselves that we could make out a mast. It was all very delightful, but we were pining to such a degree to start off for the unknown "up-country" that we felt unable to make the most of things belonging to the present. On the following day we took leave of our hospitable host and hostess, and started—a select party—on our two nights' journey to Pretoria.

It was blazing hot at first, and as the country did not present any remarkable features, we pulled up the wooden sun shutters and slept. At 5 P.M. we awoke, and found it had turned much cooler. On pulling up the shutters we saw that the country had entirely changed. "We are at the foot of the Hex River mountains," observed X. "Come and sit this side, and see the engine working its way up."

The railway curled in and out of the mountain, so that it was easy to see not only the engine of our train, but some of the carriages too. To my mind the scenery was finer than that of the St. Gothard Pass—the mountains were far grander, and conceived on such an enormous scale that they and their surroundings gave one the impression that the world was one eternal spread of valleys, plains, and mountains. The air became sharper as we mounted, and the setting sun threw a fierce red glow over the whole expanse, until it sank behind a peak, leaving long trails of brilliant red and yellow. The sight was so gorgeous that we, accustomed to the soft tints of an English sunset, fairly sat and gaped, and X. with an approving nod said:

"You won't often see this sort of thing in your lives, so you had better make the most of it now." "Why did I think South

Africa was ugly?" demanded my mother. "It's the finest country of all in its way. Nobody guesses its charm till they come to live in it. Somehow one gets to feel that it's only the big things that really matter. If you remain stuck in England, every little thing becomes out of proportion. Fancy being longer than six months at a time on that tight little island!" "But you wouldn't like to be in South Africa always?" said my mother. "No—not if I hadn't plenty to do; it's a bad place to be idle in. These two years have been frightfully interesting. Now there won't be so much work—our friends the Boers will march slowly."

"How will such a stupid, ignorant people be able to govern, I wonder?" "They aren't half such fools as the English," put in B.; "in fact, they are anything but stupid. Good Lord! how they must be laughing in their sleeves at us now." "They are probably overwhelmed with gratitude." "They don't know the meaning of the word. They are only marvelling at our splendid folly in handing them back the government. You'll hear 'em talk a lot about the magnanimity of England—that is easy—but it won't make them stir a finger towards amalgamating the two races—'clasping in a brotherly hand-shake,' as the sentimentalists say. They will work slowly and steadily for themselves, and end by ousting the English out of everything." "I can hardly believe that," observed my mother. "Look at our position here; we've got the Army——" "What use can that be?" interrupted B. "The mines——" "Which are in the hands of cosmopolitan magnates, who would leave the country and put their money into America if things look black." "Thousands of Colonials——" "Half of whom are mad with rage against England; and a great many who would throw in their lot with the Dutch, some have done so already: look at E. P. Solomon and Hull." (We required more information concerning these personages before we could "look" at them with any intelligence.) "Well, the English have got the franchise," continued my mother. "Yes, but that's not much use if they are doomed to a perpetual minority, which is their fate." "The Boers would never dare to fight us again, at any rate." "No—they are too clever. They will be all honey on the top, and steadily on the defensive underneath. Of course it is to their interest to propitiate the present Radical Government, but they will be quite independent really. You've no idea

of the Dutchman's 'slimness.' They don't want to oust the English from the country—far from it; they are safely in the minority now, and their presence means money—but as for having any further voice in public affairs—well, they may talk, but they won't be listened to." "I pin my faith upon Botha," saith my mother. B. sniffed.

I record the above conversation, not because it was in any way "epoch-making," but because it expressed the views of the majority of Transvaal-ites, who have watched the building up of Lord Milner's constitution and are now witnesses of its complete overthrow. Time only can show whether these theories will be justified. At a period of general bitterness and disappointment it is only too easy for men to take the gloomiest view; on the other hand, some subsequent circumstances have confirmed it.

The train still curled along the Hex River mountains.

We leant out of the window and contemplated the heights by moonlight. The train seemed an impatient little intruder in the vast silent region, in which all "worldly cares and earthly fears" became things of the past. One felt like atoms in the immensity of land and sky.

Bathos stepped in when preparations for the night arrived, and my mother and I crept on to our narrow couches. My resting-place was a pulled-out shelf by the rack, and it required acrobatic feats to attain the top thereof. One could not truthfully say that it was at all comfortable, for it was very hard; and there were strange stuffy smells prevalent, and the night was hot and sleep intermittent. But then we were prepared for these evils, and faced them with equanimity. We did mildly protest when a woman was thrust in by the guard, who affirmed that every other carriage was full, and as she took her seat I became vaguely conscious that she was sitting on my carefully laid out clothes, including a pair of long-suffering boots. But I let her be.

B.'s remark that it was "only the big things that mattered" came into my head as I sank into slumber once more.

Dressing in the train is fraught with muddle, and washing becomes necessarily scanty when one shares a public "tap" with ten other women, who each lock themselves in for an hour. When one does finally get inside, all desire to wash evaporates,

as a minute basin and a tap ejecting a trickle of yellow water greets the eye. When we repaired to the breakfast carriage, X. and B. assured us that though we were probably the reverse, we at any rate *looked* clean.

The train had now entered upon the great Karoo. There was a certain charm in the endless stretches of bush-veld, which were only broken at intervals by low kopjes. Not a vestige of water or trees could be seen. Occasionally we passed a desolate farm-house, and sheep, and flocks of strange birds and a few ostriches, and once or twice we saw a veld fire; for the rest, it was all unvaried monotony.

Sometimes we passed huge flights of locusts, and at one station the ground swarmed with baby ones—"foot-gangers," as they are called. A few chickens were engaged in pecking at them, at sight of which my mother sought to solve one of South Africa's "scourge" problems by suggesting that relays of chickens should be kept on purpose to eat the "foot-gangers."

"The relays would all die," observed X. briefly.

At Dielfontein we came across relics of the war. The Yeomanry hospital has gone; all that remains is a huge cemetery and the letters "I.Y." arranged in white stones against the opposite hill. We passed Modder River and Magersfontein in the evening, and after the endless scrub and kopjes of the Karoo it was refreshing to see trees and water and green grass once more. Near Kimberley we passed a big Kaffir encampment. The Kaffirs swarmed about the train, but the great majority contented themselves with watching us from a recumbent position near their huts.

"I suppose they are resting from a day's work," we observed. "Work!" repeated X., laughing. "Their day's work is to sit on their 'stoeps' and watch their wives slaving away for them." "Do they ever have more than two wives?" "The richer they get the more wives they buy. They exchange cattle and mealies for them—it is their one ambition to possess many wives." "At that rate I see no prospect of the black race diminishing," said my mother with a sigh. "The missionaries persuade them to have only one wife, and sometimes they obey in the towns, but when they return to kraal life, the pleasure of having six wives working for them is too irresistible. Hullo! Here's Kimberley."

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Kimberley looked very large and prosperous. X. got out, and returned with masses of grapes, peaches, and unripe pears, which we tossed down our dusty throats with indiscriminating relish.

The next morning the train was wending its way over the Transvaal, and at mid-day we changed at Johannesburg, and waited for nearly an hour at the big, lively station. X. and B. went to their offices for papers, and when we next saw them the former was being button-holed by a series of seedy-looking individuals.

"Most of 'em want money or jobs," he said, when we were seated in the Pretoria train. "Some are absolutely drained out. One of them is a drawing-master. He can't get any pupils, and is literally starving—he's got a wife and babies too. I expect he'll commit suicide before long." "Why doesn't he go back to England?" we asked. "The poor fellow is longing to, but how can he with tuppence-farthing in his pocket? Johannesburg is swarming with people like that just now. It is suggested that they should start farming or become miners. What good would a drawing-master be in a mine, or a professional violinist on a back veld farm?" These questions appeared unanswerable.

Pretoria at last! When we walked along the simple, quiet station, we found a conveyance awaiting us outside. As we drove through the town it looked the essence of sleepy content. Large villas, and one high street—Kruger's house, a mean little habitation, rendered dingier by the two imposing stone lions at the entrance—a row of shops, and a large empty square: these were our sketchy impressions of Pretoria before we alighted at our bourne at last.

A RAMBLER.

THE POEMS OF MARY COLERIDGE *

It is a great pleasure to find in the ocean of modern literature a new book of poems, like this, which it is worth while to possess. It is possible to toil through hundreds of lines of some poetry with the feeling that it is all very good, well phrased, finely expressed, that, possibly, if it had been written in the reign of Elizabeth one would have thought it sincere and original, and yet to register the verdict that it is not living poetry at all. Any skilled artisan in words and rhythms can manufacture sound verse on good models, but a true poem is born, not made. The care expended upon improving and perfecting verse may, indeed, be rightly carried to the extremest point, and this work can be done at any time, and not necessarily, or even advisably, in moments of inspiration. It resembles the long and laborious education of a living child to be a good citizen of the world. But the essence or inner fire of a poem must be a living out-birth from the soul of the poet, else all this labour will resemble, not the education of a child, but the dressing and adorning of a doll. Indeed, the poems of a poet are, if they are real, very like a brood of well-born children, having certain characteristics of their race and their parent, and the spirit of the age in which they are born, but also a general culture which links them with the best of all ages, frees them from provincialisms of time and country, and makes them belong, as Matthew Arnold used to say, to the Centre. Then they are living and sincere, and even if they do not excel in intellectual and imaginative qualities, they are citizens of the realm of poetry, and not imitative puppets. Whether they are great, or how great, is another and far less important matter. The important matter is that a poem should be a living thing, and perfect of its kind and within its scope.

* *Poems*, by Mary E. Coleridge (Elkin Mathews, London, 1908).

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Great poems are as rare as great men of action. Leaving aside the lofty region of the epic and the highest drama, they are but few. Poems such as "Comus" or "Lycidas," Crashaw's "Vision of Satan," "Adonais" or "Tintern Abbey," "Thyrsis" or the "Morte d'Arthur," or certain noble creations of the genius of Francis Thompson, are stars widely spaced in our firmament. To deserve the title of "great" a poem must, I suppose, have a certain largeness of construction and theme. In the world of poems, as in that of men, there is room for qualities of all kinds. One can never have enough of the Beautiful, but it would be disastrous if the Sublime were too common. In the mood of most hours the company of a charming woman is more to be desired than that of an illustrious man, and a volume of Herrick is more refreshing than the "Prelude" or the "Excursion." To encounter Virgil, or Dante, or Milton a certain moral vigour is necessary, and is not always at hand. The lesser poetry, like the lesser music, is more useful to the mass of men engaged in the toils of life. Who would live in the high Alps? The lower valleys of Parnassus are more habitable than the loftier summits, though one may make the ascent now and then for the sake of exercise or the view.

The poems of Mary Coleridge are delightful newcomers to these pleasantest regions of song. They are charming in their variety of mood and humour, their gay daring and their brave sadness. The light, but master touch is in perfect harmony with the deep, half-veiled thought. There is the fascinating mystery of expression, lucid, but charged with the intimation of far more unexpressed that underlies the verse so delicately strong. These poems have nothing of the fatal secret of ennui—*le tout dire*—secret also of vulgarity. Thought and feeling could hardly be more swiftly conveyed. Many of the poems have the instantaneousness as well as the soft brilliancy of summer lightning, for a moment rescuing the landscape from darkness. Theirs is unexpectedness—dear spirit of Romance—charming us as it does to follow by changing and uncertain lights a winding woodland path. Their beautifully moulded lines cling to the memory with that singular vividness with which the impress of certain men and women remains long after they are seen no more. Why is it that each separate motion, turn of gesture, tone of voice of these rarer persons remains indelibly imprinted, while other

memories swiftly fade into indistinct generalities? Rossetti wrote "Beauty like hers is genius" with the utmost truth, because a certain beauty impresses keenly like works of genius. Men and women in real life, by virtue of some higher vitality, or clean-cut distinctness of nature, or sometimes, perhaps, less opaque veilings of materiality, stand out here and there, in the eyes of all, in that glory which every lover sees in his beloved during the brief season of illusion. So also some works of poetry, or music, or sculpture, stand out amid the crowd. Those they are which are born out of the deepest spirit of their creators by force of concentrated meditation and desire, and have received the utmost perfection of outward expression by the processes of refining art. They are the children of genius, the masculine creative power, and of patience, the feminine formative quality. For the origination, though by no means for the elaboration, of poetry a certain process of entrancement is necessary. The outer intellect and sense must for a space be laid to sleep, so that the inner or deeper being of the creator—the Muse, as the ancients would have said—may inspire. A true artist cannot work with eyes turning towards public opinion, and therefore cannot be guilty of affectations, tricks of style, or conscious and intentional mannerisms. His style will be distinct, not because he consciously wills it so, but because it is a manifestation of himself, and, therefore, cannot be exactly like any other. This, too, is why the best poets have instinctively chosen to write, as a rule, in accepted and simple metres. A new or difficult metrification detains the consciousness on the surface of things, and hinders the free working of the deeper spirit. A simpler form frees the deeper self. It is easier to meditate in one's home surroundings or on well-known roads than in a new and unknown country. It is easier to the individual to develop the true religious or mystical sense within an ancient church, entrancing the outward senses and restless intellect by its imperturbable routine, than in the enclosure of some dubious and uncertain sect, with its undefined and hesitating modes of worship and absence of absolute rule. There is no real freedom in art, any more than in morality, religion, or politics, until external liberties have been reduced to their right places and proportions.

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Like all true poets, and more vividly than most of them, Mary Coleridge felt the sense of "moving in worlds not realised," the contrast between the dreamy unreality of the visible and the reality of the invisible. This sense, so dominant in the poetry of the earlier part of the seventeenth century, is dominant again in the mood of the present age, which in so many respects resembles that particular ancestor. What else is leading us back to those symbols of masques and pageants, mystic religious thought and high ritual, signs which so strangely foreran our last civil war? The sense of unreality produced by the return from the inner world to the outer, from the Mount of Transfiguration to the Plain, could hardly be more finely expressed than in the powerful sonnet called "Imagination."

I called you, fiery spirits, and ye came!
 Earth was the earth no more; the solid ground
 Was as a maze of cloud-like glories found;
 The sun was music and the wind was flame.
 A rainbow shone about the sacred name
 Of all the virtues. Thought in rapture drowned,
 Wild ecstasy it was to hear the sound,
 The fluttering of the wings of Love and Fame.
 I called you, fiery spirits! When your task
 Was over, faint, weary, and short of breath,
 I would have driven you hence. I did but ask
 The old life that I led, the life beneath.
 In vain! The world henceforward seems a masque
 Fit for the haunted rooms of dreamy death.

Or this, again—light and rapid contrast of the unabiding phantasmagoria of political history with the eternal and ever-present realities of thought and art:

Egypt's might is tumbled down,
 Down-a-down the deeps of thought;
 Greece is fallen and Troy town,
 Glorious Rome hath lost her crown,
 'Venice' pride is nought.
 But the dreams their children dreamed,
 Fleeting, unsubstantial, vain,
 Shadowy as the shadows seemed,
 Airy nothing, as they dreamed,
 These remain.

If one begins to quote Mary Coleridge it is difficult to stop.

But I wish to cite the following stanzas, to show to readers of the *National Review* who may not yet be acquainted with her work the masculine vigour and condensation of her thought and style, full of woman's delicacy, sweetness, and fine shading as it also is:

Life of my learning, fire of all my Art,
O thou to whom my days obscurely tend,
Dear past expression, friend beyond a friend,
Soul of my soul and heart within my heart.

Hear and forgive thy servant over-bold
Who dared to write the words he could not say,
And with too eager hand hath given away
That which his eyes alone to thee unfold.

Two absences are to be noted in the poetry of Mary Coleridge, and both of them are signs of an originating mind and of poetry that flows direct from the source. One is that of reference to literature or writers, well versed in them though she was; the other of copiousness of mere description of Nature, so often cloying in poets. But her touch in description is perfect, as in the following Northern impression. Mary Coleridge was a Southerner, though she often visited the North; but I have heard a true son of Northumberland and observer of Nature, Sir Edward Grey, say that these lines convey the exact feeling of those coast-lands:

O the grey island in the rainbow haze,
And the long thin spits of land,
The roughening pastures and the stony ways,
And the golden flash of the sand!

O the red heather on the moss-wrought rock,
And the fir-tree stiff and straight,
The shaggy old sheep-dog barking at the flock,
And the rotten old five-barred gate!

O the brown bracken, the blackberry bough,
The scent of gorse in the air!

I shall love them ever as I love them now,
I shall weary in Heaven to be there!

Mr. Swinburne should appreciate these verses—he who sings, in his radiant way, of

The sea-banks fair,
And the sweet grey gleaming sky,
And the lordly strand of Northumberland,
And the goodly towers thereby.

Here, too, are some stanzas which offer an example of the most perfect choice and ordering of words. The place is Chillingham Castle; the season is September. The passage might be taken as a test of true appreciation of poetry:

Bring light and air—the thin and shining air
Of the North land,
The light that falls on tower and garden there,
Close to the gold sea sand.
Bring flowers, the latest colours of the earth,
Ere nun-like frost
Lay her hard hand upon this rainbow mirth,
With twinkling emerald crossed.
The white star of the traveller's joy, the deep
Empurpled rays that hide the smoky stone,
The dahlia rooted in Egyptian sleep,
The last frail rose alone.
Let music whisper from a casement set
By them of old,
Where the light smell of lavender may yet
Rise from the soft, loose mould.

Is not this last stanza exquisite and of the very soul of pathos?

Just as Francis Thompson, while remaining himself, recalls Crashaw, so Mary Coleridge recalls, in certain poems, sometimes George Herbert and sometimes Herrick. It is not imitation, for thought and spirit are always her own, and she is the daughter of her age. Something in her way of looking at things is congenial with that of the seventeenth-century poets, and inner kinship finds expression in outward form. Such likenesses are to be compared, not with copies of pictures, but with family resemblances among generations of living men. These lines might have been written by Herrick, and yet perhaps could not have been, because of the touch in the middle lines:

O let me be in loving nice,
Dainty, fine, and o'er-precise,
That I may charm my charmed dear
As tho' I felt a secret fear
To lose what never can be lost,
Her faith who still delights me most.
So shall I be more than true,
Ever in my aging new.
So dull habit shall not be
Wrongly called Fidelity.

A beautiful example of verse recalling in spirit and outward form, though with a more human meaning, the poetry of George Herbert is the piece called "Humility." May I be permitted to quote in full another of the same kind?

Some showed me Life as 'twere a royal game,
Shining in every colour of the sun
With prizes to be played for, one by one,
Love, riches, fame.

Some showed me Life as 'twere a terrible fight,
A ceaseless striving 'gainst unnumbered foes,
A battle ever harder to the close
Ending in night,

Thou—thou didst make of life a vision deep,
Of the deep happiness the spirit feels
When heavenly music Heaven itself reveals
And passions sleep.

There is one thing more which I should like to indicate, namely, the absolute veracity of these poems. Mary Coleridge neither exaggerates nor flinches. She does not, as the French say, "pay herself" with words, nor with the conventional sentiments with which even considerable writers often mask the terrors of Love and Death. She knows, as David knew, "the dread that pierces like a sword," when the ever-returning wings of Death pass near us. Nor does she cover her eyes in the presence of that other Reality.

We were not made for refuges of lies,
And false embattled bulwarks will not screen us;
We mocked the careful shieldings of the wise,
And only utter truth can be between us.

Long suns and moons have wrought this day at length,
The heavens in naked majesty have told thee,
To see me as I am have thou the strength;
And, even as thou art, I dare behold thee,

It is this veracity which, as Mr. Newbolt says in his preface, "may move a timid soul or two to ask if it be safe to follow her," in all her directions.

Why is it that women have contributed so small a proportion of good poetry to our literature, while they have enriched it with so many excellent novels? It may be in some degree that so

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few of them have had good classical educations. They, like the peasants of Gray's "Elegy," may have had among them mute, inglorious Miltons. The overwhelming majority of good English poets and verse-writers from Chaucer downwards have been Oxford and Cambridge men—mostly Cambridge. It was not for nothing that Mary Coleridge in her youth read Greek with the author of "Ionica." Or is it that women because they are, like heroes, part of the legitimate objective of poetry, find difficulty in writing it? Some fine ballads by long dead Scottish ladies of quality; two poems of genius and two or three of merit by Emily Brontë; a few, very pleasing in a different way, by Felicia Hemans; a thing or two by Joanna Baillie and Jean Ingelow; Christina Rossetti's delicate poetry of religious devotion: is there much else, so far, of this light craft built that will swim down the stream of time? Poor, noble-minded Elizabeth Browning lies hopelessly submerged beneath her own too great fluency; George Eliot's "Spanish Gipsy," with all its correct and stately diction and strong thinking, is not a living poem. The best work of English women poets could be compressed into a not very large anthology; and I, for my part, would allot a larger share in its pages to Mary Coleridge than to any other. Her mastery and sincerity of expression, and her imaginative power, which was shown also in her first well-known novel, seem to me to give to her a place above her sisters in this art. Her force of imagination was, indeed, over-strong for the facilities of prose; the story is vaguely seen like a romantic castle encircled and enshrouded in trees and thickets. To be most effective this force needed the compression and resistance of metre. Her poems indicate rather than express her full reserves of thought and feeling. Words, to use her own image, are to silence but as swallows darting over the surface of a pool, "Whose tranquil depths reflect a tranquil sky."

BERNARD HOLLAND.

IN ANDALUSIA

THERE is a real joy in absorbing an atmosphere. What a foolish, spotted, long-legged fellow the giraffe looks without the atmosphere of space! Or we note a date-palm in some horticultural garden, and it seems strange and ugly, and yet how intensely beautiful as a tree it is in natural conditions of sun and expanse! And what is the sea without wind!

It was in the old Church of St. Geronimo in Granada that I caught the expression of Spain, wherein, more to escape from the heat of the sun than in architectural quest, I had strayed one day last September early in the afternoon. The church for the last few years has been forsaken, an ominous rent having appeared in one of its walls, and there being no money to effect the necessary repairs. The beautiful Gothic building was gloomy and dilapidated, with the rust of disuse upon it; but the verger's wife greeted me pleasantly, and, with a baby on one arm and holding a little girl by the hand with the other, led me up to the striking retablo of the high altar. While I was examining this and listening to her garrulous explanations a loud but unmistakable noise of animal rang out behind me. It was the grunt of swine. I turned hastily round, and there, rubbing its little nose against the woman's skirts, stood a little brown pig about a month old.

"El puercecito!" ("The dear little pig!") she said; and he really was very clean and brown. He belonged to the family, she told me, slept in the sacristy with them—he and the verger, herself and the children and the old goat: who, sure enough, at that moment sedately mounted the steps of the altar rail. And so together, *en famille*, we inspected the Church of San Geronimo—down into the vaults we went among the dust and tombs, up the spiral wooden staircase leading to the frescoed gallery, the

piglet grunting and gambolling manfully up the steep stairs, the old goat forming the rear-guard. And there we sat down. Piglet, curled up on the woman's skirt like a pet cat, had just as much right to sit in San Geronimo as I had. I shall never forget him. Some day, I trust, he will requite that woman with good fat bacon.

It is the old-world charm, colour, and quiet content of the people which make Spain so singularly beautiful—what one may call her tone, mellow as the purple in the churches or the mulberries in their old gardens. The processions of years, of centuries, have altered little there, so that the people are still the ignorant, simple, bigoted, improvident folk of the days of Cervantes, and things go on, turn and turn about—unchanged, unchangeable. Spain is wonderfully and beautifully old. The red warmth of the pomegranate hangs over the land. The atmosphere is of old damask silk, old gold and crimson tapestry. Her power is the incense of Rome. And at sight of the great churches of Spain not for worlds would one have things alter, or the crust of ages removed from the life they typify; they are the monuments of the nation's truth.

All the history and rhythm of the country have etched and moulded in those great Spanish churches, and live undimmed in all that they have of power, refinement, colour, and expression. It is the beauty of a bygone age, yet young as the green cypresses and the olives in the gardens of Andalusia. As old as the cathedral walls themselves, the spirit of Catholicism stands, and is quickened in the great tombs they enshrine, in the effigies and sacraments, in the dance of pages before the altar steps on great festive days, in the reek of incense and the choral chant within the swelling domes; and lies in the dust of crevices and in cobwebbed corners of vault and fluted pillar and high-flowing roof; and its lineaments are there as they were chiselled long centuries ago, and it has its pulse-hold still upon the land and people. The Church and Spain are one.

Poor Spain! I think one enjoys the memory of her best; and if anybody doubts this let him stand at sundown on the old Roman bridge at Cordova—once the "gem of the South," now the most ancient-looking city in the whole world.

A tawny yellow light—the yellow of the sterile plains of

La Mancha—broods over the town, over the old battlemented walls, ruined convents, and the neglected gardens of palms and olive-yards growing to the water's edge; over the hoary bridge, with its sixteen Roman arches and rugged Gothic gateway to the north and the Moorish octagonal tower to the south of it; over the hills beyond and the Arabic city itself, from the centre of which rises the triumphant beauty of the great Mosque; while the grey waters of the Guadalquivir flow under the old grey arches. A rare melancholy, peace, pathos, and grandeur cluster about it. A bull-fighter, singing, a girl clinging to the crupper, gallops across the bridge. The golden dust of the Spanish summer is burnt into it all. All the sway of Rome, of the Moors, of Spain is embodied in the pathos of that shrunken present; here of Rome in those low round arches, there of Islam in the massive fortress walls and gates and superb Moorish monuments, now of Spain in the harmony of that beautiful decay. And like a love that is dead and yet persists, the yellow, steaming city survives its stress of past, its mighty eminence, its fallen fortunes; lives on inglorious and deposed in proud serenity.

And then there is the great Mosque itself. As you enter that wonderful building, with its thousand and one monolithic marble, jasper, porphyry, and verde columns, forming a maze of aisle-avenues, you seem to be wandering in some fairy twilight glade of endless waving palms. There are chapels in it more beautiful than anything even in the Alhambra, dating from the eighth and ninth centuries. The effect of the thing is literally magical. One roves about that forest of columned aisles, which seem to chase one another, in a dream of amazement. Detail, the beauty of the stucco ornamentation, hardly arrest the attention, which loses itself unwittingly, and after a time deliberately, in the stupendous concord of the whole. Not even the first view of the Kremlin at sunrise, with its hundred coloured minarets glinting against the white snow, can vie with the Mosque of Cordova, half Arabic, half Catholic, unique historically and architecturally in all Europe. And finally you sit down on a stone in the great "Orange" Court outside and cool the imagination in the sight of the cypresses and the roses and the orange- and palm-trees growing there, and King Abd-al-Rahman's

Well, and the old Roman columns, and the mediæval fragrance of that enchanting spot. It is a bower of orange perfume and old time. Roman centurions, Saints, Arab kings, knights, Inquisitors, and bewitching houris have stood and moved there; and the beauty of it lingers still—the cold beauty of the stone of quadrangle and well and the great walls of the Mosque and gateway, the warm beauty of the dead present glowing in the living sun. One sits there lost in hallowed reverie. One thinks of Cordova as of a wondrous dream.

But to realise Spain one must see her in her extreme natural conditions; when every blade is seared, and chasms, like glacial crevasses, furrow the sierras, and the earth returns to dust, and the beasts are tended in the dry beds of the great rivers.

Then the sky extends above in one pure sapphire sheet, and the walls that you touch burn, and all life, even the life of winged creatures, seems dead about you; and the great cacti and the tall palms, date-trees, myrtles, chestnuts, conifers, cork-oaks, cypresses, sycamores, extend their shading arms; and the orange and lemon trees are bearing, and figs and almonds, aloes, carobs, mulberries are being gathered, and the pomegranate ripens, and the thirst is stilled in the delicious coolness of the melon and the prickly pear and the grape of Andalusia. There are no foreigners in the country then. The theatres are all closed; even the dancing places are empty. A great peace reigns. Spain fulfils herself. You may ride all day over the wild mountain country of Andalusia, parched and brown as the desert, seeing nobody, neither beast of the air nor of the field, no flower, no tuft of green, no stream of water, nor hear any sound but the mysterious *éclosion* of the brown earth around you.

And it is magnificently wild and expressive, that vast Andalusian upland—one continuous chain of crag, mountain, hill, precipice, and rocky eminence. The sun has withered all life upon it—and yet it throbs and is articulate. Ineffably lonely and silent, as the great monochrome of the desert, or the white of the polar snows, like all expanse it cheers and solaces. A longing—of bloom and blossom—seems to exude from its withered, tawny surface. No butterfly or insect flits across it. You will hear no buzz of bee, no sound of man, no distant cry of beast, as in great forest-land, no sough of tree. Yet in that

light of Spain the earth sings its joyous melody. Alone, you are not lonely upon it. Silent, you catch its tunings, its warm and moving appeal. And you will ride on to your night-quarter with a strange happiness within. But first there is the glory of the setting sun.

It is one colour, one vast illumination. The crags and hills about you catch its fire, the whole heavens redden in fierce flame. As the great flush grows deeper the purple of the falling night rises into and softens it, banding the sky and earth together in crimson harmony. You think of the beginnings and the end of things. To feel its superb grandeur it is best to watch it alone. All about one glows in red and purple lustre. Redder far than the purest ruby sheen, the sky seems to bid you stare at all that amplitude of flame, that calm of fire in which the day goes down into the night. The red disc grows smaller, fainter; the great hills put on a deep purple hue, the tall peaks blacken against the red line, like lonely spirits of the earth; huge purple shadows fall, great streaks of russet gold move caressingly across the rocks; the air chills; a steam, like mist, rises from the ground and flushes purple in the light—it is as if the earth were offering up herself to the departing day. And as the end comes you remember that there are men who worship the sun; who, as the sun sinks daily below the horizon, kneel down before it. Almost you understand.

You understand, then, the importance of the water-carrier, with his cry, "Water, water cool as snow," to that simple peasantry of Spain; to those children who play bareheaded all day in that scorching sun; to those people inured to water-famine, and to the dry, cracked earth upon which they depend for subsistence. In Spain the water-carrier is a "big" man. All smile upon him. He is always welcome, for where he is there is water, and where there is water there is life, and the beasts can drink and men and women love. No man "knifes" him. No maid so proud that will not smile upon his furrowed countenance. No boy dare ape his shambling gait or cry. People consult him. He is a prophet in the land, a type, a symbol. His similes for the coolness and purity of the water that he offers are quaint, and they are his own. He and the priest are the good spirits of the Spanish hamlet.

And if the water-carrier is typical of the poverty and laziness of Spain, her industry is embodied in the laborious ass. No man or beast in any country works harder or so patiently as the donkey in Spain. He it is that carries all the burdens, that toils all day through the burning sun and sleeps with his master at night, and never tires or complains. He is to Spain what the elephant is to India, the camel to the desert, the horse to the West. He is the soul and epitome of labour. He never stumbles, kicks, jibs, or—grows old. When his laborious days are done and he can no more, he sinks down upon the earth he has so long and faithfully treaded and yields up his jaded spirit. He is essential, indispensable; the national butt, the national drudge; overworked, poorly fed, poorly treated, poorly priced—yet not unloved, too, for he is the symbol of toil, pathos, patience and poverty.

The joy of Spain lies in fragmentary glimpses of mediæval times, splashes of colour—what may be called the national rhythm, which still pulsates, and finds triumphant expression in the Arab dance and song and passion, and the blood-thrill of the bull-fight. Any one who has ever listened to the Moorish cadence of the “Quajira” sung by an Andalusian feels this rhythm. One gets it in the bull-ring, in any Spanish dancing *café*, in the glance and walk of Spanish women. And of course in the gipsies, of whom some four hundred reside in huts cut out of the hill in Granada, forming an entirely independent and self-governing community within the city.

The gipsies have not been able to withstand the power of money, which has broken through even their blood caste. Thus gipsy girls now occasionally marry outside their tribe, though in all cases permission has to be obtained from the king, who, unless the matter is “worth while,” sternly refuses his sanction. But the old caste feeling is no longer impermeable to golden suasion, and some of the most beautiful gipsy girls have quitted the old life for moneyed civilisation. Yet the womenkind are still very zealously guarded. Any girl found guilty of a misdemeanour with an “outsider” is subjected to severe pains and penalties, and, on the whole, they keep strictly to themselves. As a class they are decadent, and more and more losing their tribal distinctiveness. What the knife is to the man, love is to the woman. These girls are taught to love, as the whole race is educated to beg. As

for trustworthiness or honour, they don't seem to understand either.

Some of these gipsy girls, when quite young, are of a dazzling, savage beauty. They are small, but symmetrical, and lithe as serpents, and their eyes are simply superb. The throw-up of the lid is irresistible. They use their eyes like fans. Their size, brilliancy, mobility, colour, expression, passion, languor, fire, and fierceness are unique. Perhaps it is well that these girls get old at twenty. But see these gipsy girls dance. They are all dancers, dancing with the whole soul of prose gesture in every curve of their Saracenic bodies. The gipsy Tango dances are truly wonderful—themes of gesture and suggestion, love, emotion, passion, rhythm; oriental, languorous, wild, imitative, and voluptuous. The dance in Spain is a motional caress, a prose poem of mysterious cadence, ecstasy, rhythm, and harmony. The eyes dance with hands and arms and poise of head. A plangent, disturbing music accompanies the throbbing pulse of the sensuous, symphonic measure. The whole dance is an enactment of the senses fretted alternatively. It is a study, a mirage of motion, mimicry, pose, sex, grace, and suggestion.

And what about the Spanish woman—*l'Andalouse aux seins brunis*? Well, she is a poet's theme. For she is beautiful—simple, natural, primitive, caressing, radiant. It is not that her features are good—as often as not they are even ugly. It is not her presence, her height, her beauty at all. Her supreme charm is her little personality and the atmosphere of grace she casts about her.

She is simply radiantly feminine; intensely proud and sensitive. She is a child: absolutely unpretentious, absolutely loving and lovable. Her soul flutters and flashes in her lustrous black eyes, which ring all changes of poor human emotion. Her little hands and arms and feet, beautifully moulded, invest her with a toy-like frailty and simplicity; yet when she moves and dances she is queen—ah! divinely queen—of all her sex. As often as not she cannot write, she lives completely in the moment; but she has a quick and salty wit, and her little sallies are celebrated in all Spain for their prickling, picturesque conceit.

To see little Lola with the flowers of Spain in her blue-black hair and the gay mantle of Manilla about her, to see her walk

and dance, to listen to her quips and lispings, childish voice, is to behold an entirely beautiful, natural, and sincere thing. But there are classic beauties in Spain too, faces of matchless charm and contour. And then one just goes down before them in a "simply can't help it" sort of way, and after that one is apt to think that all Spanish women are lovely.

In Spain all extremes meet. Even Tommy, doing sentry-go on the "Rock," feels this. Even the "Rock" itself seems to. For ever hanging over that beetling precipice there broods a lowering cloud—for months together the only cloud in all sunlit Spain: fit symbol of imperious and imperial England. And now cloud and sun are joined, and they say in Spain that it is a happy and popular union.

AUSTIN HARRISON.

STEEVIE

WELL, the garden certainly do look gay; but then it always do. I suppose, being so used to it, I don't notice it. You do get like that with what you're accustomed to; it takes some one fresh to point it out and to make you notice it. It's my son's garden, he does it all himself. Oh, he's that set on flowers that it's something wonderful; 'e understands them through and through, watches 'em, and troubles hisself about them as if they were living creatures. I b'lieve he sets more store by his garden than he do by anything else, 'cepting maybe it's his books. Oh, he's a terrible one for books; it worrits me no end to see 'im with 'is eyes a-going up and down the page, and 'is ears as tight shut as if they'd got cotton wool in 'em; and then if he's got a book in front of 'im, 'e's just as distant as the man in the moon, for he never takes no notice of anything as I say to him, unless maybe I keeps on at him till 'e gets 'is eyes off the page; and 'e's that absent in his mind, and that stupid in his manner—unless he's cross, which isn't so very seldom.

No, Steevie's no company: he's like his father in that way, though the father was better than him by a mile or two.

I often says that if it wasn't for the look of the thing I might just as well 'ave a stone image along with me as him. In the summer nothing will do for him but the garden, and in the winter, when you wants a bit of cheerfulness of an evening, it's them books. Of course, 'e might 'ave taken to the public, but he never had no leanings that way. I'm sure I feels that put out at times I scarce knows what to do. Of course in this world you 'ave to 'ave your trials, and to make the best of 'em, but it's a real trial and no mistake. I often feels as if it was a reg'lar waste me 'aving a tongue, and never getting no 'casion to use it, as you may say.

Now, his brother was always so different. He's that full of sperrits you never saw the like. Well, you wouldn't think them two lads 'ad one mother, and that's the truth. There's Joe comes in, and 'e sets on a chair a-talking and a-laughing with 'is jokes and 'is nonsense, and tells me a bit o' news, or what the folks is a-doing or saying, and that cheerful and pleasant as it does your 'eart good to hear 'im. And such a handsome, fine-grown fellow into the bargain, tho' it's 'is own mother as says so.

Of course it's a great misfortune for Steevie 'im being a cripple, with a crooked spine, as the doctor calls it; but 'e should try to pass it off a bit better. As I says to 'im often and often, "It's no use, my lad, your repining at your Maker. If He thought fit to send ye into this world with a burden on your back, you're not the only one; and you won't lighten it," I says, "by bearing it discontented. You make the best of it," I says, "and get yourself ready for the next world, where," I says, "you'll be as straight as any of them." And I'm always telling 'im that if he put on a cheerful face, folks wouldn't notice his affliction. But 'e never pays no 'tention to what I says to him; up 'e gets and goes out of the place, into the garden maybe; and if I takes my bit of knitting and stands alongside of 'im, just for company-like, 'e speaks that short and that glum that I gets wishing that I'd kept my mouth shut.

Oh, it's a heavy trial, that it is. Of course it's enough to make any woman feel cast down when 'er son's that afflicted; not that what there's a deal to be thankful for, as if 'e'd 'ad a straight back 'e'd 'ave taken a wife, and there wouldn't 'ave been room for me. But I do wish as 'e'd be a bit different. He isn't what you'd call bad-tempered, never gets reg'lar 'raged like Joe do. But he shuts 'is lips tight, and turns very white. No, I'd a deal rather 'e'd get in a bit of a temper and get out of it again, than be that low-spirited and that shut up in 'isself, like a snail creeping back into 'is shell if 'e thinks you'm a-going to touch 'im. He was just the same when 'e was a boy—never could do much with 'im.

The father, ye know, was a good husband, but poor company. He never seemed to 'ave nothing to say, 'cept it was something as you didn't want to 'ear. And then if 'e did begin to tell ye a

thing, what with finding the word and a-losing his place, and a-beginning over again, there never seemed to come an end to it. No, I often feels as if I 'ad been 'ardly dealt with in the way of company; and this house being far from neighbours it makes it very quiet at times.

Steevie's got a very good job down at the station-office at the junction. He keeps the 'ome very comfortable, and never grudges nothing, 'cepting his speech. He ain't close with 'is money like 'e is with 'is feelings. Now, Joe's that frank and open; as I often says, 'e's just like the 'igh road, you can see everything as 'is passing through 'is mind. He's a bit 'ot-tempered, boils up just like a kettle, but directly 'e lets off steam, as you may say, it's over. Oh yes, he's married. That was the one bit of trouble I ever had with 'im. Not that there was anything against 'er. She was a teacher up at the schools; a poor, white-faced little creature with no looks to speak of—at least none that I could see, though folks said as she'd got a fine eye. But I never did take to a grey eye; it ain't clear.

Well, it certainly was past understanding why both them lads should 'ave been so took up with that girl. Joe was away from 'ome when she first come, and Steevie took up with 'er wonderful. He was always a-lending 'er 'is books and a-giving 'er flowers and a-staring at 'er in church, and a-walking 'ome with 'er afterwards; and as I says to 'im many's the time: "My lad," I says, "she'll never look at ye, though she is but a poor creature 'erself; and if you takes my advice," I says, "you'll give over thinking of 'er," I says, "and keep your mind off 'er."

Well, if you'll believe me, Joe came 'ome, and if he didn't do exactly the same. But there was all the difference. With Steevie, you know, she was that complacent and friendly, just as she might be 'is aunt, or sister, or some kin; and she'd look 'im in the face as plain as plain, and speak that kind and free to him, as you never saw; but with Joe, ye know, she was that distant and red, that it didn't take me long to see what it all meant.

And I says to Joe, "Well, what you two lads can see in that poor milk-faced thing I can't see, and she'll be but a poor draggy wife when 'er comes to 'ave it all to do," I says; "and

Steevie every bit as foolish about 'er as you be, only of course she wouldn't look at 'im."

"What!" 'e says, "'as Steevie set 'is 'eart on 'er?"

"I should just think so," says I. "It's my opinion 'e never thinks of nothing else; 'is eyes is always follering 'er about, and 'is thoughts too, I'll be bound."

Well, 'e seemed struck all of a heap, and then he went to Steevie, and they two lads was a-talking till I can't tell you what time o' night. And in the morning Steevie was as white as white, and Joe was that quiet as I couldn't believe it of 'im.

It got itself settled up after a bit. Joe would 'ave 'er, though what 'e saw in 'er puzzles me. As I said to 'im, "Now if it was that there Bessie Goodyear, I could understand any young fellow taking to her"—a big, fine girl, and strong too, and so set upon Joe. I'm sure it quite upset me to see how that girl took on when she found 'e was a-keeping company with Lily East. It seems she'd reg'lar set 'er 'eart on 'aving 'im. But there—as I said to 'er, "Ye can't rule a man's fancy, Bessie; they will make their own choice, and I'm sorry for yer disappointment," I says; "and for my own part," I says, "I'd rather he'd 'ave taken up with you, tho' there is objections on the score of your family"—for they aren't a good stock, aren't the Goodyears.

However, Joe's got 'is wife—and a poor little creature she is. They 'ave one little gurl, just such another as 'er mother, with them big grey eyes. As I said, I don't care for 'em. She keeps the 'ome very neat to look at, not but what I dare say there's a good bit out of sight that I'd do better not to see; but when I goes there I keeps my eyes straight before me, and never looks into corners or be'ind places, for if I got it into my 'ead that Joe wasn't cleanly dealt by, I should never 'ave a moment's 'appiness.

'Ow did Steevie take it, do you say? Well, I'm sure I don't know. I said what I could to comfort 'im, because ye know they always say as there's nothing like a mother's comfort, but he was very difficult to please over it.

I'd get 'im a bit of something nice to eat for 'is supper, and 'e wouldn't 'ardly touch it, and one night I says to 'im, just for a bit of a joke, "Well, you've got an empty 'eart, but there

ain't no reason why you should 'ave an empty stomach too," I says. Well, if you'll believe me, he turned on me a look as if 'e'd kill me, and he was a-going to say something, but the words wouldn't come out of his mouth, 'is lips was that white and trembly; and then 'e got up and 'e walked straight out of the 'ouse, and 'e never came back till about two of the morning, and me a-lying on my bed so fretting and thinking he was a-doing away with 'isself.

I got 'im 'is breakfast in the morning, but never a word did I say nor 'e; when he came back at night he was just the same, and 'e looked that forbidding that I dursn't say nothing. But the next day, that was a Wednesday, when 'e was a-eating 'is supper, 'e turned to me, and 'e says, "If ever you speaks to me in the fashion you did o' Monday night, I'll leave you. Ye shan't want," 'e says, "for nothing, because you're my mother—but remember."

Well, as you may suppose, I cried till I thought my 'eart would break at my own son a-speaking to me like that, when it was all my feeling for 'im as 'ad led me to speak.

However, I didn't trouble 'im again with no remarks, and I kept my comfort to myself, for there's no use wasting anything, if it be but a kind word or two. I does my duty by 'im to the best of my powers, and as I often says to 'im, "Ah, you'll think of your poor mother when I'm laid next your father in the churchyard, and you'll be the first to miss 'er, that you will. You don't think much of 'er now, I know, and you can't spare no time to give 'er a friendly word; but the day ain't far off," I says, "for I feels very ailing at times, that my sorrows'll be over, and then," I says, "what'll you do?"

But he takes it as quiet as if I said I was a-going marketing.

There ain't no feeling in 'im, that's my belief; and it's my misfortune as I've got such a feeling 'eart myself, and wants to let it out through my tongue.

However, I've made up my mind, and that is, that if ever 'e 'as a bit o' trouble again 'e'll 'ave it to 'imself. I sha'n't put myself out to comfort 'im and 'elp 'im through it. A mother don't forget them sort of cruel speeches: 'e told me to remember, and remember I will.

ELLEN L. GRAZEBROOK.

THE PROBLEM OF THE GOLD RESERVE

THE question of the gold reserves held by the banks has long been a subject of somewhat languid controversy, but it attracted special attention in 1906 owing to the rapid rise in the Bank rate from 4 per cent. to 6 per cent. in eight days, in October, where it remained till January 1907, and again from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 7 in November 1907, from which it was reduced in January 1908 to 6 and to 5, and then to 4. There is a practically unanimous consensus of opinion among bankers and the public that the present position is unsatisfactory, but beyond the general assertion that the gold reserves of the banks ought to be strengthened, there has been no definite suggestion of an adequate solution of the difficulty. While there is a widespread desire that reserves should be increased, none of the leading banks has come forward with an offer to contribute towards this laudable object, and some of them have demurred to their having to increase their reserves, as such a policy would lower the dividends of their shareholders. The banks would be quite willing to see the Government provide a large reserve of gold if the Government could be induced to believe that the holding of such a reserve is an obligation of the nation. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer does not hold out any hope that he would consent to such a proposal.

It is continually asserted that the Government ought to hold a large reserve of gold against the £200,000,000 of deposits in the Government Savings Banks, and this view has been urged by leading authorities in the world of banking and finance. As the deposits in these Savings Banks reach such an enormous amount, there is a superficial plausibility in regard to the responsibility of the Government to hold a corresponding reserve of gold. But this view will not bear investigation. The Government Savings

Banks are totally different in their character and functions from the Joint Stock and Private Banks. The latter exist solely for the purpose of carrying on banking business for profit. They undoubtedly render incalculable services to the public, but these services are all rendered in order that the shareholders or proprietors of the banks shall derive profit from the capital invested. The banks accept on deposit other people's money to add to their own resources, and run certain risks of loss which may affect not only their own funds but the deposits with which they have been entrusted. The real risk they run, against which adequate reserves are necessary, is in using the money of depositors, because they can pay out their own money or that of their shareholders without requiring to hold any reserve. It is of the utmost importance to bankers that they should use other people's money as well as their own, and it is as against their liabilities to depositors that they are expected to hold an adequate reserve, each bank following its own course as to the proportion of its reserves.

But the Government Savings Banks stand in a totally different category. It is true that they take deposits, indeed, their sole business is to take deposits, for which they pay interest at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum. But these banks are not carried on for profit, and even if they were, this would not bring them into the same category as the Joint Stock and Private Banks. Were the Government to make a profit out of the Savings Banks, that would not alter the fact that the Government and the whole nation are bound to pay the interest, and to repay the capital. In the nature of things, therefore, there should never be any feeling of doubt, much less of panic, among Government Savings Bank depositors as to whether their deposits are safe, seeing that the resources of the whole nation are committed to secure them. It is a mere confusion of ideas that can cause leading men in banking and financial circles to call on the Government to hold a considerable reserve of gold against the £200,000,000 of deposits, as such a reserve would be a waste of the public funds. It is true that the Government do keep the till money necessary to carry on the business, but as there is no risk to depositors in Government Savings Banks, it is quite unnecessary to hold reserves corresponding to those that are imperative in the case of

the Joint Stock and Private Banks, in every one of which depositors must run some risk.

And this is not all. Even if the Government were willing to keep a large hoard of gold in connection with the Savings Banks, this gold would be altogether beyond the reach of the Joint Stock and Private Banks in times of stringency, and would be entirely unconnected with the trade and finance of the country and with the gold reserves of the profit-earning banks. It would be either a tax on the Government depositors or on the public revenues, and could not be defended in either case on any rational ground of fiscal or financial policy. It is not to be expected that the Government will provide a stock of gold which is quite unnecessary for the purposes of the Government Banks, in order to secure banks earning from 8 to 20 per cent. dividends from the results of holding insufficient reserves, that is, if it can be shown that their reserves are insufficient. The question that is now exercising the public mind is this belief that the banks do not hold sufficiently large reserves, and to that is attributed the advances in the Bank rate to 6 and 7 per cent. It would be impossible except by statute to get banks to hold in reserve a uniform percentage of their liabilities, and owing to the various classes of banking business, the risks run by some banks are much greater than those run by others. And if a certain percentage of reserves to be held was fixed by statute, that percentage of reserve could not be drawn upon in times of stringency.

Taking a broad view of the results of banking as affected by reserves, it is very important to note that the Bank Charter Act of 1844 has only been suspended once, namely in 1857, when the Treasury letter was acted upon, authorising the Bank to issue a larger amount of notes than was permitted by that Act. The Bank did exceed in its issue of notes the authorised amount during two weeks in November 1857, but at no other time has it exceeded the authorised amount. It is all but certain that there would have been no suspension of the Act whatever if the Government had granted the Treasury letter sooner. It must be remembered also that since the Bank Charter Act was passed in 1844 the Bank has never failed to redeem its notes in gold; not even did it fail to do so in 1857.

The success of the Bank of England in the maintenance and management of the central reserve of gold for all purposes of trade and finance in the United Kingdom has been, on the whole, very striking, considering its disabilities, and it is not necessary to consider proposals that have been made for superseding it. The leading nations of Europe also possess central national banks, and the United States try to arrive at a similar result by an association of leading banks in New York acting together for the maintenance of reserves. Owing, however, to the vast international trade and finance centring in London, the reserves of gold in the Bank of England are liable to be drawn upon suddenly for export, and this throws great responsibility upon the Directors of the Bank. The Bank must give gold for its notes when presented, or for cheques drawn upon it, and thus it has no means of warding off attacks on its stock of gold. The Bank of France has, in addition to £107,000,000 of gold reserve, about £37,000,000 of legal tender silver money, and can offer silver coins instead of gold in exchange for its notes or for cheques, but these silver coins are, of course, of no use whatever for export. It can thus protect its gold, and yet, while it may refuse to pay out gold coins, it is frequently willing to part with gold bullion or foreign gold coins at a premium, and by this very premium check the outflow of gold while not altogether stopping it, thus taking a portion of the profit there may be in exporting gold.

In considering the action that might be taken to improve the position of the gold reserves in this country, the policy that most recommends itself is to strengthen and secure the gold reserves in the Bank of England, and leave the Joint Stock and Private Banks to pursue much the same course as they are doing at present. It is mainly in connection with the difficulty that now and again arises in the maintenance of the gold reserves in the Bank that the Joint Stock and Private Banks are adversely criticised, and if the Bank could show anything approaching the steadiness of the rate of discount and the high percentage of the reserve that obtain in the Bank of France, there would, as a general rule, be but little criticism of the Joint Stock and Private Banks. The rate of discount at the Bank of France was changed from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 per cent. on May 25, 1900, and there it remained until March 1907—a period of nearly seven years. At the latter

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date it was raised to $3\frac{1}{2}$, and in November 1907 to 4, while in January 1908 it was reduced to $3\frac{1}{2}$ and then to 3.

Comparing the reserve in that bank with the reserve in the Bank of England, the following figures are instructive:

TABLE I. BANK OF FRANCE—JANUARY 2, 1908.

LIABILITIES.		RESERVE.	
Notes in circulation	£202,677,000	Gold . .	£107,047,000
Public deposits . .	9,843,000	Silver . .	36,703,000
Private „ . .	21,743,000		
	£234,263,000		£143,750,000
Reserve, 61·36 per cent.			

TABLE II. BANK OF ENGLAND—JANUARY 1, 1908.

BANKING DEPARTMENT. FROM USUAL WEEKLY RETURN.

LIABILITIES.		RESERVE.	
Public deposits . .	£7,558,694	Notes . .	£20,532,080
Other „ . .	52,657,228	Gold and silver coin .	941,147
Seven-day and other bills	52,880		
	£60,268,802		£21,473,227
Reserve, $35\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.			

The following account is drawn up so as to combine into one the figures of the Issue and Banking Departments, after the manner of the Bank of France, and this seems to be a much more reasonable method than giving the accounts of the Issue and Banking Departments separately:

TABLE III. BANK OF ENGLAND—JANUARY 1, 1908.

ISSUE AND BANKING DEPARTMENTS COMBINED.

LIABILITIES.		RESERVE.	
Notes in circulation .	£29,520,435	Gold in Issue De-	
Public deposits . .	7,558,694	partment .	£31,602,515
Other „ . .	52,657,228	Gold and silver coin	
Seven-day and other bills	52,880	in Banking De-	
		partment . .	941,147
	£89,789,237		£32,543,662
Reserve, $38\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.			

In the statement of the Bank of France the figures are colossal, namely, £202,677,000 of notes in actual circulation, with £107,047,000 of gold coin and bullion, and £36,703,000 of silver coin in its vaults. Compare with this the Bank of England notes

in actual circulation outside the Bank, amounting to £29,520,453; gold coin and bullion in the Issue Department, to £31,602,515; and gold and silver in the Banking Department, £941,147, making a total of £32,543,662 of gold and silver, and the wonder is how the Bank of England can fulfil its vast and onerous functions as well as it does with so few notes and so little gold, and how the Bank of France can keep in circulation such a colossal amount of notes, and can hold in its vaults such enormous stocks of gold and silver. But in England the extensive use of cheques and the large denominations of bank-notes account for the relatively small amount of notes and of coin and bullion in the Bank of England's statement; whereas in France the very limited use of cheques and the lower denominations of bank-notes account for the very large amounts of notes and of coin and bullion in the Bank of France. In the Annual Report of the Bank of France for 1905 it was stated that there was an increasing preference shown by the French public for the use of notes instead of coin. There are, of course, wide differences in the administration of the two banks, as the Bank of France discounted bills in 1906 to the number of 232,000 for amounts less than 8s., and the total amount of bills dealt with was 20,465,000, of an average of £27 6s. 4d. The Bank of France has, moreover, 447 branches, or offices, while the Bank of England has only eleven branches; and this gives the former an immense advantage in the circulation of its notes, as well as in the amount of its discounts. But the fact that the French public are willing to hold so many notes is the principal reason why the Bank of France is able to accumulate such an immense stock of gold and silver.

It will be seen also in the above tables that while the Bank of France is able to maintain in circulation £51,807,000 more notes than its total stock of gold and silver, the Bank of England has £3,000,000 more of gold and silver in its vaults than the amount of its notes in the hands of the public. Yet the percentage of reserve in the Bank of France is 61·36, while that in the Bank of England, taking the combined account, is $38\frac{1}{4}$, and taking the Banking Department only is $35\frac{5}{8}$. It is evident, therefore, that the chief advantage of the Bank of France lies in the large amount of its notes in circulation, and while its rate of discount remained unchanged at 3 per cent. for nearly seven years,

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ended in March 1907, the Bank of England had, during the same period, made twenty-four changes, and since then it has made nine changes, whereas the Bank of France has only made four, namely, to $3\frac{1}{2}$, 4, $3\frac{1}{2}$ and 3. The latter Bank has such a large stock of gold that considerable withdrawals of that metal from its reserve, *if permitted by the Bank*, can take place without creating any feeling of alarm. On the other hand, the stock of gold in the Bank of England is relatively small at all times, and the stock that exists is open to be drawn away without the Bank having any immediate power of resistance such as the Bank of France possesses. As there is no silver of unlimited legal tender at the command of the Bank of England, it must always pay in gold. No doubt it can raise its rate of discount and thus penalise the commercial, industrial, and financial classes of the country, but that is a very crude and disastrous method of protecting its stock of gold, though it will check its outflow in time and will bring back what may have been taken away abroad. But it is particularly prejudicial to our national interests when the stock of gold is so small that the withdrawal of two or three millions is regarded with the gravest apprehension. It is evident, therefore, that the gold reserve of the Bank is too small for all the calls that may be made upon it, and the pressing need in these circumstances is to increase the stock of gold so that the withdrawal of a few millions could be regarded without apprehension.

The problem now is to find some method of increasing the stock of gold in the Bank at the smallest cost and with the least disadvantage. The proposal which I have to recommend will, if carried out, accomplish this object, and while providing a greatly increased stock of gold, will do so in a form that will be extremely likely to cause the gold to be permanently retained in the Bank. It can be carried out without any expense to the Bank, and without interference in any way with the Joint Stock and Private Banks.

The proposal consists briefly in substituting in the circulation 10s. notes of the Bank of England in the place of half-sovereigns, the notes to be unlimited legal tender except at the Bank, where they would be redeemable in half-sovereigns or in sovereigns at the option of the Bank. Under the Coinage Act of 1891, the light half-sovereigns withdrawn from circulation from 1892 to 1906 and

recoined, amounted to £22,051,000, and the total half-sovereigns issued from the Mint during the same period amounted to £29,788,387, so it may be confidently assumed that there are more than £30,000,000 of half-sovereigns in circulation. During the period referred to above, the light sovereigns withdrawn for recoinage amounted to £30,449,000, and the total amount of sovereigns issued to £86,250,645; while the average deficiency in weight of each light sovereign was 2·460d., the deficiency in each half-sovereign was 2·276d., so that the average half-sovereign had lost by wear and tear nearly as much as the whole sovereign, proving that the former is expensive to circulate as well as to coin.*

The view is widely prevalent that some scheme of £1 notes might be formulated and adopted by the Bank, and in principle that view is perfectly sound. But while the half-sovereign is expensive and dangerous owing to its smallness, the 10s. notes would have one very great advantage in connection with a gold reserve, namely, that they would be practically in continuous circulation in the hands of the public, and thus they would not be so liable to be presented at the Bank for gold as £1 notes would be. I presume that the Bank holds only a limited number of half-sovereigns in its reserve, as it would be needless to coin these unless, like silver coins, they were demanded by banks for actual circulation. If then there are £30,000,000 of half-sovereigns in actual use among the people, the question is whether the Joint Stock and Private Banks with their 5527 offices

* At Leeds in 1891 Viscount (then Mr.) Goschen suggested an issue of 10s. notes against silver coins, but he never proceeded to make any definite proposal on the subject, and when he reprinted the speech in his *Essays and Addresses on Economical Questions* (London, 1905), he omitted the reference to 10s. notes against silver.

In the Gold and Silver Commission of 1886-88 the Report recommended an issue of small notes based on silver, and stated that these notes might take the place of the half-sovereign, and "afford a remedy for those difficulties in relation to that coin to which public attention has been prominently called."

In the life entitled *Lord Randolph Churchill*, by Winston S. Churchill, M.P. (London, 1906), vol. ii. p. 187, it is stated in regard to Lord Randolph that "he paid the closest attention to the coinage, and harboured a deadly design against the half-sovereign—'that profligate little coin'—which he believed was an expensive and unnecessary feature of British currency."

The question of 10s. notes in place of half-sovereigns, or against silver to be coined, is therefore one that has already received very favourable consideration.

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in the United Kingdom would be willing to support this plan, and to pay out 10s. notes and withdraw half-sovereigns and transmit them to the Bank of England. That is the sole duty they would require to undertake, and very soon with these active agencies at work most of the £30,000,000 of half-sovereigns would be in the reserves of the Bank of England. Scotland and Ireland use bank-notes almost exclusively, and the United States, Canada, France, and Germany, are also striking examples of countries that prefer notes to coin. The English people will hardly fail to prefer notes if they are offered notes of denominations suitable for general circulation, and once get accustomed to use them.

Let us then see how a substitution of £35,000,000 of 10s. notes in the circulation and the withdrawal of £30,000,000 of half-sovereigns from circulation and added to the reserves of the Bank would affect the Bank statement as at January 1, 1908.

TABLE IV. BANK OF ENGLAND.

ISSUE AND BANKING DEPARTMENTS COMBINED.

LIABILITIES.		RESERVE.	
Notes in circulation	£64,520,435	Gold in Issue Department	£61,602,515
Public deposits	7,558,694	Gold and silver coin in Banking Department	941,147
Other „	52,657,228		
Seven-day and other bills	52,880		
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	£124,789,237		£62,543,662

Reserve, 50·12 per cent.*

This ought to be compared with $38\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. as shown in the combined statement given previously in Table III., and with $35\frac{5}{8}$ per cent. in Table II. The immense advantage of this would be that it would give a reserve of £62,000,000 in gold, a most impressive figure, well calculated to inspire the highest degree of confidence, and there would be £35,000,000 of 10s. notes in the pockets and tills of the people in daily and hourly use, so that there would be an addition of £30,000,000 to the reserve of the Bank with only the most infinitesimal expectation of any of the 10s. notes being presented for the purpose of with-

* It will be seen, on reference to Table II., that the reserve on January 1 was only $35\frac{5}{8}$ per cent., an unusually low figure. The new reserve of 50·12 per cent., arrived at above, would therefore be also unusually low.

drawing gold. With a such a large reserve there would be no need to raise the Bank rate so suddenly nor perhaps to such a high figure as at present, and there would be little or no feeling of apprehension if a few millions were taken away, nor would there be any undue haste to bring them back.

If legislation should take place in regard to such a plan as has been sketched out above in very general terms, the Bank might be authorised to issue £35,000,000 in 10s. notes against £30,000,000 in half-sovereigns deposited in the Bank, and £5,000,000 of securities, the profit of the issue to belong to the Government. Such a proposal would have the very great advantage of dealing only with gold already within the United Kingdom. It would not call for any withdrawal from the world's stock of gold outside these islands, but it would vastly increase the stock of gold in the Bank with the minimum of possible disturbance, and place in the hands of the Directors of the Bank a much greater control over the rate of discount than they can possibly possess under the present system. While giving an enormous accession to the permanent strength of the Bank, it would provide a range of reserve between 45 and 60 per cent. of its liabilities. It is a perfectly practicable proposal, with all the materials necessary to its accomplishment lying ready to hand.

The 6 per cent. Bank rate of a year ago, and the 7 per cent. rate that ruled for two months at the end of last year, have attracted renewed attention to the question whether the Bank should protect its gold by some less clumsy and less disastrous method than raising the rate of discount to such extreme figures as 6 and 7 per cent. To the Banks, however, these high rates do not bring disaster, but to the commercial, financial, agricultural and industrial classes, that is to the entire producing and distributing forces of the country, they are a serious calamity. And yet we are told that the success of the 7 per cent. rate has been so conspicuous that it is a vindication once more of the policy of making London a free market for gold. But we have yet to hear from the Chambers of Commerce as to what they think of the 7 per cent. rate and this form of free market.

It is very evident that the position of the Bank in respect of its stock of gold becomes more critical every year, as the trade and finance of the world increase in magnitude. There have already been increased assaults on this stock in the last two years

as compared with a few years ago, and there can be no doubt that they will tend further to increase as the years pass by. Sooner or later the Bank will be compelled to protect its gold without unduly raising the rate of discount, and the natural projectors of a policy to attain this object are the classes that have to pay rates from 7 to 10 per cent. when the pioneers of industry in the United States or elsewhere embark on enterprises entailing expenditure far beyond the resources that they are able to command. It does seem strange that the whole interest-paying classes of the United Kingdom should be compelled to pay 7 per cent. and upwards for discounts, and higher still for advances, when the actual position of the Bank, apart from exceptional demands for gold from abroad, would not warrant a rate of more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Foreigners speculate, and the British interest-paying classes must in their own country pay twice the legitimate rate of discount, because the Bank of England has no adequate means of protecting its gold against what is practically foreign seizure. As has already been shown, the Bank of France can, and does, protect its gold, and the result is that the entire trade of France is carried on with very low rates of discount.

Mr. Inglis Palgrave, our leading authority on the history and statistics of British and Continental banking,* informs us that for more than a century down to the year 1839 the Bank rate never exceeded 5 nor fell below 4 per cent. In these days the Bank did not discount below 4 per cent. In 1839 the rate rose to 6 per cent., but fell again to 4 in January 1840 and remained at 4 or 5 till after the Bank Act was passed. The average rate for fifty-six years from 1845 to 1900 was £3 11s. 9d., and in the year 1904 it was £3 5s. 11d., in 1905 £3 0s. 1d., in 1906 £4 5s. 6d., and in 1907, £4 18s. 5d. The rates of 6 and 7 per cent. during the last two autumns, giving higher average rates for the two years, show that the position of the Bank is becoming more critical, owing to increased foreign demands for gold, and the position of the interest-paying classes is therefore becoming more burdensome.

The stock of gold at the Bank including a small amount of silver was as follows at the dates mentioned :

* *The Bank Rate and the Money Market* (London, 1903), p. 142.

TABLE V. GOLD AND SILVER IN BANK OF ENGLAND.

On January 4, 1905	£31,089,532
" " 3, 1906	28,748,593
" " 2, 1907	30,282,846
" " 1, 1908	32,543,662

There is therefore from time to time no excessive change in the stock of gold held by the Bank, except for special assignable causes. It would seem that if, under the present system, it could hold from £30,000,000 to £35,000,000 of gold, it could maintain a rate of 3 or 4 per cent. if it was possessed of some method of protecting its gold when the alternative is to declare an exorbitant and oppressive rate of discount. Since 1874, that is for a period of thirty-three years, the Bank of France has never had a higher rate than 5 per cent., and the rate of 5 per cent. lasted for only 126 days during that period, and the rate of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. only lasted for 113 days.* So that practically the Bank of France had no higher rate than 4 per cent. during that long period. There is every reason to believe that if the Bank of England could, at its discretion, protect its gold, the rate would as a rule be 3 or 4 per cent., and 5 would be an extreme figure.

If the Bank could, under the present production of gold, refuse to give gold for export, it would be an immense boon to the country, and a considerable relief to the Directors of the Bank. Let us see what the amounts of gold are that have to be dealt with in the London market. The following are the figures for the last three years:

TABLE VI. GOLD IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

	Imports.		Exports.		Net Imports.
1905	£38,567,895	...	£30,829,842	...	£7,738,053
1906	46,042,590	...	42,617,267	...	3,425,323
1907	57,088,547	...	50,866,009	...	6,222,538
	£141,699,032	...	£124,313,118	...	£17,385,914

Of Imports, amount exported, $87\frac{3}{4}$ per cent.

" " retained, $12\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.

It is evident from the above figures that of the total amount of gold imported in the last three years, all of it except $12\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. was exported again. The demand for gold for export amounted to £124,313,118, namely, $87\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. of all that was

* Mr. Palgrave's *The Bank Rate and the Money Market*, &c., p. 145.

imported, and this enormous demand was no doubt partly supplied from the bullion-market, though it was a demand which must have frequently threatened the gold stock of the Bank, and must in great measure have been supplied by withdrawals from the Bank. Whenever it was more profitable to draw gold from the Bank than to buy it in the bullion-market, it would be taken from the Bank, even if there was only a small brokerage or fractional profit to be obtained thereby. Then the Bank had to go into the bullion-market and compete for gold to replenish the amounts withdrawn, and in this contest in the bullion-market, if it failed to secure the amount of gold that had been withdrawn from its own coffers, it had to go on raising the rate of discount against the entire trade and finance of the United Kingdom, in order to bring back the gold that the bullion-dealers had taken away for the sake of a fractional profit. The rate at the Bank of France a year ago continued at 3 per cent. while our rate was at 6, and lately when our rate was at 7 per cent., the highest rate at the Bank of France was 4. These are most significant comparisons, and if the French can accomplish this, why not we? It will very probably be contended that the position of London is exceptional in regard to the magnitude of its gold dealings, but that is no defence in favour of a 7 per cent. rate, seeing that there are such ample supplies of gold available in the bullion-market.

Now if Table V. is referred to, it will be seen that on January 4, 1905, the gold in the bank amounted to £31,089,532, and on January 1, 1908, three years later, it amounted to £32,543,662, that is, the stock had increased by £1,454,130 in three years, though it has still further increased since the beginning of the year, and the amount is naturally a fluctuating quantity. The Bank has had to face a large share of the withdrawal from this country of £124,000,000 of gold in the last three years, and to undergo endless disturbances and raise its rates of discount, for what purpose?—merely because it is frequently engaged in a struggle to keep a stock of gold of £30,000,000 or £35,000,000 against the raids of the bullion-dealers which the Bank with its free market for gold cannot resist. In times of pressure bullion-dealers come to the Bank and draw away its gold, and the Bank is compelled to replenish often under great difficulties. Of the total of £141,700,000 of gold, all of which was for sale, that came upon the London market in the three years referred to

above, the Bank at the end of that period had increased its stock by only £1,454,000, and all the rest found its destination in other quarters; and yet we are told that the great merit of the British system is that the Bank of England provides a free market for gold. Surely £141,700,000 of arrivals of gold in three years and £124,300,000 of departures from these shores constitute the real free market for gold. But there is no free market for the Bank itself. It must buy all that is tendered to it at £3 17s. 9d. per standard ounce, and it must sell all that is demanded of it at £3 17s. 10½d. The real evil is that it is bound to give gold when demanded, and it has frequently to do this to the very great detriment of our own people, whereas the Bank of France can always act for the benefit of French national interests. It ought further to be pointed out as of very great importance, that in addition to the periods of high Bank rates, during which our people feel the pinch of the stringency, there are also long periods during which *the fear of a high Bank rate* dominates our markets and suspends or impedes financial arrangements of the most varied character, which would be entered upon fearlessly if it was known that a rise in the Bank rate would be checked at 5 per cent.

One can only offer suggestions in regard to remedial measures for the great injury that is caused to our people by the present system, as the question is of very great magnitude and demands the utmost consideration. The suggestion has been made above that £30,000,000 of half-sovereigns should be added to the gold in the Bank, raising the stock to over £60,000,000. But that would still leave the gold in the Bank open to attack from abroad. To remedy this the suggestion is now made that the Bank should be authorised to refuse gold for export whenever the rate of discount rises to 5 per cent. It is abundantly evident that if we can eliminate foreign demands for gold at times when the Bank cannot part with gold except to the serious injury of our own people, the exigencies of our internal trade will be amply met at rates between 2 and 5 per cent. The Bank raises its rate to 5 per cent. or over because its gold is being withdrawn to be sent abroad, but it is difficult to understand why we should allow it to go abroad when we need it at home. In 1907 we imported more than £1,000,000 of gold per week, and surely that was sufficient to satisfy the demand for export, because that was all for sale,

and 89 per cent. of it did go abroad, and only £2,250,000 was added to the stock at the Bank in the course of the year.

This is a purely practical question, and finds its satisfactory solution every day at the Bank of France. If we were to coin £15,000,000 of silver crowns of 5s. each and make them unlimited legal tender, and place them in the Bank reserve and issue notes against them, we should be in possession of the French system. The Bank would give gold when it chose to do so, and it would refuse gold and offer silver when that suited its purpose; so that it would exercise effective control over its gold reserve and therefore over its rate of discount. Another suggestion might be made—namely, that as soon as the Bank rate reaches 5 per cent. the Bank should have power to refuse gold for export, and while the rate remained at 5 per cent. the Bank should pay out gold only to the clearing banks or to banks with clearing banks as their agents for clearing; and these would require to give an undertaking that the gold would not be used for export. As soon as it became known that gold could not be got at the Bank for export while a 5 per cent. rate was in operation, the necessity for a higher rate would disappear, because it is the foreign demand that requires the Bank to have rates higher than 5 per cent. The free market for gold, with a 5 per cent. Bank rate, would then be, as it ought to be, the bullion-market, and not the Bank. A further suggestion might be made—namely, that when the Bank rate rose to 5 per cent. the Bank should have power to pay in gold or in special notes at its option, the special notes to be unlimited legal tender and redeemable at the Bank within a period—perhaps three months. A penalty might be attached to them for non-presentation, as they would be created for this special purpose and not for general circulation. As soon as bullion-dealers knew that they could not get gold at the Bank so long as the rate was 5 per cent., they would not want the notes, as these would not suit their purposes.

The above suggestions are made as a contribution to a controversy of overwhelming importance in view of our national interests, and it would seem to be the duty of our Chambers of Commerce and kindred public bodies who represent the injured classes, to undertake a thorough investigation of the subject.

J. BARR ROBERTSON.

THE RIFLE CLUB MOVEMENT

THERE is every reason to hope that the country is at last waking up to the fact, so patiently and persistently expounded by Lord Roberts and others, that there is something in rifle-shooting after all. It is coming to be recognised that the man who has learned to shoot and handle a rifle is at least as good and as valuable a citizen as a man who has not learned this art; in fact, as a national asset the former can certainly be said to be of most use. It may be of interest to trace the history of this movement, and to give some account of its present position.

It is some three or four years ago since Lord Roberts first issued his appeal and started his campaign with a view to make the people of this country realise that there are some very elementary duties connected with the rights of citizenship. One of the items of his programme, and the one with which the writer proposes to deal in this article, was the attempt to impress on the youth and able-bodied men of this country that if they took up rifle-shooting they would not only be rendering themselves more efficient, should any sudden call to arms again be necessary, but they would also, while doing something useful, be getting a great deal of amusement and sport out of their efforts—a somewhat cogent and necessary appeal to the modern Englishman.

The veteran Field-Marshal however, would be the last to deny that a great deal of work had previously been done by various societies connected with rifle-shooting, especially the National Rifle Association, which has carried on its successful meetings both at Wimbledon and Bisley for the last forty years. It has, however, to be remembered that the National Rifle Association dealt entirely (at least, up to the last few years) with the service rifle—that is to say, the long-range weapon—and for practical purposes this entailed some drawbacks. The chief of these was

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the necessity for the provision of outdoor ranges of from anything up to 1000 yards, with the necessary safety zone of another 2000 yards behind. To provide these great tracts of land suitable for modern rifle-ranges is a task of no little magnitude. Apart from finding suitable land, the enormous financial cost has to be reckoned with, and it is undoubtedly for this reason that England has comparatively few rifle-ranges. Another obvious reflection is that on account of there being so few ranges in this country it is necessary to give over those there are almost entirely to the training of the military forces of the Crown. Military considerations necessarily come first; and even though they do, there are still a great many who think—and I should certainly range myself amongst them—that our soldiers do not get nearly enough training in musketry as it is. The annual practice as now carried out is a very hurried affair, because of the limited range accommodation, which makes it impossible to give a more extended training to our Army. So, desirable as it is that the population generally should understand and be capable of handling a rifle, we have not a sufficiency of range accommodation to train the military forces adequately, much less to give any training or practice to our civilians. This was how the matter stood when Lord Roberts made his appeal to the nation in 1905 to support him in a campaign on behalf of rifle-shooting. He realised that heroic measures, such as providing rifle-ranges all over the country, were entirely outside practical politics. It has been computed—and this is merely touching the fringe of the question—that it would cost anything between five and ten millions sterling to expropriate owners of land near the big towns. There was, however, another method at hand, which, though lacking a great many advantages of the longer range, had still this redeeming feature, that it was both possible and practical. I refer to miniature rifle-ranges.

Now I have heard a great many people argue, and I must say they generally happen to be soldiers who ought to know better, that firing on a miniature range is of no value, which simply shows that they know very little about the question. As a matter of fact, this line of argument seems lately to have fallen into disuse. Some very fine results obtained by battalions on the outdoor ranges, after much miniature practice throughout

the winter indoors, have probably had something to do with this change of opinion. At starting the miniature rifle movement suffered almost as much from its friends as from its enemies. Every conceivable virtue and value was claimed for it, and the most extravagant results to the benefit of England were portrayed by pen and pencil as likely to arise from it. England, they said, was to be "saved" by its rifle clubs; invasion was to be forestalled; the Navy could be "scrapped"; in fact claims were made out for the movement which I will say unhesitatingly did more harm to its early development than was ever done it by its most ardent detractors. Happily, this line of argument is now dying its natural and much-to-be-desired death. England is not going to be saved by her rifle clubs, any more than France was saved by her *francs-tireurs*. Apart from the question of a strong Navy, which it is not necessary to go into here, England can only be "saved" by preparation, organisation, carefully thought out strategy, and discipline. There is no other road to success, there never has been, and there never will be.

This does not in the least mean that there is not great value to be attached to rifle-shooting; it is obvious that an army that can shoot straight must be—other things being equal—more serviceable than an army that simply wastes its ammunition. I have often been asked, "What is the use of men learning to shoot?" and I generally answer such a remarkably stupid question by another: "What is the harm?" It might be equally argued that it is no use learning to swim because you have not the least intention of ever falling into the sea. If you never *do* fall into the sea there will be no great harm in your having learned to swim; and if you do take an involuntary bath the uses of having learned to swim are obvious. The same argument might be employed against insuring your house against fire, or insuring a motor-car against accident. Again, nobody who learns to shoot wants, necessarily, to go to war. Learning to shoot does not mean "militarism"; but if there ever was another call to arms such as we had in 1899 it would surely be better that those responding to the call (as they undoubtedly would) should be masters of their rifle, and that the country should be spared that sorry spectacle of men being sent out to join the Yeomanry who had neither

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learned to ride or to use a rifle. Rifle clubs aim at preventing a repetition of this humiliating episode.

The two associations concerned with this question are the National Rifle Association and the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs. I cannot speak with any personal knowledge of the former, but I understand that it is making enormous progress both with the service weapon, which is its particular line, and in the miniature rifle club movement. It almost seems a pity that the two societies do not join up and form one big association though there appear to be certain reasons against this action. However, as they are both working towards making a man a good shot, perhaps the fact of having separate organisations may be regarded as a distribution of labour, and it may mean that riflemen are better catered for in the long run. Let us hope so.

As regards the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs, of which Lord Roberts is president, it is very satisfactory to be able to chronicle a splendid year of progress. The number of clubs affiliated at the beginning of last year was 503; at the beginning of this year they have grown to nearly 1100. If the growth of the society goes on at this rate it looks as if the ideal that Lord Roberts set before the country not so long ago would shortly be realised—namely, of having a “rifle club on every village green.” This saying, of course, must not be translated literally, as the question of safety, amongst other considerations, comes into the problem; but it is desirable that no village should be without its opportunities for rifle practice, and this can only be done by having a small rifle club immediately within its neighbourhood.

In forming a rifle club one or two problems have to be taken into consideration. Are the majority of members likely to be shooting during the day-time, or during the evening, after their work is over? In most villages practice can only be carried out after dark, as during the day members would be at work, either in the field or factory. This necessitates that the range should be lighted, and, therefore, under cover. Some village clubs are fortunate enough to have both outdoor and indoor ranges, and nothing could be much more agreeable than carrying on practice on a warm summer evening out in the

open air. But besides the fact that most people have something else to do in the summer, such as haymaking or cricket, or some other outdoor game, it will probably be found that it is during the long winter months, when work comes to an end about four o'clock, and there is nothing else to do until bed-time, that the miniature rifle club has its best chance of carrying out its good work. Those who are in touch with village life appear to agree that the rifle club has a very good influence in a country village, where there is, as a rule, nothing much to do, and this fact is attested to by the number of clergymen who have helped the movement along, and very often become the secretary of the club.

How, then, should a rifle club be started, and what is the length necessary for a miniature range? The first thing, undoubtedly, to do is to assure yourself that there is a demand for a range in the village, that there is the necessary enthusiasm to carry it on properly, and that you can make certain of finding a good secretary. Having discovered the latter, most of your difficulties disappear. The length of range necessary has been fixed as a standard at twenty-five yards. It is not often that a room can be found of this length, because it must be remembered that a few extra feet are also necessary at the firing-point end, to give room for the men firing to lie down. But it is frequently possible to find some barn near the centre of the village where this length can be obtained. Otherwise it is often not a difficult matter to arrange to shoot out of one shed across an intervening space to the targets situated in another shed. If it were necessary to erect a building specially for the range the price would work out at between £70 and £80 for a corrugated iron shed. The cost depends a good deal on the distance that the materials would have to be carted. Rifles are not expensive, there being some very good ones on the market from anything between 25s. and £3. Ammunition has now been brought down to an extremely low price, being obtainable at 8s. per thousand. The targets used are generally made of thin cardboard.

Matches between clubs in the various villages are becoming a recognised branch of sport in the country, and it is hoped that before very long every county will have its "county cup" to be competed for by all the clubs in the county.

THE RIFLE CLUB MOVEMENT

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Information on every point can always be obtained, and is gladly given by the secretary of the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs, at 21 Bucklersbury, London, and the same facilities for acquiring information are provided by the National Rifle Association. Rifle-shooting has been taken up by large railway companies, large business firms, gentlemen owning large estates, and by colleges and schools, and if the movement only continues to grow as it has done during the past three years there will shortly come a time when the Englishman will be as celebrated for his prowess in shooting as were his ancestors, the archers of England, in the olden times.

The new county associations are afforded a great opportunity to encourage and foster this movement, which it is to be hoped they will not be slow to grasp.

A. C. MORRISON-BELL.

THE COMING LIBERAL DÉBÂCLE

FOR the last twelve months the flowing tide of Liberalism, at high water in January 1906, has been on the turn, and now the by-elections tell the tale of a popularity at the ebb. This change of mind in the electorate is not to be dismissed by glib talk of the swing of the pendulum. The question is, Why does the pendulum swing? Why in so short a time are the electors weary of this present Liberal Government? Is there any explanation of the coming Liberal *débâcle*—already foreshadowed in the Government defeats at Brigg, Mid-Devon, and Hereford, at Jarrow and Colne Valley, and in the drop in the Liberal vote in Hull, Worcester, and Leeds? A sense of disappointment is manifest, and the disappointment runs throughout the country.

To recall the causes of the Liberal downfall in 1895—a downfall followed by ten years of Tory rule—is to understand why Liberalism will be engulfed in hopeless, irretrievable disaster when the next General Election occurs. Often as history is alleged to repeat itself, it has rarely happened in modern times that a set of political circumstances like the events of '95 are reproduced with so much care and fidelity only thirteen years later. What evil genius possesses the present leaders of Parliamentary Liberalism, compelling them to walk quietly and soberly to destruction as their predecessors did? What spell has been laid on the most democratic Government Britain has enjoyed, that, apparently all unaware of its offending, it should sink steadily into the abyss of popular disfavour and contempt, merely repeating the performance of the last Liberal office-holders in the nineteenth century?

In 1895 the Liberal Ministry courted destruction by tinkering at temperance with local veto proposals, thereby driving brewers

and publicans into active and relentless opposition, and by threatening the revenues and position of the Established Church in Wales, thereby alarming and alienating the bulk of loyal Church of England folk. Nothing came of Sir William Harcourt's Local Veto proposals, or of Mr. Asquith's Welsh Disestablishment Bill, save the provocation of fierce, well-organised hostility against a Government which had threatened, without injuring, the parson's freehold and the publican's licence. No friends were made by these futile attacks, but enemies were aroused, and the cry of "The Church in danger!" or "Our trade our politics!" brought thousands into the fray against Liberalism who ordinarily had no preference for the Conservatives.

To-day it is not the revenues of the Welsh Church that are being worried at by the Government, but the Church schools: the result is the same. To have banished all religious teaching from the elementary schools, and insisted upon State responsibility for secular subjects only, would have settled the difficulty in a courageous, straightforward manner. The Government preferred to irritate Churchmen, to anger Roman Catholics, and to annoy agnostics with a Bill that failed to satisfy the average Non-conformist. Discerning none of the signs of the times in the defeat of their first Education Bill, the Government return to the charge with a measure that still leaves the religious difficulty undressed and authorises religious teaching unpalatable to hosts of Anglicans and Roman Catholics. So here, as in '95, we have the leaders of the Church of England provoked to set their forces in array against the Liberal Ministry, and nothing done to encourage a counter-demonstration.

Incidentally, the deliberate neglect of all Liberal High Church clergymen in the bestowal of Crown patronage has quenched some ardent spirits who worked for Liberalism when the Conservatives were in power, and are now passed over. These clergymen, scattered up and down the country, are always in a difficult position, and were fairly entitled to some recognition. Their assistance in most cases will no longer be forthcoming to Liberal candidates at elections.

Again, as in '95, the Government are challenging the brewing industry to combat, and the present Licensing Bill, without satisfying the extreme section of the Temperance Party, or bringing

any comfort to those who desire the disinterested management of public-houses by the municipality, has succeeded in making militant antagonists of the licensed victuallers. In this case, too, not only brewers and publicans, but the members of workmen's clubs, are up in arms against the Government; and the influence of the workmen's clubs, social and political, counts for a good deal at elections.

In their main positive legislative proposals, then, the Government have chosen in the present Session to enter on a struggle with the Church and "the trade," and the issue can be anticipated. Half-hearted measures awaken an enemy to active reprisals, without arousing any enthusiasm among the people, and the Government's Education and Licensing Bills are Laodicean through and through.

It is not on the positive side alone that a Government incurs dislike. By its failure to achieve even more than by its work accomplished a Government stands discredited; and this is peculiarly the case with a Liberal Government in power. For Liberals in opposition promise so much. Ardent Radicals and earnest social reformers stump the country on Liberal platforms when the Conservatives are in office, and the Liberals are carried into power committed to the wide, far-reaching plans of social change desired by the democratic rank and file of the Party. Glad to make use of the enthusiasm which brings success at the polls, the Parliamentary Liberal cannot discourage his Radical allies before election, but once in power it is quite another matter. If a private member, he has now to vote at the bidding of the Party Whip, no matter what his promises were to his constituents. If a Cabinet Minister, he is either absorbed in official administrative work, carrying on the traditions of his immediate predecessor, or he is engaged in verbal battles in the House of Commons. As far as the Foreign Office, the India Office, the Home Office, the War Office, and the Local Government Board are concerned, it would be quite unfair to suggest that Liberalism can be made liable for any change of policy since the General Election. To all intents and purposes these great departments of State are administered by permanent officials, and the advent of a Liberal Ministry leaves them undisturbed. Hence the plain man, exhorted to save the country by

turning out Mr. Balfour's Government, and acting on the advice, finds in the course of a year or so that not only are the new Ministers slow to initiate long-promised reforms, but that they even deprecate any serious change from the official routine of their predecessors.

In the case of the War Office, Mr. Haldane's Territorial Army was not one of the attractions held out before the last General Election for returning Liberals to power, nor is it a creation that Liberalism can be said to have inspired.

In the Parliament of 1892-95 the neglect of social questions and the impotence of the Government in the face of national distress through unemployment brought the Labour Party into existence, and alienated for ever from Liberalism many thousands of workmen in the north of England. The Labour Party was only in its infancy in '95, but it was a factor in the Liberal rout, and helped to lose at least a dozen seats to the Government. To-day the Labour Party has a powerful organisation in the industrial districts, and is a growing force in politics. At the General Election Liberals and Labour men were in friendly alliance in many constituencies: that alliance is a thing of the past. The total failure of the present Government to propose any ameliorative legislation for the unemployed, its miserable inability to think of anything that can relieve the tragedy of the out-of-work artisan, and its unwillingness to encourage the efforts of the Distress Committees to provide temporary relief, have killed Liberalism in all the great manufacturing centres in the north. Mr. John Burns may enliven the House of Commons by picturesque accounts of midnight expeditions to soup kitchens: starving men and women are not so easily amused. The President of the Local Government Board, with his complete assurance that whatever Mr. John Burns does must be right, is, all unwittingly, hastening the downfall of his Party. For Mr. Burns on his acceptance of a post in the Cabinet was hailed as a friend by many of the distressed labouring people, but his career as Minister has revealed him rather as a stern drill sergeant. In fact, the member for Battersea is to the unemployed an incarnation of stiff, unbending authority, of law and order, indifferent to human suffering. Hence the bitter disappointment caused by the administration of the Local Government Board. Had Mr. John

Burns insisted on some Parliamentary measure for the relief of the unemployed, his work might have redeemed the failure of his colleagues. As it is, he has had his chance—the chance of a lifetime—and lost it; and for him there is no place for repentance. Of course, Mr. Burns is quite unaware how unpopular he has made the Cabinet of which he is a member, and his own failure will never be brought home to him until Battersea rejects him from Parliament.

By neglecting the unemployed, the Government, as in '95, betrays its followers, and gives a tremendous opportunity to the Labour Party, an opportunity which is not being wasted. On a very moderate computation, the Labour Party will muster sixty strong in the next Parliament, in addition to some thirty miners' members.

It is not enough for the Liberal Ministry to have passed by the unemployed as a negligible factor in politics; it has also thought it quite safe to scorn the demand for women's suffrage. In vain the Prime Minister declares his belief in the justice of votes for women; in vain over four hundred members were returned to Parliament pledged to support the enfranchisement of women; in vain the Women's Liberal Federation and Association have in the past canvassed and made speeches for Liberal candidates. The majority in the Cabinet declares that nothing can be done, or rather in most cases Cabinet Ministers decline to say anything at all when questioned. The result of this policy of studied contempt has been that women in earnest for the vote have taken the field with bitter pertinacity, not only against Liberal Ministers, but against all Liberal candidates at by-elections; and those who have taken part in these contests know quite well that the influence of the suffragists has told heavily against the Liberal. Every day the women's suffrage societies grow stronger, more resourceful, more daring; every day Liberal women are alienated from the Liberal Party to become suffragists. At the next General Election a body of support once relied on by Liberals will be gone, and the Ministry will learn the price of ignoring a claim admitted to be just.

Three other items in the present political position recall the days of '95.

A campaign against the Lords preceded the crushing Liberal

defeat of '95, and the present Ministry is also engaged, we are told, in a struggle with the Lords. Mr. Gladstone was far too constitutional a statesman to meditate any serious disturbance of the existing relations of Lords and Commons, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman made it plain last year that he favoured no drastic reform. So the old, unconvincing performance is repeated. And nobody believes now, any more than in '95, that the House of Lords is really in any danger, and the campaign is as flat and unprofitable a performance as can well be imagined. The House of Lords rejects bills now as calmly as it did in the Parliament of '92-'95; and now, as then, all a Liberal Ministry can do is to shake its fist, cry "How dare you!" and create another batch of new peers. It's too sorry a show, this "campaign against the Lords," to take in the least experienced elector; and the pitiful confession of Liberal politicians that they can't get their bills passed because of the House of Lords only results in votes going to the Tory candidate whose Party is strong enough to overrule the Upper House. Electors cannot be expected to support a party which openly acknowledges that it is at the mercy of the House of Lords.

Mr. Gladstone's retirement in 1894 and the disappointment of the Radicals at Lord Rosebery becoming Prime Minister over the head of Sir William Harcourt demoralised the Liberal Party internally, and hastened its downfall. To-day it is the impending retirement of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman from the Premiership, to be succeeded inevitably by Mr. Asquith, that will deal a heavier blow at Liberalism than did even Mr. Gladstone's retirement in 1894. For Mr. Asquith is a Whig of Whigs, a cold, bureaucratic type of politician: just as hateful to the Radicals as an Imperialist who supported the South African War as he is hateful to Imperialists for acquiescing in a "Pro-Boer" settlement; hateful to Labour men and social reformers as an apostle of *laissez faire*; hateful to women suffragists for his unconcealed dislike of their cause. Mr. Asquith's academic indifference to popular needs and aspirations has been shown many a time. His scheme of 5s. a week pensions for a few old men of sixty-five of exemplary and stainless character is quite in keeping with his career.

It is Mr. Asquith who is fated to lead the Liberal Party to

its coming destruction, as Lord Rosebery led it in '95. And as Lord Rosebery has now gracefully retired from the Party whose ranks he once adorned, to become a nebulous, no-party personage, so Mr. Asquith too may pass into the void when the ruin of his Party is complete.

Finally, we have an open difference of opinion within the ranks of the Liberal Party on the question of expenditure on armaments. Mr. Gladstone's retirement in '94 was hastened by his unwillingness to consent to the expenditure on armaments demanded by his colleagues in the Cabinet. To-day the active Radical section of the Party is in revolt at the Naval Estimates, and is ashamed at being called upon to vote sums it denounced, with all the bitterness it could command, as wickedly extravagant when Mr. Balfour was in power.

The smallness of the Liberal majority was the excuse for the Liberal downfall in '95. The very vastness of the present Liberal majority will make its downfall more emphatic, its defeat more crushing. To fall from so great a height will be to make any patching together of the Party impossible, and in all probability this will be the last Liberal Ministry England will see.

The Labour Party has but to extend its influence to the rural districts, and Liberalism will go down before it, as it is going down in the industrial divisions. The Labour Party offers Socialism, the Conservatives promise Tariff Reform: the future is between these two. A Liberal Government that professes its chief business is to maintain Free Trade, in other words, to keep things as they are, is out of date; and the coming *débâcle* will see not only the downfall of the most disappointing Ministry of modern times, but the utter disintegration of a Party that has outlived its usefulness.

A RADICAL STALWART.

GREATER BRITAIN AND INDIA

CANADIAN AFFAIRS

I

THERE is a lull, the usual prelude to the spring's awakening, in the tide of Canada's national life; business is "taking a rest" (to use Mr. W. S. Fielding's phrase), and the student of politics is more interested in the bright omens of Tariff Reform victory in the Mother Country than in the preparations of the two Canadian parties for the coming General Election, which, I am informed on high authority, will take place in November. In the circumstances it seems best to deal with two much-discussed publications, one of which throws light and the other a cloud of cuttle-fish's ink on the subject of the Canadian tariff. Let the bad book take precedence of the good one in the following criticism.

Mr. Edward Porritt, who lives somewhere in the United States, has written what purports to be a history of the Canadian tariff,* and British free importers, desperate sophists catching at the least straw of an argument in the hope of escaping from the coming deluge, have made the most of his perversion of the facts. Let us consider one significant example of his method. In 1893 Sir Richard Cartwright, stumping the country in the days when his *perfervidum ingenium* had not been cooled by the burden of official responsibility, declared that thirteen years of the national policy had cost Canada "hardly less than a thousand million dollars." "When Germany levied her enormous war indemnity upon France twenty years ago," he went on to say, "the total sum which the victors dared exact from the vanquished country

* *Sixty Years of Protection in Canada, 1846-1907*, by Edward Porritt' (Macmillan. 6s. net.)

hardly amounted to the sum which has been levied from you, and taken out of your pockets, for the purpose of entrenching your oppressors in power and enabling them to defeat the wishes of the people." Would any writer who aspired to be accepted as a serious authority on the science of political economy be so foolish as to base his argument on this piece of statistical rhetoric? Yet this is what Mr. Porritt does when, to affright the souls of British electors supporting the case for Tariff Reform, he estimates that during the period 1879-1907 Sir John Macdonald's national policy and the adaptation thereof by the Laurier administrations have cost Canada two thousand million dollars. It is true that he points out in passing that the number of men employed in manufacturing plants—at a very high rate of wages, as we know—in 1901 was 575,000, as compared with between 5000 and 7000 in 1858. What has become of this hypothetical money? He gives his readers to believe that it has gone where war indemnities go—out of the country. Or if compelled to admit the utter absurdity of such a suggestion, he would probably say that it had all gone into the pockets of a few manufacturers. But such a statement would be equally erroneous, since a moment's consideration of the increase in the number and average wages of the employees clearly shows that a very large proportion of this hypothetical sum must have gone into the pockets of the workers, and been distributed throughout the community from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But Mr. Porritt is blind to all such facts, since, like nearly all Cobdenites, he thinks the "producer" and the "consumer" are two distinct persons. In Cobdenite works on economics the producer never eats or wears anything; the consumer is merely a stomach, unemployed and unemployable. It is high time an end was made of all this fantastically foolish reasoning.

But it is the "ethical" motive of his book which will appeal most to the opponents of Tariff Reform in the Mother Country. A Tariff, whether it be mainly defensive, as in Canada, or offensive as well as defensive, as is the case with the U.S. tariff, which was avowedly framed to crush out British competition in the world's markets, is—in the Free-importer's opinion—an inevitable cause of political corruption. The American manufacturer is always asking for more, and the Canadian manufacturer

has not been slow to follow his example. But in the United States and in Canada—certainly in Canada—the influence of the agricultural vote has limited the gratification of this very human desire to increase the margin of profits. Mr. Fielding has, in the opinion of non-partisan observers, held the balance fairly enough between the agricultural and manufacturing sections of the country. That political corruption exists in Canada is a regrettable fact which nobody can truthfully deny. Germany and France both have a tariff midway in “height” between that of the United States and that of the Dominion. Yet political corruption is an insignificant factor in the former two countries, public opinion there being strongly opposed to the professional politician with an axe to grind. It is not the existence of a tariff, but the careless complaisance of the ordinary elector engrossed in his own business of money-making, which is the *causa causans* of political corruption in a “new” country such as Canada. Canada will grow out of this carelessness; so perhaps will the United States, where, however, the national habit of lawlessness, the outcome of the Puritan custom of passing laws far in advance of public opinion, is a seemingly insurmountable obstacle to reform.

But the other root fallacies of Mr. Porritt’s umbrageous history must be exposed. In the first place, he—like all the Cobdenite apologists—thinks that the economic annals of the world began about sixty years ago with the descent into the political arena of Richard Cobden with his campaign chest crammed with the donations of prosperous manufacturers, anxious at all costs to cheapen the price of an Englishman’s muscles, including his heart. Their “hands” would have been cheaper still if they had succeeded in preventing the factory legislation which put an end to white slavery in England. Mr. Porritt does not know that the foundations of British industry and commerce were laid in the century preceding the fatal victory of Cobdenism, and that the creation of the Empire in its present form was both the cause and the effect of England’s industrial enterprise. Wolfe and Arkwright are types of those who collaborated in the building of the Imperial policy on a ground-plan of world-embracing trade routes, many of them prolongations of mediæval lines of commercial communications. The impetus gathered in the years 1750–1840 sufficed to carry us

through the next fifty years (with gradually diminishing velocity); but progress has at last ceased, and this year the retrograde movement of British trade is patent to all the world, even the northern foci of industry being crowded with unemployed. And, because of his inability or unwillingness to look behind the gigantic plaster statue of Cobden which the Free Trade economists have erected at the historical cross-roads Mr. Porritt has nothing to say of the prosperity of the Canadas when they were linked to Great Britain by a preferential bond, and of the utter ruin which followed when that bond was severed by the Little Englanders of sixty years ago. A reciprocity treaty with the United States was the only solution of the problem of averting the economic destruction of the little river-states which eventually grew into the transcontinental polity of the Dominion. That came in time, and its abrogation was timely. So long as the Southern States had hopes of perpetuating a slave power, an *imperium in imperio*, any attempt to "Americanise" Canada, and so increase the strength of the North and of Northern opinion—remember Canada was the land of refuge for all escaped slaves—was vehemently opposed by the Southern representatives in Congress. The Civil War put an end for ever to the dream of a solid, independent South, and then the Annexationists, more especially those who hoped to conquer British North America by a process of peaceful penetration, were able to assert themselves in the sphere of North American politics. As all Canadians know, they always had the sympathy of the Little Englanders across the Atlantic. Mr. Porritt cannot, or will not, see these historical facts in a just perspective, and that is why he would have his readers believe that Sir John Macdonald's "National Policy" merely consisted of a tariff for the aggrandisement of non-existent manufacturers. He forgets, if he ever knew, that the object of the "Fathers of Confederation" was to create a transcontinental commonwealth which should be economically and politically independent of the United States, and that this task involved the purchase of the Hudson's Bay Company's territorial rights, the welding together of all the British North American communities, the building of the Canadian Pacific, and the adoption of a fiscal policy which would prevent Canadians from becoming mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for the United

by the *Times*, which is splendidly steadfast in foreign affairs, convinced serious Frenchmen that this *canard* was "a wilful diffusion of political error with regard to a matter of fact." But some of the lesser lights of the London and provincial Press, which derive their political inspiration from the Wilhelmstrasse or the German Embassy in London, which possesses a peculiarly active and audacious Press Bureau, as usual played the German game, and there was known to be a German philosopher in the Cabinet intriguing to restore the suzerainty of Berlin over the British Foreign Office.]

OUR love of gush and our snobbishness were counted on by the Germans to do the rest, and all the gushers and snobs were on the war-path directly the Emperor gave the cue in the City by his "blood is thicker than water" speech, and his fervent apostrophe to peace, which depended, he declared, on "the maintenance of good relations between our two countries, which I shall further strengthen . . . as far as lies in my power." This was instantly interpreted by those with whom the wish is always father to the thought as a pledge of friendship foreshadowing a change in German policy, and credulous persons actually imagined that it marked the end of the Kaiser's feverish and frantic rivalry of British sea-power, and bespoke a desire to meet the British Government's proposal to abate the race for armaments which had been so curtly dismissed at the Hague Conference. The Emperor's admirers declared that it would be highly characteristic of this impulsive war-lord to suddenly sheathe his sword; and to enter into a peace pact with his British cousins. Our sentimentalists were ecstatic, the "minimisers" were beside themselves with joy, so were our cheese-parers, who forthwith plotted a fresh raid on our naval and military expenditure, while Sir John Fisher was ready to embrace another opportunity of ingratiating himself with the politicians, and the "Admiralty Press" was instructed to prepare the public for the cessation of the building of battleships. It was a critical moment when salvation came from the most unexpected quarter, and if we have any spark of gratitude in our composition we shall be eternally grateful for a piece of stage management which could not have been bettered from the British standpoint if it had been engineered in the office of the *National Review*. Just as the *Westminster Gazette*, the *Tribune*, the *Daily News*, the *Daily Graphic*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Yorkshire Post*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and the rest of the pro-German pack, were off in full cry

on the "blood is thicker than water" scent, when Rosyth had been abandoned and next year's naval estimates were in serious jeopardy, the German Government suddenly produced a new and most portentous programme of shipbuilding which may without exaggeration be described as a declaration of war, and the whole *posse comitatus* of Potsdam Pressmen beat a hasty and humiliating retreat. The voice of the "superior persons" of Tudor Street was no longer heard in the land, and our provincial editors realised how brilliantly they had been bamboozled by an astute potentate. The "wickedness" of the *National Review* in proclaiming the hostility of Germany to England ceased to provide marketable "copy" in any quarter.

CIRCUMSTANCES combined to make the German challenge a real eye-opener. In justice to his Majesty's Ministers—though the admission is a grave reflection on their intelligence—it must be recognised that they honestly believed all the nonsense they talked on the subject of disarmament, which was declared by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman at the Albert Hall two years ago, and subsequently emphasised in a lamentable article in the *Nation*, which was regarded abroad as a typical piece of British hypocrisy—as not only within the region of practical politics, but actually on the point of realisation. The Prime Minister seriously thought that the civilised world was so oppressed by the weight of its armaments, that all nations would joyfully follow the lead of any Government sufficiently courageous to ignore its own Jingo, to initiate a policy of disarmament. The British Premier has no national ambitions and no national anxieties himself, and being totally devoid of imagination, he is utterly incapable of appreciating the national ambitions or the national anxieties of other people. He moves and lives and has his being in a world of Parliamentary clap-trap, in which words take the place of things, and he imagines such phrases as Free Trade, or Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform must be equally potent everywhere else. The Bannermans, the Birrells, the Burnses, and the rest of them regard the universe as a vast public meeting governed by Radical rhetoric. It required an earthquake to disturb their self-complacency. The last German general election, in which the Emperor frankly and successfully appealed to the patriotism of his people to support an expansive aggressive naval policy, doubtless created some impression on the Cabinet, and the pitiable fiasco of the Hague Conference, where Germany met us in much the same spirit as we met the Colonies at the Imperial Conference, was still more enlightening.

But in spite of such disquieting episodes, our peace-at-any-price politicians could not bring themselves seriously to believe that a great Christian civilised nation of kindred blood, enjoying the unspeakable advantages of universal suffrage, would deliberately embark on a policy which could only end in war, and as phrase-mongers themselves, they were deliriously delighted by the Imperial oratory at the Guildhall which overflowed with the very flappedoodle of which all Cabinet Ministers possess an unending supply. The echoes of that speech had, however, hardly died away, and gush was still on tap, when Prince Bülow, under the orders of the Emperor, discharged his thunderbolt in the shape of the Navy Bill of 1907, rendered all the more significant and sinister for these reasons: (1) The Emperor was the guest of the King at the moment; (2) It was the second German naval programme since the advent of the peace-at-any-price party to power in this country; (3) It followed on substantial reductions of British armaments coupled with offers of further reductions; (4) It was introduced at a time of severe financial stress in Germany; (5) The addition of nearly twenty million pounds of annual expenditure mainly on armaments in two years in peace time is believed to be a unique episode. Ingenuous Englishmen have expressed astonishment at the "tactlessness" of the Berlin Government, in choosing this precise moment to throw down the gauntlet, but their anti-British policy is all of a piece. In the first place it was artfully calculated that the laws of hospitality would restrain our amiable editors from doing their duty by the Emperor's new programme while its author was staying at Windsor Castle. Secondly, it was intended to show contempt for Great Britain, and to inculcate that contempt in the German people, who have always been trained by their rulers to despise as well as to hate their antagonists. German Anglophobia has from the outset been deliberately built up by its architects on a basis of cynical contempt.

THE calculation that our flabby newspapers would fail in their duty to England at this critical juncture was to some extent justified by the event. The leading "Admiralty" Saving our organ at once declared that it would not be Estimates. "opportune" to discuss the new German programme during the Imperial visit, and it cannot be alleged that Fleet Street as a whole played a very creditable or heroic part, though one would suppose that whenever it is "opportune" for one country to challenge another, it is equally "opportune"—and, indeed, imperative—for the challenged

nation to consider the challenge. The passive attitude of our Press, so far from pacifying Germany, has had a precisely contrary effect, and is being used by the German Press and by the German Government as so much evidence of the moderation of the new naval programme and as an argument for its enlargement. British inability to face disagreeable facts and the permanent refusal of our politicians on both sides of Parliament to give serious attention to the most vital of all national problems—the safety of the State—are among the causes of the contempt in which we are held throughout Germany, which is one of the most dangerous elements in the present situation. Fortunately for us, the German Government, after their wont, overshot the mark. We are *ex hypothesi* a stupid nation, but the Germans suffer from being too clever by half. It was exceedingly clever to silence criticism by launching a war programme while the Emperor was at Windsor, but they overreached themselves, and although the English are slow and stolid, this episode is likely to have a far-reaching effect by providing the very tonic of which this country stands so sorely in need. As was shown by articles in the "Admiralty Press" the Cabinet contemplated further reductions in British shipbuilding, with the criminal connivance of Sir John Fisher, in which both Mr. Balfour and Lord Cawdor would presumably have acquiesced, as they have remained silent spectators of the abandonment of the "irreducible minimum" of the Cawdor Programme, but there is now every reason to hope that in spite of Mr. Asquith's intention (*vide* the *Westminster Gazette*) to reintroduce outdoor relief on a colossal scale, the German Emperor has saved next year's Naval Estimates, and that we shall resume the construction of battleships, which, as Lord Charles Beresford recently declared, are "cheaper than battles," in which case "the Admiralty Press" will have to execute another right-about-face, and defend demands which they were about to denounce—a feat that will no doubt be performed with its accustomed agility. Then again, after a disgraceful and perilous delay of five precious years, for which Liberals and Unionists are equally responsible, condoned, needless to say, by Sir John Fisher's journalistic jackals, Whitehall has suddenly awakened to the necessity of our having a northern naval base, and according to Lord Tweedmouth, Rosyth is to be taken in hand at once. But as similar statements have been repeated at regular intervals for the last five years, we shall only believe that the Admiralty mean business when operations actually commence. In any case it will take

many years to create a Portsmouth on the Firth of Forth, and in the interval it might be worth while to consider the possibility of making the great shipbuilding yards on the Tyne available in war-time, a project which was, we understand, submitted to the late Government, and rejected on derisory grounds.

THE war preparations of the German Government—their military activity is scarcely less significant than their naval expansion, and Prince Bülow's speeches are unspeakably War offensive to France—are rendered all the more Preparations. sensational from coinciding with a succession of heavy deficits and severe financial stringency. In fact Germany is at this moment being held up on British platforms as an "awful warning" of the evils of Protection by self-complacent pedants like Mr. Asquith, whose powers of speech are only surpassed by the poverty of his understanding and by his total inability to grasp the larger issues of any national, international, or Imperial problem. Our ostriches cannot see that the vital and dominating fact is the stern determination of this poor, benighted, Protectionist country to seize the sovereignty of the seas, for which purpose she is piling tax on tax and programme on programme, with the enthusiastic approval of almost the entire people, whose chief quarrel with the Government is the inadequacy of the new Navy Bill, which lays down three battleships of the *Dreadnought* class to the *one* which Mr. Asquith and Co. had projected for next year as the battleship programme of wealthy, prosperous, Free Trade England. The British Chancellor of the Exchequer anticipates a surplus of several millions, which he is going to gamble away in various vote-catching devices. The German Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the other hand, confesses to a deficit of six millions, following on an increase of eighty millions in the German national debt during the piping times of peace since 1901. British Gallios, who care for none of these things, are probably not aware that vast as are the revealed ambitions of the German Government they have yet vaster ambitions in reserve. The present is not their last programme because it is not their real programme, and Prince Bülow's friend and confidant, General Keim, has just been made President of the German Navy League for the express purpose of carrying on the necessary campaign of education to "force the hand" of the Government into a yet more portentous programme, in which propaganda another of Prince Bülow's "bonnets," Herr Bass-

mann, the leader of one of the *Bloc* parties (the National Liberals) on which the Government depends for its majority, is also taking an active hand. Englishmen will not have forgotten that this same Herr Bassermann was the very obliging politician who in a speech at the National Liberal Congress at Erfurt in the summer of 1902, thus artlessly expounded German policy and disclosed the ultimate objective of German sea-power: "In our attitude towards England we must keep cool, and *until* (our italics) we have a strong fleet it would be a mistake to allow ourselves to be driven into a hostile policy towards England."

As Colonel Gädke, the well-known military critic, points out in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, after 1912 the mere necessity of keeping the Government dockyards employed will, in conjunction with other causes (*i.e.*, Anglophobe agitation), result in the establishment of "an unwritten Navy law" prescribing four new battleships *per annum*, which will leave far behind the present scheme of a fleet of thirty-eight battleships and twenty large cruisers, which is being already dismissed as a mere provisional programme by the "Large Navy" school (to which both the German Emperor and Prince Bülow belong, though they remain in the background for the moment), who are already demanding an annual increment of five or even six new battleships. Upon these ambitions Colonel Gädke remarks, "The worst of them is that their fulfilment would be equivalent to preparations for war, that it would be interpreted by our neighbours as a direct menace, and that within a measurable period of time it would be bound to lead to a sanguinary collision." We are of the same opinion. The German Government, *alias* the German Emperor, in spite of his hypocritical peace professions in the City of London and at tea-parties in English country houses, is making for and working for a war with England, which nothing can avert except adequate counter-preparations on our side, of which so far there is no sign either on sea or land, except Sir John Fisher's swagger and Mr. Haldane's fluency. Colonel Gädke admits, in a passage which should be filed for future reference, that war "would be the result of the attitude of those politicians who are inspired by the idea of a World Power, and who cannot endure that any other State should in any respect whatever consider itself stronger than ourselves. Extravagant armaments of this kind drive a nation into a policy of acquisition, and

estrangle it from the pursuit of progress." A supreme Navy is a sheer necessity to England, because the work, wages and food of our people depend upon it, and we have no other defence against aggression. But it is a luxury to a mighty military Power like Germany, who is equally invulnerable to naval or military attack, and to whom a big fleet can only be a weapon of aggression.

FOREIGNERS who are unversed in German affairs not unnaturally ask themselves how a country struggling with heavy deficits and to some extent suffering from the increased cost of living, is able to face the prospect of further unlimited burdens opened up by the insatiable Kaiser. The question is answered by that unerring guide to German policy, the *Times* Berlin correspondent,* who points out that those who ask such questions have forgotten that it is only in recent years that the standard of general comfort has been raised for any considerable section of the German and especially the Prussian people. "Universal military service and the memory of what was endured by their fathers and grandfathers, make the men of this generation prepared to contemplate hardships and sacrifices which in many other countries would only be regarded as justified in the imminence of some great national peril," and the *Times* correspondent significantly adds, "The Prussians, however, and the large proportion of the Germans, seem ready to incur these hardships and sacrifices on behalf of national ambitions, such as the desire to make the voice of Germany as powerful in the decisions of transoceanic questions as that of older and mightier world Empires." It is no use telling them that the security of their territory, the expansion of their commerce, and their political prestige are already safeguarded by naval and military forces which render an attack upon German shores a matter of extreme danger and difficulty. "There must be other conscious or semi-conscious considerations which stir the national spirit to encounter sacrifices which, except in the case of a victorious campaign, must entail great risks for the economic and political well-being of the nation." This suggests a key to the mystery. There is an understanding, as we pointed out last month, between the German Government and the German people, that the prodigious cost of these portentous programmes, which will all told probably aggregate 500,000,000 sterling before they are finished, shall ultimately come out of the pockets of the

* See *Times*, December 7.

wealthy victim, *i.e.*, the British, just as the cost of Germany's war with France was paid by the latter. However disagreeable may be the fact for us, and however reluctant we are to face disagreeable facts, the German people have been systematically educated to regard us as a barrier to their legitimate ambitions, and they are determined *coûte que coûte* to remove that barrier. And let us reiterate, they are convinced that the cost of the enterprise will fall upon the losers. German citizenship, be it remembered, is founded on duty, obligation and sacrifice, while British citizenship consists of rights, privileges and perquisites, and the result of a conflict between such unequal forces is regarded as a certainty by the Germans. Hence their gigantic gamble in sea-power. Although we realise that there is absolutely no prospect of arousing our political dead-heads of either Party—to nearly all of whom Party (with a big P) stands before country (with a small c)—to any realisation of the German danger, which is greater than the Spanish danger at the end of the sixteenth century, the French danger at the beginning of the eighteenth century, or even the Napoleonic menace of a hundred years ago, we cannot help hoping that at the beginning of a new year, when people are in a more or less reflective frame of mind, those Englishmen who place Country before party will boldly face the situation, and will resolve to meet the Prussian determination to conquer with a still more unbending British determination not to be conquered. But it must be sorrowfully admitted that a mental and moral revolution will be required before the patriotism of our people is on anything like the level of Prussian patriotism.

AMONG the satisfactory signs of the times is the electrical effect of the German menace on Mr. Stead, who has devoted many years to preaching the gospel of peace at any price and universal disarmament, and who was about to organise a vast peace pilgrimage round the world in order to convert Sovereigns and statesmen to the principles so unceremoniously repudiated at the Hague Conference—when the bombshell exploded. Mr. Stead has never had any difficulty in disposing of those who differ from him, and for trying to awaken our somnolent countrymen to the German danger we have been denounced month by month for many years in the *Review of Reviews* as “Teutophobes” and “Mad Mullahs”—Teutophobes for calling a spade a spade, and “mad” for repeating the truism that the single way of preserving peace is to be prepared for war, and that the sure way of promoting war is to be prepared for peace. We congratulate Mr.

Stead on his return to sanity, and gladly recall the fact that in the former days of his patriotism, before he became the mouthpiece of every Continental Anglophobe, he published a series of invaluable articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1884 entitled "The Truth about the Navy," which greatly helped to arouse the nation to the necessity of maintaining British Sea-Power. The peril is far greater to-day than it was then. The Mailed Fist is infinitely more formidable than any former enemy of England, because he commands forces by land and sea such as never yet in the history of the world have been at the disposal of one man. We heartily welcome Mr. Stead in the firing-line, and observe that he has already been "sniped" at by his quondam friends of "the Emergency Committee" of the International Arbitration League, of which Sir W. Randall Cremer is the President, which hurriedly passed a Resolution stating that they "fail to see in the shipbuilding programme of the German Government anything which would militate against the recent cordial reception of the German Emperor, and the improved relations now existing between the two countries," and denouncing Mr. Stead, who, "after having associated himself with the friends of peace, now reverts to the policy of panic which he formerly supported." These same Tailors of Tooley Street would equally "fail to see" any objection to a German invasion of England, and would doubtless interpret the landing of half a dozen German Army corps as conclusive evidence of German goodwill.

MR. STEAD states the position as between Germany and England with moderation and common sense :

The Stead

Programme.

There is no question as to what John Bull will reply to the German programme, be it little or big. He will say that he is sorry, but if it must be so he cannot help himself. Without any unfriendly feeling he accepts in all courtesy the challenge which is offered him. He wishes nothing more than the maintenance of the *status quo*. He has no army to speak of; his only defence is his navy. The maintenance of its unquestioned supremacy is for him a matter of life and death. His readiness to secure that supremacy is the condition of the existence of the British Empire. He does not waste his breath in idle moan or profane objurgation when any of his neighbours challenge him to see whether or not he is prepared to hold his own and maintain his position. . . . The challenge is none of our seeking, we simply take our stand on the *status quo*. We are willing to maintain the *status quo*, either by reducing armaments or by arresting the increase of armaments. But if it can be maintained in no other way, we are ready and resolved to maintain it by competition.

Mr. Stead adds : "We shall bring forward no imposing counter-

programme. But when the Kaiser lays down one keel we lay down two. That is the formula of safety. We shall no more discuss it than a swimmer discusses the necessity of keeping his head above water. We shall simply do it because we have no alternative except that of suicide." The *Daily Mail* calculates that Mr. Stead's programme would involve Naval Estimates of £40,000,000—a small price to pay for security. Mr. Stead cannot be dismissed as a Jingo, a Tory, or a Protectionist. He is a professional *pacifist*, a Radical and a Cobdenite, and it will be interesting to see what success he has in stirring up the anti-patriots of the present Cabinet. We regret that Mr. Stead should celebrate his return to sanity on the naval problem by a wild outburst against compulsory service showing that he is about twenty years behind the times on this branch of National Defence. Over thirty admirals have joined the National Service League, which advocates compulsory service for Home Defence, because they realise that in our present unarmed plight, the British Navy would be prevented by a panic-stricken people from discharging its proper function in war, *i.e.*, to seek and sink the enemy's fleet, for fear of the invasion of these islands during its absence. The "Admiralty Press" has naturally boycotted Mr. Stead's pronouncement, which hardly suits the book of a First Sea Lord who is devoting his considerable talents to imperilling the safety of the State by weakening our Navy, by breaking it up into fragments, by demoralising its *personnel*, by setting squadron against squadron, ship against ship, and officer against officer. We suspect, however, that Sir John Fisher is nearing the end of his tether. The country could be presented with no more popular New Year's gift than the announcement that the First Sea Lord had retired with a "well-earned" peerage.

ACCORDING to the Blue Water School—"the Blue Water maniacs," as they have been christened by Lord Wemyss—

The Problem
of Invasion.

Englishmen need not trouble themselves about German designs ("they may sleep quietly in their beds," to quote the soporific phrase of Sir John Fisher) so long as we possess a majority of battle-ships over our adversaries. Happily the intelligence of the community is rising in revolt against this egregious formula, which we owe to the misreading of Mahan. The Blue Water doctrine is naturally popular among Ministers, ex-Ministers, and Members of Parliament, because it saves them the trouble of thinking. It enables them to dismiss the military problem, and above all obviates the necessity of tackling the awkward question

of compulsory service for home defence, which is the only practical plan of securing the safety of these islands against the amphibious aggression of a modern nation in arms. Even Mr. Haldane—who at the beginning of 1906 announced his unreserved acceptance of the egregious Balfour declaration that invasion was so far removed from practical politics that it need not be considered by serious persons—is beginning to change his tune. Is he discovering the Pathway to Reality? He recently warned a Manchester audience against the folly of putting all our eggs into one basket, while in another speech he swung completely round from his former views, declaring that Free Trade England could not possibly maintain the two-Power standard against her Protectionist rivals, and discussed the contingency of the landing of 100,000 men, which he audaciously pretended his paper Territorial Army could cope with. This is a *volte face* with a vengeance, though it is probably intended rather to cover the abandonment of the two-Power standard than to indicate any intention of his Majesty's Ministers to put home defence on a sound basis. Some aspects of the invasion problem are luminously discussed in a thoughtful article in the *Morning Post* (December 11, i.e., the day of the German Emperor's departure) which points out that "a Power with a large and efficient army would welcome any opportunity which might present itself, without or before the destruction of the British Navy, of landing in Great Britain a force strong enough to overcome military resistance, and thereupon to seize the bases upon which the British Navy must depend for its power of continued action." According to the art of war, the chances in either attempt depend upon the quantity, quality, and direction of the forces employed. After suggesting hypothetical naval engagements, the *Morning Post* reminds us that British naval skill has not been seriously tested for nearly a century, and that the conditions of naval warfare have been revolutionised since our last great engagement, and it is consequently "a mere unproved assumption" that our Navy now possesses any superiority over other navies in the skill of its officers and men. Every Englishman hopes that it does, "but hope is not demonstration." The art of war is scarcely recognised at the Admiralty, which may account for the fact that for many years commissioned ships of the British Navy "have been divided into three groups strung out on a line two thousand miles long, and that the last 'improvement' further split up the most important group into two, one of them at sea under its Admiral, and the other in port under another Admiral, a situa-

tion not very different in its effect upon operations from that of being five hundred miles away." As the *Morning Post* remarks :

These phenomena when thought over do not seem to lead to the conclusion that defeat or a hostile landing is impossible. They should be considered in connection with the steady increase of the German Navy in numbers of ships and men, its incessant training, and the importance attached by its authorities to the study of the art of war, for which there is a great naval college at Kiel as well as a great general staff—called Admiral Staff—at headquarters. Undoubtedly it is to the Navy that Great Britain should look to prevent invasion. But invasion will not be prevented merely by building men-of-war. It must be prevented, if at all, by acquiring a better art of war than any other navy possesses and by entrusting the representative of that art with power at the Admiralty Board.

THE German Government, who, to do them justice, never conceal their contempt for their dupes, have recently given British Liberals another "nasty knock," which, if Liberals had any self-respect, would finally rupture the unholy alliance between the *Westminster Gazette*, the *Manchester Guardian*, and the *Tribune* on the one side, and the Wilhelmstrasse on the other. Every one except the Press puppets of Prince Bülow and the German Embassy in London (whose impudent campaign in the provincial Press has been effectively exposed by the *Manchester Daily Dispatch*) is aware that the Government of Prussianised Germany is the centre and the mainspring of Continental reaction, and the deadly enemy of every Continental liberty, national and individual. There is not a single neighbouring nation who does not feel its future threatened by the boundless ambitions of a Pan-German Emperor controlling appalling powers of aggression. The old dread that Europe would either become Republican or Cossack has been replaced by a greater dread of Junkerdom, or the Prussianisation of the Continent. The spirit of Junkerdom is typified by the ruthless punitive measure recently introduced into the Prussian Diet by the *Westminster Gazette's* contributor, Prince Bülow, the professed admirer and lover of British Liberalism, for the forcible expropriation of Polish landowners, and the acquisition of their property by Germans. As all preceding efforts to extirpate the Poles have not merely failed but have recoiled on their promoters, a sum of £17,500,000 is now to be devoted to the "plantation" of Posen. Sir Rowland Blennerhassett explains elsewhere the true inwardness of the Polish policy of Prussia, which affords Russia a golden opportunity for a great reconciliation with her Poles ; but, unfortunately, owing to the

poisonous influence of Potsdam over Peterhof, Nicholas II. has allowed himself to be persuaded by his evil genius, Wilhelm II., to choose this particular amount to harass the Russian Poles, and to suppress their school organisation, the *Matica*, while under the same deplorable influence he is resuming hostilities against Finland, and is thus at once destroying Slav solidarity, and throwing the Scandinavian world into the arms of their worst enemies, the Germans. While British Radicals are prostrating themselves before the Arch-Autocrat of Germany, all the other autocrats dance to his piping. The outlook for humanity at the opening of the New Year is about as ominous as it could be. Reaction is arming itself at all points, while Progress is disarming.

NOT the least interesting of recent international incidents was Lord Ampthill's visit to Paris on the invitation of the Ligue Coloniale Française to deliver the first of a series of lectures by distinguished foreigners on colonial problems. It was a graceful compliment on the part of our French friends and former keen colonial competitors to invite an Englishman to open the ball, and it was fortunate that the lot should have fallen on Lord Ampthill, as few of our public men have his gifts for addressing foreign audiences in their own language. As a member of the Committee which visited Switzerland last September under the auspices of the National Service League, Lord Ampthill greatly distinguished himself by his admirable extempore speeches in German, and now by his French lecture and his French speeches at the various functions held in his honour in Paris, he has given further proof of his ability and versatility. The ex-Governor of Madras makes a success of everything he undertakes, and although young, he has already had a career which gives brilliant promise for the future, and as he takes a large national view of public questions it is to the public interest that he should come to the front. The subject of his lecture, which was delivered on November 27, under the auspices of M. Etienne (the President of the Ligue Coloniale, ex-War Minister and Vice-President of the Chamber, "the French Chamberlain"), to a remarkably representative gathering, was "British Imperialism." The speaker devoted himself to interpreting ideals which have been grossly misrepresented abroad to the detriment of British relations with almost every foreign Power. To the foreign Man in the Street British Imperialism simply signifies wholesale land-grabbing under cover of humanitarian pretensions which add insult to injury. Lord Ampthill

emphasised the democratic origin of Imperialism, which in the present century plays the same rôle as the Nationality movement played last century, and after giving an outline of the Constitutional relations between the Mother Country and the daughter nations and describing the status of our great Indian Empire, pointing out that Imperialism had its duties as well as its rights, he took the opportunity of explaining the policy of Imperial Preference, about which there has been almost as much misunderstanding among foreign observers as among its home critics. It was a policy which would be unquestionably adopted by any other nation in our position. "It is a policy which must be thoroughly comprehensible to Frenchmen, for it was clearly formulated in this country more than a hundred years ago by one of the revolutionary assemblies. The Constituent Assembly of July 28, 1791, laid down the general principle, 'Colonial trade should be regarded as a family business, as conducted between one part of the nation with another part of the nation.'" Nothing could more clearly describe the policy recently adopted by the British Colonies, and by the Party of Tariff Reform in the Mother Country. The speaker ended with this felicitous reference to the *Entente Cordiale*: "You people of France have reached the same level as ourselves in the development of Imperialism, and, like mountaineers, we have decided to go roped together, so that if one of us slips or falls the other may support him. The *Entente Cordiale* is the rope that forms our mutual support; it is in appearance a slender bond, but just as a thin, frail wire can convey the tremendous force of electric energy, so this bond of sympathy between us may be, after all, the most powerful that can be devised."

ON the following day (November 28), Lord Ampthill was entertained at lunch by M. Etienne and the officers of the French Colonial League, when M. Etienne paid a striking tribute to King Edward, who when Heir-Apparent had "learnt to know, understand, and love our country."

Since his accession he has been the best promoter of a *rapprochement* between France and England. The *entente cordiale* is, therefore, his work, nobly conceived and realised. It affords our two countries a strength which can but contribute to the peace of the world. If it has not the official extension which we could on both sides have given it in case of need, it is, in the solidity of the bonds that it creates between us, worth as much as the most solemn alliances, and as we intend it to be indissoluble, it has all the value of those alliances with the advantages derived from a well-reasoned and spontaneous friendship.

Sir Francis Bertie, our capable Ambassador in Paris (whose reputation has been appreciably augmented by the hysterical attack of a peripatetic journalist, who considers that the primary function of Ambassadors is to provide "copy" to interviewers) made an appropriate reply, while Lord Amthill spoke of the fine qualities of Englishmen and Frenchmen, which nowadays secured mutual appreciation. According to the *Times* Paris correspondent, Lord Amthill's visit to Paris "has been a great and genuine success, and has materially consolidated the *entente cordiale* in a direction likely to give it that indissolubility referred to by M. Etienne." It was peculiarly opportune, because it coincided with the efforts of third parties to drive a wedge in between the two countries. Our readers will be particularly interested in the article on "Greater France," by M. Jacques Bardoux, one of the ablest, most patriotic and sympathetic of French publicists, which forms a valuable corollary to Lord Amthill's lecture. M. Bardoux interprets for the benefit of English readers the policy of French Imperialism, which the Third Republic has pursued with so much skill, tenacity and devotion, and which has resulted in the creation of Greater France.

IN spite of an unsatisfactory by-election at West Hull, where a seat which could easily have been won was wantonly thrown away by egregious mismanagement, the prospects of the Unionist Party have substantially improved and are steadily improving. The Birmingham Conference and Mr. Balfour's Birmingham speech have cleared the air. The Leader of the Opposition has at last provided a platform for the union of the Unionist Party on which all Tariff Reformers can unreservedly take their stand. Mr. Balfour, in defiance of bad advisers to whom he habitually pays too much deference, placed Fiscal Reform in the forefront of the Party programme, and defined it in terms intelligible to any intelligent child in arms, though apparently beyond the comprehension of Mr. Asquith and the Cartoonist of the *Westminster Gazette*, who realise that the future of their Party, which is being ground between the upper mill-stone of Tariff Reform and the lower mill-stone of Socialism, depends on the perpetuation of dissension in the ranks of the Opposition, and accordingly make it their business to pretend that we are still divided after we are united. That, however, is one very cogent reason why Unionists should close their ranks and refuse to play into the hands of the enemy by gratuitously creating difficulties for one another where none exist. We have frequently had occasion

in the past to protest against Mr. Balfour's ambiguity, and have been quite unable at times to make head or tail of his fiscal pronouncements, or to understand where his sympathies lay, while the attitude of several of his colleagues of the ex-Cabinet has left everything to be desired, and has been a continual source of irritation and paralysis to the whole Party. Should the Unionist Front Benches succumb to further attacks of ambiguity, we should not hesitate to renew our protests ; but mere captious criticism is of no practical use to any cause or to any Party, and it would be utterly unreasonable to continue criticism after all reasonable objections have been met and all reasonable doubts resolved. At Birmingham Mr. Balfour, without going into details for which no Leader of an Opposition ought to be asked, laid down a policy which all Tariff Reformers can and do unhesitatingly accept without any *arrière pensée*. We do not care one brass farthing whether that policy be labelled Free Trade, as some people insist, or Protection, as others choose to call it. It is the policy to which the Unionist Party is now irrevocably pledged whenever it returns to power, and it marks a complete break between Unionism and Cobdenism. It is a broad, comprehensive policy which we have no shadow of doubt will ultimately become our national policy, unless so much precious time is wasted in futile controversy over nomenclature that we miss the golden moment for adopting a moderate scheme of Tariff Reform, and as the result of industrial, fiscal, and political disasters, plunge into McKinleyism in the vain hope of saving the wreckage of the Empire.

THE Unionist Leader declared in favour of the following principles, to which practically the entire Unionist Party assents, while the dissentients diminish day by day. (1) The free importation of raw materials ; (2) widespread duties on other goods ; (3) low duties ; (4) mutual Imperial Preference, which involves the readjustment of existing food duties, which must not, however, "alter the proportion in which the working classes are asked to contribute to the cost of government," in other words, there will be no increase in the cost of living. These propositions, as Mr. Balfour said at the time, are perfectly plain and perfectly precise, and the extraordinary effect of his Birmingham speech fully justified the opening sentences of his subsequent speech at a great mass meeting at Devonport (December 9) : "Surely no man who witnessed the greeting which you have given me and saw the

vast sea of faces all animated by one belief, all determined to further one great cause, could suppose that the Unionist Party is now a divided party. Nor do I believe that, as a matter of fact, that charge can any longer be brought against us"; adding: "If I read aright the signs of the times, there is not merely a growing conviction, but a conviction which has already grown, on the subject of Fiscal Reform, which is no longer, or in a few months will no longer be, as I am well convinced, the subject of division in any section of the party, but will rather be an animating motive, a deep-rooted and patriotic national conviction, which inspiring alike leaders and followers, is predestined to make the next Unionist Administration memorable in the history of this country." No Party leader has ever made a more unequivocal or emphatic pronouncement, which removes all possible probable shadow of doubt, all possible doubt whatever, as to the action of our Party on its advent to power, and in the face of which it is mere disingenuousness on the part of the Ministerial Press to pretend that the Opposition is a divided house on the Fiscal question. There is no longer any reason for division, and the Party are now entitled to ask all Unionist Members of Parliament who were returned as followers of Mr. Balfour at the last election to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest his recent declarations of policy, and to devote themselves with rather more energy and enthusiasm than some of them have hitherto exhibited to its propagation, in order that a national mandate may be obtained for its execution; and if the minute and microscopic handful of Unionist dissentients in the House of Commons, who are completely out of touch with their constituents on the Fiscal question, are still unable to see their way, in the interests of the nine questions out of ten on which we are all agreed, to subordinate their views on the tenth question, the only honourable and honest course for them to pursue is to make way at the next General Election for candidates who will help Mr. Balfour in rendering "the next Unionist Administration memorable in the history of this country." It stands to reason that however averse Unionists may be to "court martials" and "excommunications," they cannot, as practical politicians, consent to return men to Parliament who will devote themselves to thwarting "the first constructive work" of the next Unionist Government, and who in so doing will destroy that Government. At the same time we do in all sincerity hope, for the sake of all the causes which the Party represents, that the dissentients will come along rather than stand out. They have made a gallant fight against superior numbers which is entirely to their credit, and it

would be even more to their credit after having registered this protest that they shall now frankly bow to the inevitable and recognise that the Unionist Party has ceased to be a Cobdenite Party and throw in their lot with us rather than set up as political Ishmaelites.

THE only passage in Mr. Balfour's Birmingham speech to which we demurred, as we explained last month, was his reference to "Free Trade in the Empire"—a phrase liable to serious misunderstanding in the Colonies, and which has been misunderstood in Canada and elsewhere. To the self-governing dominions Free Trade within the Empire simply spells bankruptcy, as their whole financial and industrial systems are founded on a protective basis, and as their ruin would be as dire a disaster to the Mother Country as to themselves, it would not be our interest, even if we controlled their policy, to establish unrestricted Free Imports throughout the Empire. Mr. Balfour presumably meant "freer trade." Canadian apprehension has since been allayed by Lord Lansdowne, who broke his two years' silence on the fiscal question in a speech at Sheffield (Dec. 6), which afforded further evidence, if any were required, of the solidarity of the Unionist Party. He declared that "the day had long passed for anything which could properly be called Imperial Free Trade. The four great Colonies made up their minds to have industries of their own, and to protect them if necessary against us," but, as he added, "the Colonies could not get on without imports. The more populous they became, the richer they became, the larger their import trade must be, and they were prepared upon reasonable terms to secure to us the privilege of a larger share of that trade. . . . The position of the Colonies was perfectly distinct. They were ready to give us at once, gratis, a small amount of preference; they were ready to give us a much larger one if we would give them something in return." Lord Lansdowne "was one of those who rejoiced that Mr. Balfour, in his memorable Birmingham speech, had done more than anything else said by any public man for some months to bring their party together, and he rejoiced that Mr. Balfour should have announced authoritatively to the country that if he should come back to power he would make it his business to call the Conference together again, to endeavour to arrive at a mutually advantageous solution of the problem," and again he (Lord Lansdowne) "strongly believed that the feeling of the country was growing enormously in favour of the policy of Fiscal Reform."

TOWARDS the close of the same speech, Lord Lansdowne returned to the charge and reiterated that besides the pressing and immediate duties of upholding the Two General Elections. Union and resisting Socialism, and maintaining the Constitution, "they would be right in constantly keeping before them the fact that, when the time came for their side once again to direct the policy of the country, they would require from the electors a mandate not to bolster up exoteric and artificial industries in this island, but to endeavour to secure for our own indigenous industries, fair treatment both at home and abroad." From the reformer's point of view Lord Lansdowne's Sheffield speech is unimpeachable. He is occasionally described by those anxious to accentuate Unionist difficulties as a Free Trader. We are not ashamed to say that we are Free Traders in the same sense. The employment of such epithets only shows how far removed is the real issue from verbal controversy. The *Westminster Gazette* is highly elated at detecting in an exceedingly condensed report of one of Lord Lansdowne's subsequent speeches in Scotland words which it interprets as indicating that two General Elections must precede the reform of our present tariff. We fail to find this meaning in anything Lord Lansdowne said. The notion that any political party would commit suicide by plunging into another General Election the moment it comes into office, is so puerile that we feel sure nothing could have been further from the thoughts of such a cautious politician. On the contrary, in the passage already quoted, he spoke of our coming in with a mandate, and it is obvious that when we come in it will be for the express purpose of undertaking "the first constructive work of the Unionist Party" as defined by Mr. Balfour at Birmingham, and no one hereafter will have the shadow of a pretext for misappreciating our position. We are a party of Tariff Reformers, or of Fiscal Reformers, if any of our readers prefer the latter label. We say what we mean, we mean what we say. We shan't be happy until we get it.

ONE diminutive but happily dwindling section of irreconcilables are highly disgusted with recent developments—the so-called Unionist Free Traders, who arrogate to themselves a name to which, according to their respected leader, the Duke of Devonshire, Englishmen have no right, for the simple reason that we have not got Free Trade. Our esteemed contemporary, the *Spectator*, is their solitary spokesman in the Press. But of late, even the austere unbending *Spectator* has somewhat fallen from grace, and has become wayward and inconsistent in its

fiscal views. At the opening of the controversy, and for several subsequent years, our contemporary valiantly declared that Cobdenism was as sacrosanct as the Monarchy, and that it (the *Spectator*) would never cease campaigning until all political parties in the State agreed in recognising that the shibboleth of Free Imports was as completely beyond controversy as the Crown itself. Nowadays, however, the oracle of Wellington Street is pathetically pleading for a Royal Commission on our fiscal system! The *Spectator* is evidently coming along, as it would never dream of profaning the British monarchy by suggesting that it should be investigated by a Royal Commission. It is a very significant sign of the times. It is as though a Mussulman asked for a Royal Commission on the Koran. If Free Importers want a Commission, Royal or otherwise, consisting of themselves and presided over by Lord Balfour of Burleigh, who is a born Royal Commissioner, to construct a golden bridge over which they can withdraw from an utterly untenable position, by all means let them appoint one. We shall not object. But it would be sheer hypocrisy for Tariff Reformers to take part in such a farce, because even if fifty Royal Commissions reported against taxing the foreigner, and declared in favour of driving Canada into the arms of the United States, which is what the rejection of Preference means, they would not affect the views of a single Tariff Reformer by a single hair's breadth. Among other inconsistencies which prevent Unionists from regarding the *Spectator* as the guide, philosopher and friend of their Party, is the disagreeable fact that at the last General Election it summoned its readers to vote for Radicals and Home Rulers. Our contemporary erroneously believed that free imports was a sure safeguard against Socialism, which, *ex hypothesi*, was the exclusive product of Protection. On January 13, 1906, on the eve of the polls, the *Spectator* declared "it is specially important that Manchester should reject Mr. Balfour . . . We trust that Mr. Horridge will receive the support of all Unionist Free Traders and will be returned for East Manchester. *We trust also that Mr. Winston Churchill will be successful in the gallant fight he is making* (our italics), and that Manchester and Salford will lead an unbroken phalanx of Free Traders to Westminster." After the Unionist *débâcle* our contemporary claimed credit for having placed the Campbell-Bannerman Government in power as the trustees of Free Trade. But now it is so appalled at the spread of Socialism in Cobdenite England, that it summons its discarded Unionist friends to sink their differences (*Anglice* to swallow the *Spectator's* fiscal views), and to follow its lead in a crusade against its Radical

protégés, nine-tenths of whose policy is now abhorrent to their former sponsors. It is a magnificent piece of bluff.

THEN again before the Birmingham Conference, Tariff Reformers in general, and the *National Review* in particular, were severely admonished by the *Spectator* for The *Spectator's* intriguing against Mr. Balfour's leadership in an Vagaries.

article entitled "The Cabal against Mr. Balfour,"* and the leader of the Opposition was urged to "face the situation boldly, and tell his Party as a whole that unless he is accorded a more loyal support than he has received of late, he will resign his office. Indeed, we are not sure that the better course would not be actually to tender his resignation at the Birmingham Conference. If he did that he would soon make his present critics and opponents realise how essential he is to the Party, and how impossible they would find it to get on without him." This after the *Spectator* had ejected Mr. Balfour from Manchester! As our readers are aware, Mr. Balfour came to Birmingham, faced the situation, participated in a wonderful demonstration of Party unanimity and enthusiasm, and made a memorable speech which was universally approved, and when it was over the *Spectator* declared: "There is nothing ironic, insincere, or malicious in our words when we say that we feel no small amount of sympathy with the Tariff Reformers in their attempts to decide whether Mr. Balfour has gone far enough for their purposes, and whether they dare regard his speech as that of a leader who will lead them in the end, not where he wants, but where they want to go." We Tariff Reformers have done everything to make it clear that we unhesitatingly and unreservedly accept Mr. Balfour's speech as providing a platform of Party union, and we are now entitled to call upon the so-called Free Traders to follow our example, all the more as they have repeatedly declared that Mr. Balfour is not a Protectionist. But the *Spectator* is impossible to please. Only the other day it was severely scolding us for cabal-ling against Mr. Balfour, and now it turns round (December 14) and scolds Mr. Balfour for declaring that the Party is no longer divided, and hints that the Unionist Free Traders intend to run candidates of their own against the recognised Unionist candidates at the General Election! This is how these professors of Party loyalty propose to behave if Mr. Balfour "is not able to give more satisfaction than he has yet given to the claims of the Unionist Free Traders." The real truth is—tell it not in Gath and whisper it not in the streets of Ascalon—for

* See *Spectator*, November 2.

all practical purposes there are no Unionist Free Traders. They are "men in buckram" who are continually reappearing under different aliases. It is true that their attenuated ranks include statesmen and administrators of exceptional ability and high reputation, some of whom are constitutionally unable to move with the times, while others are completely out of touch with social and industrial conditions through having lived their admirable lives abroad. They are leaders without followers, and there is not a single constituency in which a Unionist Free Trader candidate could poll 500 votes, and not half a dozen in which they could count on 100 votes. As one of them recently confessed, "We are a room full of distinguished people." Their position, moreover, has been hopelessly compromised by Lord Cromer's speech, on which we commented last month, laying down the doctrine that Great Britain must not change her fiscal policy for fear of arousing foreign resentment. It would be impossible to imagine a more crushing condemnation of Cobdenism than the assertion of the most distinguished of living Cobdenites that we must adhere to Free Imports because it is so extraordinarily advantageous to our commercial competitors that they would resent our abandoning it. We ask nothing better than that Lord Cromer's speech could be put on a gramophone and sent touring through the constituencies, as no single utterance throughout the Fiscal controversy is more calculated to promote Tariff Reform. There is no safer way of "drawing" one's Free Trade friends than by emphasising this Fear-of-the-Foreigner argument.

WHILE Free Importers are killing Free Imports with their speeches, it has sustained no less fatal blows from the facts, as our readers may gather from the article elsewhere, in which Mr. Garvin surpasses even his own high-water mark as a destructive and constructive critic. Never has any statesman been so speedily and abundantly justified in his forecast and his counsel as Mr. Chamberlain, and the unwilling testimony of his bitterest opponents arrayed by Mr. Garvin, is simply startling. Mr. Chamberlain warned us that we should be passed by our rivals in the national race unless we reconsidered our Fiscal Policy. Mr. Haldane has just announced that our chief Protectionist competitors are progressing so rapidly in all the attributes of nationhood and Empire, that it will become impossible for Free Trade England to maintain the two-Power naval standard which

Unwilling
Witnesses.

is the acknowledged palladium of our liberties. Alone the United Kingdom is doomed, but as the centre of a united Empire she may yet renew her youth and strength and greatness. Mr. Chamberlain also warned us that the only permanent security for cheap food lay in developing our own food-supplies under our own flag. Since he spoke wheat has gone up at least 10s. a quarter, and the price of the quartern loaf has become an anxiety in all the humbler households, while the *Westminster Gazette* of all papers has discovered and demonstrated that our meat-supply is entirely at the mercy of an American Trust—which we always used to be told was a product of Tariffs, and could only flourish where Tariffs existed—which has captured the British market, and injures our farmers without benefiting our consumers, and our Cobdenite contemporary calls for a "combination of interests" to fight the enemy. As Mr. Garvin observes, the operations of the American Beef Trust are even more injurious to England than is cattle-driving to Ireland. Mr. Chamberlain also became a butt for all the cheap sallies of the Free Impostors for emphasising the dangers of dumping, and was told by the cackling chorus of Cobdenites that so long as we took care of the imports the exports could take care of themselves. The *Daily Chronicle* has now become so terrified by prospective American dumping of tin-plates, that it is prepared to consider the advisability of forbidding the export of tin from the British Empire to the United States! And so on *ad infinitum* through the accumulating evidence of hostile tributes to the foresight and sagacity of the greatest man this country has produced since Chatham.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S business experience combined with his unique knowledge of Greater Britain, inspired him to warn our purblind politicians of the danger of delay in responding to the Colonial proposals for Imperial Reciprocity, which would either drive the Daughter-nations towards McKinleyism, to the detriment of British trade, or would compel them to carry their goods to other markets. After making stupendous efforts at the Imperial Conference to induce the Mother Country to enter into commercial partnership, which were one and all insolently rejected by the pundits of Whitehall and the potboys of Downing Street, the Australians were thrown back on one of the alternatives, and proceeded to raise their duties amid the meaning and groaning of the Cobdenite Press, who have neither the honesty to credit the new Australian Tariff to its

real authors, Messrs. Asquith and Winston Churchill, or the fairness to acknowledge the value of the Preference, which, thanks to the wisdom and patriotism of Mr. Deakin and his colleagues, has been embodied in that Tariff in spite of the parochial insolence of our mis-called Imperial statesmen. Far more serious and even more striking as a confirmation of Mr. Chamberlain's prescience is the new Franco-Canadian Convention. After waiting for ten years for some response from the Mother Country, the Canadian Government last year (as is explained by Mr. Hewins in a characteristically lucid letter to the Press) introduced a tripartite Tariff consisting of a general Tariff against foreign countries, a British Preference to the United Kingdom and other parts of the Empire, and an intermediate Tariff for the purpose of negotiating with foreign countries, which latter, according to Sir Wilfrid Laurier at the Imperial Conference, would "under all circumstances" remain higher than the Preferential Tariff; but as Mr. Hewins points out, during the actual negotiations with France, the Canadian Government did not find it practicable to maintain the intermediate scale intact, and they accordingly constructed a special schedule of duties which in all cases approximates very closely to the preferential rates, while "in some cases special terms are granted to France equal to or lower than the British preferential rates." The effect of the new Convention is not only "materially to reduce the margin of British preference," but also to deal a serious blow at our warehousing and transshipment trade, as the intermediate scale is only conceded on direct trade between France and Canada. Moreover, under the most-favoured-nation system, twenty other countries will get the benefit of the Franco-Canadian tariff. "The general effect of this must be to stimulate foreign competition with the United Kingdom in Canada by lowering the margin of the British Preference." Not that we have any *locus standi* as critics after our colossal folly at the Imperial Conference, but Canadians call attention to the fact that Canada has conceded much to many nations in return for the very little she has obtained from only one nation. Mr. Hewins concludes by reminding us that "if as anticipated this new Convention is used as a model for the negotiation of treaties or conventions with Germany, Italy, and other foreign countries not at present affected, this progress must, in the absence of British reciprocity, be checked, and British trade be subjected at all points in the Canadian market to far more strenuous competition." In other words, Mr. Asquith and Co. have burnt the first set of Sibylline Books.

ADMIRABLE platform work has been done on the Unionist side this autumn, especially by Mr. Bonar Law, whose remarkable gifts of exposition illuminate every topic he touches, and by Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who is speaking better than ever, and is visibly adding inches to his political stature. At the Constitutional Club, on December 7, the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer made an impressive speech to some of the junior members of the Unionist Party which they will not soon forget. Like his father, Mr. Austen Chamberlain has become one of the bugbears of the *Westminster Gazette*. He could desire no higher tribute to his effectiveness. Mr. George Wyndham has also been indefatigable and eloquent in the cause of Tariff Reform, which, to the intense indignation of our political opponents, now forms the staple of almost every platform speech worth hearing. That a great change is slowly but surely and continuously taking place in the mind of the nation on this subject is obvious to all who have opportunities of gauging the drift of public opinion. Another factor contributing towards the Unionist revival is the series of thoughtful, suggestive, constructive speeches by Lord Milner, which have been a revelation to those who make it their business to misunderstand and misrepresent Imperialism, and who imagine that an Imperialist is a professional swashbuckler who divides his day between shooting niggers and eating Boers. Considerable curiosity was aroused in this camp by the announcement that Lord Milner would open the Sweated Industries Exhibition at Oxford on December 5, and Little Englanders (who imagine themselves to be Social Reformers, though no man can be a real Social Reformer unless he is prepared to preserve the British Empire, the loss of which would cause irremediable ruin to our social life, just as all Imperialism is vain unless the heart of the Empire is sound) asked themselves *Que diable allait il faire dans cette galère?* They were still more amazed by the speech he delivered, which was the most interesting utterance of the autumn on any domestic question, and it must be said that the *Daily News*, to whom Lord Milner had always been a *bête noire*, made the *amende honorable* in the most handsome terms.

AFTER describing and defining sweating Lord Milner declared that the real root of the evil was inadequate wages, asked whether anything could be done by legislation
Sweating. to screw up the remuneration of the worst-paid workers, cited the numerous cases—*e.g.*, State and municipal employees—in which “the rate of pay is determined by the value of the work, and not by the need of

the worker," and referred to the Bill presented to the House of Commons for the establishment of Wages Boards in certain industries, such as tailoring, shirt-making, and other industries where the employees, though numerous, were hopelessly disorganised and unable to make a bargain for themselves. Under this Bill, on the application of any six persons, whether masters or employees, the Home Secretary could establish a Wages Board in the industry and district concerned, consisting of equal proportions of representatives of employers and employed, with an impartial chairman, which should have the widest possible discretion in fixing rates of remuneration. "If Wages Boards were established, as the Bill proposed, they would do for sweated trades what is already done in organised trades, with no doubt one important difference, that the decisions of the Boards would be enforceable by law." Many people justly looked askance at State interference in anything so complicated and technical as fixing a schedule of wages for a great industry, but under this proposal the wages enforceable by law would have been fixed by the persons most intimately cognisant with the circumstances of that industry, and "more than that, by persons with the deepest common interest to avoid anything which would injure the industry." In advocating this proposal the speaker was moved by "the supreme interest of the community in the efficiency and welfare of all its members, to say nothing of the removal of the stain upon its honour and conscience which continued tolerance of the evil involves." It is not surprising that the same doctrinaires who would sacrifice the British Empire on the altar of *laissez-faire* are equally willing to sacrifice the well-being of our home population to the same superstition, and are almost as horrified at the suggestion of Wages Boards in sweated industries as at the policy of Preference. But Lord Milner will find himself supported by those who believe that man was not made for doctrines but that doctrines were made for man. We shall be disappointed unless something practical is done next Session to mitigate the hideous national disgrace of sweating, and we are glad for once to find ourselves in agreement with our most vehement political opponents.

ALTHOUGH the Suffragettes may cause momentary annoyance to individual Ministers by spoiling their speeches and ruining their meetings, their folly is unquestionably a blessing in disguise to the Cabinet as a whole. Ministers have been precluded from giving the country any coherent and connected account of their stewardship by the very enterprising family who are demonstrating the fitness of women to exercise political rights

The Services
of the
Suffragettes.

by preventing men from getting a hearing, and who think to advance the cause of the gentler sex by appealing to physical force. As a consequence, the Government have escaped the odium of defending the indefensible, and the Opposition have been denied invaluable materials for criticism. Apart from soapy and soothing speeches to various deputations, which commit Ministers to much, little, or nothing, scarcely anything authoritative has been said as regards the legislative programme of the coming Session, which will contain at least three brand-new heroic measures in addition to such old friends as the two Scotch Land Bills which perished of their own incompetence last year. No further information has been vouchsafed as regards Ministerial policy towards the House of Lords. It is universally acknowledged that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's much boomed crusade in Scotland ended, as we predicted it would end, and as most of the Premier's larger enterprises do end, in a prodigious fizzle. It went up like a rocket, but not even a stick came down. His fiasco at the Hague Conference was nothing to it. As a consequence the House of Lords has for the time being ceased to be a "live question," and Ministers are once more in two minds as to whether to resume the process of "filling up the cup," *i.e.*, ploughing the sands, or whether to put a bold face on previous failures and screw themselves up for another frontal attack on the Peers. It is said that the storming party in the Cabinet grows small by degrees and beautifully less. Judging the future from the past, we may expect the Government to hit on the some ingenious middle course combining all the disadvantages of both policies with the advantages of neither, which will bewilder the country and disgust their own followers. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman on one of the very few occasions when he did his thinking aloud last Session—as his thinking is usually done for him by his typewriter—confessed that his conduct was mainly inspired by "tactics." In other words, there is a painful family resemblance between the attitude of the present Government on the Constitutional question and that of the late Government towards the Fiscal question. Let us hope that it will produce similar results, and that the record majority may be converted into a record minority whenever the country is given a chance of expressing its views.

ONE Minister has, to his own undoing, been cruelly allowed by the Suffragettes to complete his sentences. Never has there been a more piteous spectacle than the attempt of a literary cheapjack to administer the Government of Ireland. For the hundredth time it is demonstrated

that a weak man is as bad as, if not worse than, a wicked man in practical affairs. Charitable people are prepared to credit Mr. Birrell with good intentions, though it looks very much as if he were engaged in an odious conspiracy with the Nationalists to make the government of Ireland under the Union impossible, and when it has broken down he will blandly turn round to the predominant partner, saying, "I have done my best to carry out your mandate, and in so doing, as I always expected and predicted, Ireland has been reduced to anarchy. Perhaps you will now listen to reason, and allow the Irish to manage their own affairs." Such a pitiful plea will impose as little on the English people as his Irish Council Bill imposed on the Irish people. Mr. Birrell was not born to be a successful impostor. He spent last month in wandering from place to place making one speech more abject than another, lamenting the growing disorder for which he is primarily responsible, declaring that he was "itching" to prosecute the chief criminals in the cattle-driving outrages, but that fear of making martyrs constrained him to confine his attention to their cat's-paws; and on the wholesale acquittal of these village ruffians by juries encouraged by Mr. Birrell to violate their oaths, this wretched Minister merely wrings his hands exclaiming how mad and bad and sad it all is. So it is. But there is nothing so mad or bad or sad in the whole business as Mr. Birrell himself. As we go to press comes the very welcome news that, no thanks to the Government, the principal villain of the piece, Mr. Ginnell, M.P., has been laid by the heels, and will spend his Christmas and a considerable portion of the New Year in jail for contempt of Court. This hero of a hundred cattle-drives incautiously started operations, against the advice of his friends, on an estate in Chancery, which brought him within the jurisdiction of Mr. Justice Ross, who has given him six months' imprisonment, to the immense relief of all sensible Irishmen, including many Nationalists, who, although they have not the courage to denounce the ruinous and disgraceful campaign against one of Ireland's few prosperous industries, regard it with ever-increasing dismay. Many Irish counties are in such a deplorable condition, such inhuman outrages have been perpetrated on old and young, without regard to sex, and without any redress, that we really wonder how great English newspapers can have the face to carry on their ridiculous Congo agitation, and to lecture the Belgians from the standpoint of superior civilisation.

By far the most serious event abroad apart from the threatening demeanour of Germany, is the increasing ascendancy of the German Emperor over the Russian Emperor, Abroad. which manifests itself in almost every development of Russian domestic policy, needless to say with the most disastrous results to the interests of "the Eastern Neighbour," whom it has always been the cardinal object of Germany to weaken. Unfortunately every counsel which comes from Potsdam suits the book of the Russian Reactionaries who are working hand in glove with the Germans to keep the Russian clock stopped. The Autocracy, which according to optimists had been finally disestablished, has been reinstated with the aid of a tame Duma, and is working on the old familiar lines. So far Potsdam has not succeeded in securing control of Russian foreign policy, because even Russian statesmen, who are almost as credulous as British statesmen, realise the rôle played by Wilhelm II. in luring Russia to destruction in the Far East; but events in Persia, where a struggle is in progress between the Shah and his Parliament not very dissimilar to that between the Tsar and Duma, will probably afford opportunities of further German intrigue and encroachment. Elsewhere there has been nothing especially noteworthy. The situation in the Dual Monarchy has been distinctly easier since the Emperor's courage in conferring Universal Suffrage on Austria, which has immensely enhanced the popularity and prestige of a greatly respected and much loved Sovereign, who received a wonderful ovation on December 21, the fortieth anniversary of the establishment of the Dual Monarchy on its present basis, at the opening of the Delegations. In Hungary the Magyars are beginning to realise that their unsympathetic attitude towards other nationalities, which has been accentuated by the extension of popular government in Austria, excites serious misgiving among their foreign well-wishers, and they are becoming anxious to justify themselves, which is the first step towards a more statesman-like policy. In France, where prophecy is more than proverbially dangerous, the Clemenceau Cabinet still lives on the great personality of its Premier, and no patriotic Frenchman can desire a Ministerial crisis at this particular moment, nor can any politician, however ambitious, wish to step into M. Clemenceau's shoes. * * * In Portugal the very interesting experiment of Senhor Franco's Dictatorship, which has been followed abroad with much sympathy, and has been acquiesced in at home with cheerful resignation, is apparently coming to

an end. The resumption of Parliamentary Government is announced for April 5. * * * King Oscar II. of Sweden, grandson of Bernadotte, poet, artist, orator, and man of letters, died on December 8 after a reign of thirty-five years, the close of which was clouded by the secession of Norway—a blow from which the aged sovereign never recovered.

LORD CURZON, although still eschewing political controversy, has made two impressive public appearances during the past month. On December 11 he delivered a remarkable address at the Birmingham Midland Institute on Imperialism, which, owing to its avoidance of the subject of Preference, has been interpreted in interested quarters as indicating the ex-Viceroy's want of sympathy with Mr. Chamberlain's policy. But we believe there is no shadow of a pretext for the libellous imputation that Lord Curzon is a Cobdenite, and we feel sure that at his own time he will come out on the right side. The Birmingham address—which has been followed by an eloquent eulogy on Clive—contained the interesting incidental admission that Lord Curzon, unlike the ordinary Mandarin, regards citizenship as comprising duties as well as rights, and advocates compulsory service. This is an immense encouragement to Lord Roberts and the National Service League. Still more encouraging is the news from the other side of the world that the great Australian statesman and patriot Mr. Deakin has introduced a Bill into the Commonwealth Parliament for the creation of a popular National Militia founded on the principle of compulsory universal service. This is a splendid lead to the Empire by the most democratic of all British communities.

* * * The world has suffered a heavy loss in the death of one of the kings of Science, Lord Kelvin, who was appropriately buried in Westminster Abbey near Newton on December 23.

* * * Our readers will join with us in congratulating Mr. Rudyard Kipling on being awarded the Nobel prize for Literature (£7700), an honour profoundly appreciated wherever our flag flies. There is a new edition of that entrancing story "The Brushwood Boy," while his latest achievement, "Puck of Pook's Hill," is a well of pure joy. * * * In reply to many inquiries, we take this opportunity of saying that Lord Milner's five recent speeches on Imperialism and Social Reform will be published in volume form (price 1s.) at this office about the middle of January.

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN FOREIGN POLICY

IN a preceding contribution to this Review* I endeavoured to show that Russia had, to some extent, been driven into the policy of encroachment she followed in Asia during the last fifty years, by the perennial antagonism evinced towards her by this country from the Crimean War onwards. When expressing this opinion, however, I in no way proposed to myself to extenuate the errors—such as inordinate ambition, greed of territory, and somewhat tortuous methods of acquiring it—with which she has been habitually charged by her critics here and elsewhere. A conqueror's hands are seldom quite clean, and it is therefore well to bear in mind that the task which Russia set herself to accomplish in Central Asia unquestionably made for civilisation as against barbarism. The Khanates of Turkestan were foul nests of the worst tyranny and fanaticism. Under Russian rule or supervision they now enjoy a degree of order and well-being unknown to those regions since the days of Timur.

And in this connection I may mention that many years ago a well-known and distinguished Russian proconsul made no secret, in conversation with me, of the rule which mainly guided the Imperial agents beyond the Caspian. "En Asie," he said to me, "nos frontières marchent avec nous!" These words well expressed one of the chief troubles we had to deal with in those remote days. For a long period it was almost impossible to rely on the assurances given us by the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, because its delegates on the spot too often deliberately ignored the instructions they received, and acted on their own responsibility in defiance of them. If the coup that was meditated proved successful, well and good; if it failed, the too venturesome commander was simply disavowed. The process of

* November 1907.

military penetration and occupation went on none the less steadily, and with it marched the Imperial boundaries.

Thus much of my theme as regards the policy of Russia. I must attempt now to make clear in what degree, and with what results, our own attitude in foreign affairs was in my opinion influenced, during the period under review, by the obsession under which we long laboured that the great Russian autocracy was potentially the most formidable adversary we might have to encounter.

For my part, I confess to being one of those who have throughout believed the power of Russia for aggression to be much overrated. History teaches us that within her own borders she is practically impregnable, and vulnerable only at extreme points of her huge territory, such as her outlying maritime fortresses. She has at all times shown heroism in the defence of her soil. Of her foreign military expeditions, on the other hand, the wonderfully brilliant campaigns of Suwarroff have almost alone shed real lustre on her arms. At Plevna and in the Schipka Pass her splendid battalions—devoted, but indifferently led—were repeatedly hurled in vain against the Turkish entrenchments. Anyhow, it is certain that, as regards ourselves, she was of all possible foes the one with whom we had scarcely any means of really grappling. At no spot could we strike her effectually, while she was unable to strike us anywhere except by that highly problematical enterprise, a successful invasion of India. Our mutual powers of offence and defence were never more aptly summarised than in the Bismarckian gibe of a fight between a whale and an elephant.

Our statesmen, nevertheless, appear to have been chiefly solicitous to guard against danger from the Russian quarter. And it thus happened that for a considerable period their attention was only partially bestowed on the growth of new forces, which in the brief space of a few years radically transformed the whole course of European affairs, and entirely upset what in the good old days used to be known as the balance of power.

Thus the great trilogy that opened in 1864 with the Schleswig-Holstein war, was followed in 1866 by its inevitable consequence, the short Austro-German contest for supremacy in Germany, and ended barely five years later with the overthrow of France, although its successive scenes were watched by us with intense interest, and earnestly discussed in Parliament and in the Press, seemed to convey no direct lesson, and certainly no serious warning, to those who then had charge of the destinies of Great Britain.

Long-inherited traditions and prejudices no doubt had some influence on the course followed by our rulers throughout these events. The popular sympathies in those days, when the heart of the nation had been but lately won by the charm of the most winsome of Princesses, were unquestionably with Denmark in the gallant stand she made against crushing odds, and at one time there was a decided inclination to intervene in her favour. We got, however, but scant encouragement from the other neutral Powers, while dynastic ties and considerations further served to check whatever action may have been contemplated by our Government.

In the drama of *l'année terrible*, too, the current of feeling set in strongly on the side of the French people in the severe ordeal to which they were subjected. But here again the attitude of our Court and Government was at the outset determined by the same dynastic exigencies, and also by a certain distrust of the Napoleonic régime, and doubts as to the aims of the Court of the Tuileries in what was at first looked upon as a wanton war of aggression on its part.

At the close of the war the overwhelming German victory was on the whole viewed with satisfaction. There was a very general conviction that, with the reconstitution of the Empire, a strong conservative element had arisen in the Centre of Europe which would act as a desirable curb on the Russian power in the North, and would greatly help to secure the general peace. We knew our German kinsmen, and quondam allies in the Napoleonic contests, to be an essentially cool-headed, peace-loving race. After their magnificent effort and its crowning triumph, they would, it might be taken for granted, devote their energies to the arts of peace, to the development of their industries, to the increase of their trade. In them we should have the best of friends and customers. Some such belief obtained with us, if I do not greatly err, down to a fairly recent period. It was shaken seriously for the first time when a relatively unimportant incident in the heart of South Africa brought to the surface in Germany unfriendly sentiments towards us of the existence of which the great body of the British public had been until then utterly unaware.

The fact was that our conception of the vigorous race which had now, by the help of the most perfect military organisation of modern times, achieved a real unity never before recorded in its annals was more or less founded on our experience of the Germans of almost another age. The Germany of our illusions was—not counting Austria and Prussia—the cumbrous con-

federation parcelled out, under the arrangements of 1815, in ever so many mediocre or infinitesimal sovereignties, held together by a loose bond under the easy, unaggressive leadership of Austria, and, it might be said, paralysed by the latent rivalry always existing between Vienna and Berlin. It was obvious that such a conglomerate of States could scarcely indulge in extraneous aims or ambitions.

Above all we took but insufficient account of the keen, masterful Prussian spirit which now dominated the Fatherland, and of its incarnation in the stupendous statesman who, in founding the Empire anew and placing the Germans in the front rank of the world, had transformed them from a nation of dreamers and idealists into a hard, practical race, bent on getting their full share of influence and dominion by land and sea.

Nor did we, I believe, clearly understand that the work of the great Chancellor was but the realisation of yearnings long felt in German homes from the Niemen to the Rhine, from the North Sea to the Bodensee, for the full dignity of a national existence. In 1848 that longing had, indeed, manifested itself in abortive insurrections and the yet more abortive Parliament of Frankfort. But fully a decade before this I could myself, in my boyhood, remember the same craving being ardently discussed by a group of young Germans, fresh from the universities, and then living in self-imposed exile, with whom circumstances threw me much together. Few things, I then learned, contributed more to this demand for national unity than the sense of inferiority which, say, a Hessian or a Würtemberger, whom business took to some distant commercial centre, experienced when finding himself deprived there of any diplomatic or consular assistance, beyond that of a few widely scattered Austrian or Prussian agents, and, in time of trouble, without a single ship flying the German colours that he could look to for succour or protection.

Bismarck had been but the magician who called to light and gave a body to these long-repressed aspirations, and worked out their fulfilment by the power of the sword. It is curious to note, by the way, that, with all his exuberant Chauvinism, he does not seem to have favoured, at this period, that indispensable complement of empire, an efficient navy, and still less any attempt at colonial acquisitions. "I will have no colonies," he said to the faithful Busch; "their only use would be to provide posts [*Versorgungsposten*] for certain people." *

* This refers to a report which was spread during the negotiation of the preliminaries of peace at Versailles that the German demands comprised the cession of Pondicherry and twenty ironclads, besides an indemnity of ten milliards (Moritz Busch, *Graf Bismarck und seine Leute*).

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But when, after the fall of the old Chancellor, the helm was grasped by younger and no less strong and capable hands, the natural and inevitable impulse towards maritime and colonial expansion was allowed free scope. Already, in the scramble for Africa some years before, Germany had secured a vast domain which now extends over nearly $2\frac{1}{2}$ million square kilometres. To guard this and her possessions in the Pacific, to protect her commerce, and most of all to render effective the *Weltpolitik* on which she was confessedly launched, she required, and set herself to build, a strong and thoroughly well-equipped navy. Thus in a surprisingly short time—indeed, almost insensibly—she came to loom on our horizon as a rival, and even a possible antagonist. As regards any rivalry between the two nations, it would be satisfactory to be able to believe with Doctor Friedrich Paulsen, in his *Problems of World-Politics*, that it will maintain a peaceable character. There is some force in his claim that the Germans are principally devoted to civilising tasks, as well as comfort in his assurance that the Pan-German programme for the absorption of the German provinces of Austria, of German Switzerland, the Netherlands, &c., is but the dream of a few ardent spirits, and is repudiated by the sober sense of the nation. Certainly those preachers of Pan-Germanism whom I remember at work at Vienna a few years ago were more blatant and offensive than actively mischievous, and since then an unmistakable *quietus* has been administered to them at the first General Elections carried out in Austria under universal suffrage.

All these indications, however, of a possible rivalry between our German kinsmen and ourselves—which soon showed themselves in strenuous commercial and industrial competition—would not have seriously affected our relations with them but for the ill-will they allowed to appear during our South African troubles. This unfortunately led to a newspaper war, which went on daily embittering the feeling on both sides, and creating, as it is too much in the power of the Press to do, a decidedly difficult situation.

Not that our Governmental spheres allowed themselves to be unduly disturbed by this. Our relations with Berlin were never seriously strained, even when this Press clatter was at its worst, and at a comparatively recent period sagacious statesmen such as Mr. Chamberlain were believed to be not wholly opposed to the overtures for a closer understanding that reached us from the Wilhelmstrasse.

We still stood, however, at that time, if I am not much mistaken, on our old habitual lines. We continued on our guard as

regards Russia, as, for that matter, did the three Central Powers which, under German inspiration, had bound themselves together against eventual Russian or French aggression. Besides noting distrustfully the progress of Russia in Asia, we could not well forget the attempts made at various times from St. Petersburg, and notably during the Alabama difficulty, to arrive at some intimate agreement with the United States that must have been detrimental to us. In fact, it was not until the Japanese War had laid bare the shortcomings of the clay-footed Colossus that we ceased to look to the North-East as the quarter whence complications and trouble were to be expected. Nevertheless we went on steadfastly adhering to our traditional principle never to conclude alliances except for a specific purpose, and kept, as it were, aloof in Europe, while round us the other five Great Powers were leagued together in separate groups for mutual aid and support. Splendid or not, our isolation was as complete as those who set so much store by it could possibly desire.

At last, with the new century, there came a remarkable change in our general attitude in foreign affairs. There could be no more fitting time for a careful review of our international situation. The termination of the war that had absorbed all our attention, and taxed to the utmost our energies and resources, left us free to scan the political horizon and take stock of our position towards our nearest and most powerful neighbours.

Much the most salient feature in the prospect was, of course, the rapid growth of the power of Germany, and the leading part assumed by her rulers, not only in the affairs of Europe, but in those of the world at large. She could not be rightfully charged with aggression, for, except in the joint Chinese expedition, she had not fired a shot in anger since the peace of Frankfort. Yet her unremitting care in military and naval preparation, together with a certain touch of unrest in her policy, had for some time past kept the Cabinets of Europe, so to speak, on the *qui vive*. It was a case which might perhaps be described as that of the legitimate influence of a very great Power being asserted with over-abundant vigour. Hence some degree of *malaise* pervaded the international atmosphere, and even such encouraging manifestations of good-will and concord between nations as those of which The Hague was the theatre lost much of their reassuring effect.

Some counter-balancing influence was needed to dispel this vague sense of uneasiness, and such a moderating force had in old times been found in Great Britain. To exert this, however, it became first of all indispensable that our Government should

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discard what I would call the *pose* of reserve and aloofness which it had kept up so long. Without this it would be impossible to work with success at composing differences and clearing up misunderstandings, and in general helping to restore confidence where it had been most disturbed.

Our relations with our nearest neighbours furnished a perfect case in point. There still lingered between the French and ourselves a few traces of the ancient historical antagonism which certain regrettable incidents in Nigeria and the Marchand expedition had partially revived. Nor had it been, at first sight, possible for us to view with indifference the French alliance with Russia, founded though it was, as soon appeared, on considerations which were in no way hostile to this country. There were, however, other more tangible causes of disagreement which must be removed before our intercourse with France could be placed on a permanently satisfactory footing. Of these the Newfoundland fisheries controversy and the state of things arising out of our occupation of Egypt were of old standing, and required specially delicate handling.

The understanding with France is to my mind the most praiseworthy and memorable piece of work that his Majesty's Government have set their hand to in our time, and the *entente cordiale* which has grown out of it the strongest mainstay of the peace of the world. Of the difficulties attending that part of the agreement which relates to Egypt, only those who during a long course of years have had a privileged access to Lord Cromer's more confidential reports can form any adequate idea. Approached, however, with perfect frankness and cordiality, the knotty task was happily solved, Lord Lansdowne and the distinguished representative of France at our Court greatly contributing to its accomplishment.

Nevertheless it may well be doubted whether this eminently beneficial arrangement could have been carried through without the aid of our ablest diplomatist, as the great statesman who has just retired from his Egyptian labours only the other day characterised King Edward the Seventh. With his Majesty's accession to the throne a fresh element has quietly come into play in our international concerns, the value of which, it seems to me, can scarcely be overrated. I am one of those who sincerely rejoice at the weight and prestige of the Crown—certain as they are to be rightly used by its present wearer—making themselves felt in the field of foreign affairs. It is a field that may very properly, I think, be said specially to come within the province of the Sovereign. No Minister can bring such

unquestioned authority to bear in the important and often delicate matters that have to be treated. Far more effective than the practised skill of any ambassador, the immense personal popularity of the King achieved at Paris successes which were afterwards renewed at Carthage and Naples, and at the lovely Austrian mountain resort where the venerable Emperor who has been our life-long friend and well-wisher seeks a richly earned respite from State worries and anxieties. Satisfactory as were already our relations with Italy and Spain, their character has been more than confirmed and strengthened by these Royal visits.

As regards the agreement with Russia, it has been said, and not without probability, that much interest was taken in it in the same exalted quarter. With all deference to that irreconcilable Russophobe, Professor Vambéry, the convention, in as far as it closes an unprofitable era of mistrust and latent hostility, and has laid to rest what has always seemed to me the phantom of mostly imaginary dangers, should be accounted a work of thoroughly sound policy. Whatever strain may have been put on India by former doubts and fears ought now to be fully relieved. The circumstance, too, that the pact has been concluded by us in a liberal spirit at a period when Russia is cruelly hampered by internal difficulties ought, one would hope, to commend it to the generous instincts on which we fondly pride ourselves. The convention has, indeed, been criticised from the point of view of our trade interests in Persia, but when considered from the higher standpoint of its political significance, it may reasonably claim to be exempted from attack in Parliament or in the Press from purely party motives. Of its strict and loyal observance by the young Emperor, who on several important occasions has given us unmistakable proof of his friendly sentiments, there can be no manner of doubt.

And now, at the very time these lines were being penned, the voice of another mighty Emperor, a much-honoured guest, sent ringing through our great civic chamber generous and eloquent pledges of peace and friendship which must have gone home to the hearts of all but the most hardened sceptics. For this visit also, which—although undertaken, we are told, for no special State reasons—will, we are willing to hope, form the turning-point in an undesirable situation, we are in great measure indebted to the genial influence of our Sovereign. Family bonds have been drawn closer, the sense of kinship has warmly and happily asserted itself, and even the vast multitudes which have had no opportunity of coming in any way into contact with him

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have taken pride and pleasure in the presence amongst us of a brilliant and many-gifted monarch, who is at this moment perhaps the most interesting personality in the vast field of the world's affairs.

In conclusion of this rough and very imperfect sketch I think it may be fortunately said that the eighth year, on which we are about to enter, of the thus far so happy reign bids fair to usher in an era of general peace and concord such as has scarcely blessed the world since the nations laid down their arms, in sheer exhaustion, at the close of the great wars of the last century. The fear of, or rather the repugnance to, the arbitrament of the sword grows stronger every day. As for ourselves, let us but make these islands—the kernel of the Empire—*militarily* safe from direct attack, and then we may indeed reckon on peace. Then, but only then, shall we be able to “sleep quiet in our beds, and not be frightened by bogeys,” as the First Sea Lord has just so cheerily—may I venture to add navally airily?—bidden us do.

HORACE RUMBOLD.

P.S.—It may perhaps be as well to state that the above article was written and ready for the Press before the new and almost threatening German naval programme had been made public.

THE BOOM—AND AFTER

SOME CONFESSIONS AND A MORAL

Germany has a population of nearly 60 millions to our 44 millions ; the United States will before long have a population of 100 millions ; and it would be very hard for us, with a population of 44 millions, to maintain a two-Power standard against two nations with a combined population of 160 millions.—Mr. HALDANE, at Hanley, December 16, 1907.

WHEN the fiscal struggle began free importers recited their syllogisms with the unanimity of Puff's chorus. Their present utterances more resemble Caliban's island in "diversity of sounds."

Our free importers, upon the serious resumption of the argument, find that their old cohesion of mind has disappeared, and that they are speaking with an irreconcilable variety of voices. As the rain rained away [the Corn Laws, the "boom" has propped up Cobdenism. But the boom is at an end. At no distant date, according to orthodox authority, the full force of the reaction will be upon us. The country has commenced to cast up the balance-sheet, and realises at last that, apart from Lancashire, it has been rolling in figures, but has not been rolling in money. The *Economist* itself, chief Brahmin of all fiscal orthodoxy, tells the working classes that in the last few years they have been worse off than before. Free Traders themselves confess that they have enjoyed a run of fortune unparalleled in political history. They have been helped by stroke after stroke of good luck. After five years of it they are beginning to realise that their theoretical difficulties are increased, and that their practical difficulties are hopeless. They are entering upon a new commercial and political cycle, in which all the adventitious circumstances will be not with them but against them. There is no longer a doubt as to which side is on the defensive when Mr. Haldane takes up the main argument of Mr. Chamberlain's movement, and warns the country that sea-power threatens to pass to our

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Protectionist competitors—in other words, that without a union of its white peoples, the Empire is doomed. That is what Tariff Reformers said at first. That is what they have never ceased to say. It is true. It is the greatest truth by far, and the most urgent, that has ever concerned the people of this country.

At the outset of Mr. Chamberlain's campaign, some of his ablest opponents unflinchingly recognised the truth. "I have myself urged," wrote Lord Courtney of Polwith, "that our leadership in the industry of the world was passing away." But at that very moment there came the commencement of the boom. We found ourselves in the most extraordinary period of trade inflation since 1872. No economist pretends that free imports produced that improvement. No economist denies that the whole world has shared it. No economist asserts that we have gained most in the period. No economist refuses to admit that in these very periods the United States and Germany have increased at an unprecedented rate their preponderance in population; that employment has expanded in both these countries upon a scale with which the similar movement in this country bears a more unfavourable comparison than at any previous time; that in total volume of national production we are still more overshadowed. To realise what is happening, take one fact alone, and compare the international figures for the make of steel, which Mr. Chamberlain had in his hand during his first campaign, with the statistics which would confront him upon his return to active politics :

COMPARATIVE OUTPUT OF STEEL.

		GREAT BRITAIN.		GERMANY.		UNITED STATES.
		1000 tons.		1000 tons.		1000 tons.
1890	. . .	3679	...	2127	...	4277
1902	. . .	4800	...	7800	...	15,000
1906	. . .	6462	...	11,135	...	23,246

What possible reply can be made by Cobdenite controversialists to figures like these, showing that in the trade most clearly reflecting the general activity of transport and production our relative position has never ceased to recede since Mr. Chamberlain's movement began, and has receded faster during the boom than it did before.

For the mass of the people in any country there is one sure test of the relative success of fiscal systems, and one alone. That test is the index of employment. We may call it the Nile-gauge of labour. But what in this connection has been the truth about the boom? The fact is that employment in this country has never been so bad under any boom, although during the same period the demand for labour in the United States and Germany alike, never had been better. Take the

current issue of the *Labour Gazette*. The chart upon the front page of that publication, conducted by permanent officials who have never been suspected of an ungovernable bias towards Tariff Reform, shows several remarkable things. Not only is the boom at an end: since last May the number of the workless has never ceased to increase. Employment is already below the average rate of the last decade. This is an exceedingly ominous fact indeed when we consider that we are only at the beginning of the trade reaction. But this is not all. The diagram in the *Labour Gazette* shows at a glance that never once during the boom has the demand for labour been so good in this country as it steadily was throughout the years from 1896 to 1900 inclusive. Yet even then the rate of employment never was so favourable as it had been in 1889 and 1890. When looking over a period of nearly twenty years we see this slow decline in the relative demand for labour, despite the moderate growth of our population, we could conceive no more crushing proof of the profound and progressive injury we inflict upon the interests of the masses by our present fiscal practice. Never once in the last quarter of a century has the annual rate of employment in the skilled trades been so high under free imports as under the German and American tariffs in the last few years.

The effect upon the rate of wages has been precisely what we should expect. The last annual volume of labour statistics issued by the Board of Trade contains a very striking diagram showing that the general course of wages has never regained the level of nearly a decade ago.* Nor let it be imagined for a moment that these are merely the hardy assertions of an inveterate partisan oblivious to fact—and destitute of humour, as our excellent mentor the *Spectator* explains must be the case with all Tariff Reformers. *Soit*. But let us take the *Economist*. No one will accuse it of levity, but as an exponent of orthodox opinions and as an authority on facts it deserves the respect even of the oracle of Wellington Street. The *Economist* itself has now declared that so far as the working classes are concerned the boom is an entire myth.† There has been nothing in the state of employment and wages, we are told, to compensate for the harsh rise in the cost of food, fuel, and clothing ;

* Since writing [this I have noticed a table in the *Labour Gazette* for December (p. 357), showing that in 1906 the total wages of 1,150,000 were £150,000 per week below the 1900 level. These wages are still to the probable extent of £50,000 a week under the level of seven years ago, despite the heavy increase in the cost of living !

† See the leading article in *The Economist* for December 7 last, containing also some despairing remarks on the prospect before the income-tax payer.

and we are assured, by the organ which on purely commercial questions is the most notable of all Cobdenite witnesses, that the condition of the working classes has undoubtedly been worse during the last five years than in the equal period immediately before the South African War. That manner of putting it is meant to discredit the war. Argument upon that issue does not touch the immediate question. The *Economist* concedes the point for which Tariff Reformers have been contending. There has been no end to the buzzing of the Cobdenite fly upon the economic cart-wheel. Month after month the country has been summoned to rejoice in the Board of Trade returns, in themselves excellent, but representing progress only in a subordinate part of our interests. Mr. Asquith has surrendered himself to the luxury of thinking in millions, and he has repeatedly assured the country that it is wallowing in prosperity to an unparalleled and almost irresponsible extent. The boom has been exploited for all it was worth and much more. No more reckless exaggeration of temporary profits was ever suggested by a fraudulent prospectus as a permanent basis for investment. Whatever effect the boom may have had upon the commercial fortunes of the country, it made the political fortunes of the party which is at present in office. But the *Economist* tells the working classes that the boom was for all democratic purposes an optical delusion—and this confession alone knocks the bottom out of the case for Cobdenism as presented during the last few years to popular audiences.

Upon the next point we have still more astonishing testimony. The country was no more strenuously assured that the benefits of the boom were real than that the dangers of dumping were imaginary. Upon this issue it is something like a deputy for Daniel who comes to judgment in the shape of Mr. Chiozza Money, M.P., who was the indefatigable statistician for the defence in the first days of the tariff struggle. He confides his gloomy apprehensions to the oppressed bosom of the *Daily News*,* which is now fairer to Tariff Reformers than any other Ministerial organ, and fights for the wrong cause far better than any Unionist journal fights for the right. Mr. Chiozza Money explains that "the slump is about to follow the boom as inevitably as night follows day." "Generally," declares this prophet, "hard times in America and Canada and upon the Continent of Europe will quickly affect both our export and our home trade, and we shall be fortunate if we escape easily." From this broad view the Balaam of North Paddington begins to reason. He warns the readers of the *Daily News* not only that dumping is a dread really, but that dumping has already

* See despairing article in *Daily News*, December 9.

recommenced. Mr. Chiozza Money gives an interesting statement which evidently deserves to be reproduced. He points out that the significant feature of the November trade returns is the sudden increase in iron and steel imports and the sudden decline in the corresponding exports. Mr. Money proceeds :

THE IRON BAROMETER.

Here is the movement of the iron and steel barometer for the last three months :

		£
September—Imports	<i>fell</i>	19,988
	Exports	<i>rose</i>
		380,756
October — Imports	<i>rose</i>	78,836
	Exports	<i>rose</i>
		497,736
November—Imports	<i>rose</i>	121,566
	Exports	<i>fell</i>
		334,958

I have not checked these figures, but on previous occasions have generally found Balaam very sound in his arithmetic. The serious significance of his figures is only too clear. There is no doubt that dumping in the iron and steel trades has already been resumed from the side of Germany, and the United States, as we shall see, is just about to be heard from. The fiscal prophet of the *Daily News* says sooth when he tells us roundly that "the enormous productive power of America will undoubtedly seek a foreign outlet in view of the partial paralysis of the home market, and Germany, also with a shrinking home demand, will be found freely offering her output in the export market." That is to say, both these countries will be found destroying the livelihood of British labour in the only free-import market. I fear it is in vain to appeal as yet even to the *Daily News*. But it is a paper wholly devoted to social reform. It defends with obvious and unflinching sincerity, according to its lights, the interest of the masses. It is aware that the employment of the people is the very life of the people. It believes that goods are to a main extent what Karl Marx called them, "crystallised labour." It knows that the rate of unemployment has already risen to the very ominous figure of 5 per cent. even in the skilled trades, and that a far greater proportion of the indefinite mass of casual labour is workless; and this foremost organ of Radical democracy is warned by its principal economic contributor that German Kartells and American Trusts are about to sweep away the livelihood of thousands of British workmen in mid-winter, and in its editorial columns the *Daily News* has not one word to say. The organ of social amelioration, it denounces *laissez faire* in connection with every other question under heaven, but it is prepared to look on in the name of *laissez faire*

while the very life of the people is destroyed by protected competition.

A still more notable fact is that while the *Daily News* was throwing up the sponge, the *Daily Chronicle* was positively giving up the ghost.* There is no other word for it, and if Tariff Reformers are wise, they will make a thorough study of the leading article entitled "Threatening a British Industry," and will distribute appropriate quotations by the million throughout the country. A business paper of high standing, the *Ironmonger*, had published a paragraph calling attention to the predatory attempts of the American Steel Trust. Cattle driving is a peccadillo compared with the scale of those international methods of economic piracy which are only possible under free imports. This is the sole open market in the world. It is, therefore, the objective of every foreign trust seeking to dispose of surpluses at slaughter prices. Dumping is not merely the war of all against one. It is a form of industrial attack corresponding to the use of submarine mines. The case recorded by the *Ironmonger* is so instructive in itself and so typical of much to be expected in the future, that it ought to be given in full :

The American Steel Trust has put a pistol to the heads of the Welsh tinplate manufacturers. During the last few months the great bulk of our supplies of imported bars have come from France and Belgium, but now the two big trusts, German and American, are in the field for business. The Americans have made no bones about it at all, for they are face to face now with the Welsh consumers—i.e., the tinplate manufacturers—and their ultimatum to them is, "Either buy our bars or be smashed. If you do not buy our bars we will turn them into tinplates ourselves, and cut the ground from under your feet in every market in which you do business." This ultimatum, we understand, was delivered verbally a few days ago, and in order to discuss the position which has thus arisen a meeting of the Welsh tinplate trade was held at Swansea. The demand of the United States Steel Corporation was that the associated makers should purchase not less than 3000 tons monthly of American steel bars from the Trust at a premium on to-day's market price.

Here is a beautiful example of the process which Mr. Andrew Carnegie long ago expounded to us. Control the home market, he said, and the foreign market shall be added unto you. The United States adopted a tariff to destroy the Welsh import of tinplate, and it was duly destroyed. The Americans proceeded to replace the foreign commodity by creating a strong home industry. And now we are at the third stage, and the American Steel Trust is in a position to threaten that unless industrial tribute is submissively paid by this country the Welsh tinplate trade will be attacked at its base. In face of this incident the *Daily Chronicle* falls into a most creditable

* See despairing leading article upon dumping in *Daily Chronicle* December 9.

state of indignation. "The Tariff Reformer is entitled to ask us, 'Would you stand idly by and allow a thriving industry to be led like a sheep to the slaughter?' 'Certainly not.'" Do our eyes deceive us, and are we driven back upon the pantomimic exclamations of the season? "Certainly not!" But what becomes of the logic of Cobdenism? Have we not been told that sugar and other commodities could not be too cheap, whether bounty fed or not, and that it was our business to assist at the ruin of the West Indies by standing idly by. Does not Cobdenism assure us that every import automatically creates an export; that every saving to the consumer upon one article increases his ability to buy another; that if any industry is injured some other trade must be more than proportionately benefited; that if any worker loses his trade, additional opportunity must be simultaneously created for somebody else; and that the dumpers, dump they never so desperately, can only nourish our prosperity and ruin themselves. What becomes of free imports if our faith in the ancient syllogisms is shaken by such revolutionary pens as that of the writer in the *Daily Chronicle*?

Taine thought a syllogism was something as beautiful in itself as a Beethoven symphony. The Free Trade controversialists have always hitherto seemed to be of the same opinion. They would see no flaw in the perfection of their own doctrine and no element of merit in ours. The Ministerial journal, it will be seen, concedes the whole case for Tariff Reform when it declares in effect that under free imports there is no security. But if the perils are as shown, what is the remedy? The Free Trade writer finds it in a proposal which would take Mr. Chamberlain's breath away, and nevertheless would also appal Lord Cromer, who warns us that there is increased necessity for taking everything lying down, lest the Protectionist nations, who have been peacefully attacking our trade for the last quarter of a century, should at last become seriously annoyed. The *Daily Chronicle* points out that although the Steel Trust talks so lightly of tinsplate, the United States produces no tin; the British Empire has all the tin; and we are brought to the final conclusion that in case of any serious case of unscrupulous dumping at the expense of the South Wales industry we must be prepared absolutely to *prohibit the export of tin to countries outside the British Empire!* Regarded as a Free Trade proposition, there could hardly be a more amusing commentary upon the passing of the boom. It is enough to have secured from the *Daily News* and the *Daily Chronicle* alike the admission that under our system as it stands we have no industrial defence,

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and that although we will allow no British trust to flourish upon our soil, it is all the more certainly in the power of foreign trusts to destroy British enterprise and employment and to exercise dominion over us.

Nor is this the end of the catalogue. There is a still more remarkable confession to be noticed, and upon a more delicate subject and from a still more unexpected quarter. The *Westminster Gazette*,* most zealous among the devout, has rotated its prayer-mill with exemplary piety, and has endeavoured to keep off Tariff Reformers by the use of what is known among the hills as a devil-driver. According to this organ, Mr. Chamberlain's followers have been divided into only two categories—the bad and the mad. In this comprehensive but simple faith it had never wavered. But what are we to think when we find the semi-official columns of the evening oracle full of lamentation upon the operations of the Beef Trust? Three things in this campaign are singular. The *Westminster* tells us that its facts and its figures cannot be questioned in any way, and that these figures and facts show that our position “is one of increasing dependence upon foreign supplies.” Since 1902, we are told—that is, since Mr. Chamberlain's movement began—the proportion of meat imports to total consumption has grown from 33.7 per cent. to 40 per cent. Yes, but under free imports what does our contemporary expect? Is it not the purpose of Cobdenism to encourage imports of all kinds at any price, and if not, why is Cobdenism maintained? Were we not told that the larger the import of any commodity the lower the price and the better for the consumer? Was it not explained unto us that nothing but the unrestricted access of foreign supplies to this market could prevent our food from costing us more; that foreign food was the palladium of our prosperity? There could hardly be a more striking proof than this lament in the journal of sea-green orthodoxy over our “increasing dependence upon foreign supplies,” that the preliminary object of the tariff movement has been attained, that the fiscal tradition as it existed before Mr. Chamberlain's return from South Africa has been overthrown in this country, and that *laissez-faire* ideas have expired in the minds which are defending them.

Secondly, the *Westminster* article is important in its bearing upon the trust problem. That newspaper has repeatedly extolled as one of the chief advantages of our happy state the supposed inability of trusts to flourish upon our soil and to

* See despairing leading article in *Westminster Gazette*, December 16, 1907.

tyrannise over our interests. The assertions and the logic of the Radical campaign against the Beef Trust are equally worth following. We are told, to begin with, that we are absolutely under the domination of an American combine with respect to our meat supplies. Our masters in the meat market are four American houses working in agreement. They rule Smithfield. They are driving the English farmer out of business in the last great department of agriculture that was left to him. The Beef Trust is manipulating prices as it pleases, and it is carrying out what the late Lord Goschen might have described as a gamble with the food of the people upon the hugest scale ever known. The manner in which the present situation has been brought about will repay study, declares the *Westminster*. It will indeed. The Trust first made its position secure in the United States. The Chicago houses proceeded to purchase the control of a large part of the Argentine supply. They were now in a position to dominate our whole import trade in meat. Then they transferred their operations to this side of the Atlantic, and proceeded to attack our home competition at its base. The sequel is explained in an excellent passage.

To-day—under one name or another—the four trust firms hold forty-four of the shops in Smithfield Market, and of the cattle brought into the metropolitan and foreign markets last year 80 per cent. came from abroad. London, that is to say, has become dependent upon the foreigner for most of its supplies of meat. Meanwhile a process of decentralisation has been carried into the provinces. Large depots for the sale of American meat have been established near the great cattle-markets; butchers have been either bought up or under-sold; contractors have been driven out of business or made agents for the supply of trust meat, and by taking the country in detail the Chicago houses have been able to create a position in which they fix the price of meat in all the principal markets. . . . Thus prices are no longer determined by the local demand or supply, but by the fact that the trust firms can at will throw meat on to the market or withhold from buyers.

In other words, instead of a tariff enabling us to control the trade on this side, free imports enable a foreign trust to wield from the other side a far more artificial and pernicious control. The Chicago Combine has done more to diminish stock than a decade of cattle-driving could accomplish if that exercise were extended to the whole of the United Kingdom. But what moral is drawn by the *Westminster Gazette*? "A splendidly equipped and organised machine, with great capital resources, has been used against a scattered and unorganised industry," on the one hand. And on our side there must be "a combination of all the interests." Apply these last two sentences not to one industry but to all industries fighting under free imports against protected competition, and the Tariff Reform League could hardly desire a simpler epitome of the whole of

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its creed. But the *Westminster Gazette* has been rejoicing on all other occasions in the fact that even counter-trusts are impossible in this country. In other words, an equal power of combination is impossible. Our contemporary's pious advice is reduced to absurdity by its fixed principles. Yet at the last General Election the shires were told from every Liberal platform that whatever we had lost in wheat-growing we had gained in stock-raising. Earnest politicians like Mr. Masterman believe—and it is not necessary to disagree with them—that the extension of small holdings must be the true foundation of any solidly based social policy, looking to the soil as well as to the slums. It is utterly inexplicable to the present writer that thinkers like these, not otherwise conventional or timid, should fail to see that the labourer cannot be wedded to the land until in this country, as in Prussia and France, he is sure of his marriage-lines in the shape of a tariff. Without that the small-holder is at the mercy of foreign syndicates. Mr. Jesse Collings would be the first to agree that in the face of the Radical revelations about the Beef Trust, under our present fiscal system, a policy of small holdings offers little hope for the man with three acres and no chance whatever for the cow.

But in existing circumstances, owing to our increasing subjection to the Beef Trust, it is certain that the more the home producer is injured the more the home consumer will ultimately have to pay. After the boom, and as a result of giving Cobdenism a last lease of life, not only have we got dearer food but it is invisibly taxed by the Chicago Trust as no national tariff could have taxed it. It is certain that if Mr. Chamberlain's policy had been promptly carried into law our whole food-supply, wheat and meat alike, would have been freer and cheaper. We have still further diminished and discouraged our rural population without benefit to the consumer, and we have limited Colonial development to strengthen American monopoly.

There are many other topics which can only be glanced at in passing. The *Economist*, as we have seen, declares that labour has been injured, and attributes it to the war. Repudiating this latter reason, Lord Rothschild declares that capital has rushed away from the country, and he attributes this to the dread of Socialistic measures.* But both opinions establish the facts while offering contradictory explanations of them. They agree in disposing of the colossal exaggeration as to our unparalleled well-being under the late boom. Lord Rothschild declares

* See the valuable pamphlet upon the exodus of capital recently published by Sir Joseph Lawrence.

that no less a sum than £150,000,000 of British capital has left this country during the last three years for investment. Why has that prodigious amount fled from the country under the boom? Why has it fled from this country at all? Why has the pactolean stream gone to irrigate the protected nations? Why has all this capital been in haste to put the whole width of the sea between itself and the only country which rejoices in free dumping? The rate at which we are losing our gold lends point to the desperate suggestion of the *Daily Chronicle* that we can always cling to our tin! There has been of course for many years a steady exodus of money from France, but the reason is quite different. France increases without ceasing her productive power, but does not increase her consuming power—owing to her stationary population and wonderful thrift—and her vast annual savings must go largely to support enterprise abroad. The three countries which may be compared in respect of industrial energy and equipment are the United Kingdom, Germany, and the United States. Capital has decamped in only one of these cases, and it has fled from free imports.

This brings us close to our last point. What does Lord Rothschild mean when he tells us that the exodus of capital has been caused by dread of Socialistic measures? He means for all practical purposes nothing but this, that we have refused to broaden the basis of taxation. It is certain for several reasons that our national expenditure is entering upon another period of rapid increase, despite the profligate promises of economy which were lavished upon the country before Ministers came into power. And though broadening the revenue by levying upon foreign imports will ultimately be found a necessity which no party can avoid, capital will suffer sharply in the interval, and will make still further efforts to escape. Free imports now mean a system of revenue which bans capital and penalises enterprise. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's colleagues are committed to vast schemes of expenditure upon social reform. Yet they have been flinging away revenue with both hands. Their folly in abolishing the Coal Tax was not so extreme as the folly of the late Unionist Government in abolishing the Corn Duty, but by both means we have got rid already of five millions of indirect revenue, every penny of which will have to come out of the pockets of the taxpayers, though a very large part of it was formerly extracted from what the *Westminster Gazette* calls "the foreigner." Sir Robert Giffen, though a Free Trader, has told us emphatically that the Registration Duty "was wholly unfelt." It is also beyond doubt that a moderate duty on meat imports

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would be paid by the Chicago Trust, which is met by prohibitive agrarian tariffs everywhere else in Europe, and must sell in this market or cannot sell at all. With a moderate tariff we and not the Trust would hold the trumps in this question.

But, since it is neither possible for this Government to repudiate nor grant old age pensions on any consistent principle, let them be introduced upon an opportunist system of instalments certain to lead to the grossest auctioneering competition for the Democratic vote by which politics have ever been debased, rather than that a great and simple scheme should be established under which the mass of those who are to benefit would pay their just share of contribution through the tariff in the best and easiest way. Many foreign interests would contribute with them. Let capital go; and in departing transfer to other countries the employment it provides rather than that a fairer, more powerful, more elastic system of national taxation should be adopted. Let sea-power perish in the element from which it rose, and let our dominion go down with it, and let honour sink with our sun rather than that our fiscal system should be modified. For this is the final epitaph on the boom. It is not ours. Mr. Haldane has said it and drawn the true moral from all the open confessions. He should be our Minister for War, and he is our Minister for Words. He tells us not obscurely that we shall be crushed by the numerical preponderance of the chief protectionist nations. "Germany had a population of nearly 60 millions to our 44 millions; the United States would before long have a population of 100 millions; and it would be very hard for us with a population of 44 millions to maintain a two-Power standard against two nations with a combined population of 160 millions. We might not be able in days to come to depend wholly nor absolutely upon our Navy with the completeness of to-day." Within less than a decade it will be impossible to maintain our naval supremacy upon a basis of Free Trade finance. It will be impossible to promote social efficiency without new sources of revenue. It will be impossible to retain preference without reciprocity. It may be impossible to hold our dominions even nominally together without the federation in trade and arms of those white peoples of the Empire who do not realise one and all as they should that our sea-power is the life of their life. Even upon the most inveterate of Mr. Chamberlain's opponents it is beginning to dawn that he did not sit eight years in the Colonial Office for nothing, and that if he has passed through shadowy hours his vindication is rising the brighter.

J. L. GARVIN.

CANON LAW AND THE DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER'S MARRIAGE ACT

WHAT is Canon Law ? Its characteristic feature, as distinguished from other kinds of law, is that it is clerical law. It is sometimes called Church Law ; but it cannot be rightly so called except on the hypothesis that the clergy are the Church, or at least are the rulers and lawgivers of the Church, to the exclusion of the laity. In England, as will presently be shown, there is now no such thing as either Church Law or Canon Law, apart from the sanction of the Sovereign ; but in England before the Reformation Canon Law was, as elsewhere, in the whole scope and standard of its provisions, predominantly clerical. Even when it touched the discipline and property of the laity its touch was clerical : clerical in idea, clerical in effect.

Some Canons owe their origin to Church Councils, and over these Councils Emperors or their representatives occasionally presided ; but the vast body, generally the whole body, of those over whom they presided were clergy of divers degrees. What are called General or Œcumenical Councils were, in fact, clerical councils on a large scale. They were not Councils of the Church, if within the Church be included the laity ; but merely assemblages of clerical personages from the widespread dioceses of Christendom, whose decrees reflected the mind and were essentially the work of the clergy. In ages when the clergy represented such knowledge as then existed and the laity possessed it not, it was of course natural and good that the clergy should take into their own hands the direction of Church affairs. But it is a lamentable fact that the clergy never sought to educate the laity in knowledge and aptitude for Church administration. Having obtained controlling power, their one object, their unrelenting ambition, was to keep the laity subject by the extension of that power. This object is patent throughout the whole course of the development of Canon Law from its first enactments to its practical completion under Clement V. and John XXII. In

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the canons of both General and Provincial Councils ; in the decrees, decretals, and rescripts of the Bishops of Rome ; in the constitutions of popes and cardinals combined ; in bulls and briefs, encyclicals and extravagants ; in the adoption of customs and the interpretation whether of customs or laws—everywhere throughout the huge mass of agglomerated ecclesiasticism called the *corpus canonici juris* the same note rings clear, the same purpose is perspicuous, viz., the aggrandisement of the clergy, not infrequently at the expense of the laity. The code of Pope Gregory IX., compiled by the Dominican jurist Raimond da Pennaforte in the early part of the thirteenth century [in consequence of the legislation of the Emperor Frederick II., compiled by the Imperial Chancellor Peter de Vineâ, and intended, among other aims, to set some bounds to Canon Law] affords irrefragable evidence of the independence, even supremacy, assumed by ecclesiastical over civil law. Gregory's code, partly old and based on the audacious inventions of the false decretals attributed to Isidore, and partly of his own making, did not hesitate to set the Church (by which the Pope means himself and his clergy) above the State, and to claim for the Roman Pontiff an authority not only higher than that of any single Sovereign, but of all the Sovereigns of the world combined. It even went the length of pronouncing that "all temporal jurisprudence was bound to frame its decrees with due deference to the superior ecclesiastical jurisprudence."

The Constitutions known as those of Ottobuoni, passed in 1268 at a Council held at St. Paul's under the presidency of the Cardinal Legate, and deemed for some time as peculiarly the Canon Law of England, use similar language. They admonish "the king, and princes, and all under their authority to yield obedience with great humility to archbishops and all other bishops."

Thus Canon Law itself declares itself to be clerical law pure and simple ; specially binding on the clergy, but binding also on the laity in so far as they were spiritual subjects of the Church, although they themselves had been suffered to take neither part nor lot in its enactments. As far as the laity were concerned, Gregory's decretals and Ottobuoni's constitutions meant nothing less than abject servitude under a tyrannous ecclesiastical despotism. From those days to our own, Rome has abated neither jot nor tittle of her claims, but has considerably enlarged them by the decree of Infallibility fulminated in 1870—a decree which, were it as operative as it is impotent, would put an end to all liberty of religious thought among the

laity ; although in the twentieth century many of the laity are as intelligent, as well educated in religious matters, and possess means of acquiring knowledge and arriving at sound judgments not unequal to those of the bulk of the clergy.

Such was Roman Canon Law ; which in theory was English Canon Law also until the denationalising usurpations of the papacy were flung to the winds in the sixteenth century. In theory, I say, because for centuries before the Reformation the claims of Rome on England, especially its financial and legislative claims, had been frequently disputed, and not seldom wholly denied. But during the course of the Reformation, among other wholesome changes which were wrought, came a great change in the basis of the authority of Canon Law. The dream was for ever dispelled that English Canon Law was immune from civil authority. For by a statute of Henry VIII. it was enacted that in cases of litigation, when any part of the *corpus juris canonici* was appealed to, the appellant was bound to prove that the part quoted had been received and acted on in England ; otherwise his appeal was void. Not only so ; it was further enacted that only such canons as were neither "contrariant nor repugnant to the laws, statutes, and customs of this realm shall now still be used and executed as they were afore the making of this Act." These provisions, which are still in force, make it abundantly clear that no canon contrariant to statute is now valid in the Church of England ; and that canons acknowledged to be valid derive their executive validity from the civil power. Without civil sanction they are in no effective sense of the word "laws." In the original sense of the Greek word "canon" they may continue to be rules, or standards, for the measurement and adjustment of the convictions, the ideals, the desires of individuals, or combinations of individuals ; but until the civil sanction has been given to a canon, or after that sanction has been withdrawn, the canon has neither the nature nor the force of law. No court can administer it. No authority can execute its sentences.

It has been part of the strength and stability, the pride and glory of the Church of England since the epoch of the Reformation that the clergy cannot make laws binding on the laity without the ratification of Parliament ; and not even binding on themselves without the assent and consent of the Crown. Before Convocation can even proceed to consider the formation of a canon the Royal consent must be obtained ; and after the canon has been framed it has no legal force until the Crown has sanctioned its promulgation. It would be as constitutional

to hold that the bills of Parliament are Statute law without the seal of the Sovereign, as that the canons of Convocation are Church law apart from the Royal sanction.

It is impossible to express more clearly and exactly this integral necessity of the action of the Crown, both for the framing and the authorisation of canons, than in the language of the preamble of King James I. to the Constitutions and Canons Ecclesiastical of 1603 :

Forasmuch [it is written] as the Convocation of Canterbury [York is not mentioned in this preamble but is included in the Letters Patent] having by virtue of our authority granted unto them, treated of, concluded, and agreed upon certain Canons, Orders, Ordinances, and Constitutions, to the end and purpose by us limited and prescribed unto them; and have thereupon offered and presented the same unto us, most humbly desiring us to give our Royal assent unto their said Canons, &c., according to the form of a certain statute, made in that behalf in the twenty-fifth year of Henry VIII., and by our said prerogative Royal and Supreme Authority in Causes Ecclesiastical to ratify by our Letters Patent under our Great Seal of England, and to confirm the same; [therefore the Canons are] published for due observation by his Majesty's authority under the Great Seal of England.

In so far then as the English canons have the force of law, it is the authority of the Sovereign under the Great Seal which supplies that force. Where the Royal authority has not been given no canon has any force. Whatever may be the case elsewhere, in England, at least, and for the members of the national Church, no such thing exists for the laity as Church Law in any constitutional sense of the term, apart from the authority of Parliament; nor for the clergy (and possibly Church officers, though this is doubtful) apart from the authority of the Crown. To speak of the acts of Convocation, a purely clerical assembly, as Church Law until and unless these acts have been ratified by the Crown is both a misuse and abuse of terms—a baseless misuse and a misleading abuse.

What, then, happens in case the sanction of the Crown has been subtracted from any particular canon, as, *e.g.*, in the Act recently passed (August 28, 1907) to amend the law relating to marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and "enacted by the King's most excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Commons in Parliament assembled?" This Act, as all the world knows, is an Act for legalising a marriage between a man and his sister-in-law, and for rendering such "a marriage neither void nor voidable, as a civil contract, by reason only of such affinity." In contrast with this Act, the 99th Canon adjudges "all marriages so made and contracted as incestuous and unlawful,

and consequently to be dissolved as void from the beginning, and the parties so married by course of law to be separated." There can be no sort of doubt about the direct and unmistakable oppugnancy of these two declarations. The Canon of 1603 declares marriage with a deceased wife's sister "unlawful, void from the beginning," and so to be dissolved. The Statute of 1907 declares them neither "void nor voidable" by reason of the affinity of the contracting parties.

Now if the Canon of 1603 still holds good as Church Law, then the Act of 1907 has created a state of clear and absolute contradiction, not to say a state of war, between the law of the Church and the law of the Realm. But I venture to submit the question: Can the 99th Canon any longer be considered a law of the Church? By the Act of 1907 the King's Majesty has declared these sister-in-law marriages to be neither "void nor voidable by reason of affinity." This declaration obviously withdraws from the 99th Canon the Royal sanction to the contrary declaration that these "marriages are unlawful and void from the beginning." The Royal sanction no longer supports the Canonical declaration in this particular instance. And without that support how can the declaration be any longer considered as part of Church Law? True, the Canon has not been formally and technically repealed. I suppose it can only be so repealed by the action of Convocation, moving under the authority of the Sovereign. But although not explicitly repealed, has it not been repealed implicitly? In order to maintain a negative answer to this question it is necessary to maintain not only that Church Law may be contrariant to statute law, which is forbidden by 25 Henry VIII., but also to maintain, first, that the King's Majesty has declared two opposites to be concurrently true, viz., that these marriages are at once lawful and unlawful; and, secondly, that Church Law in England can rest on Convocation alone, without the support of either Crown or Parliament. In other words, that the Church of England means to go back to the condition of things before the Reformation, when Church law meant merely clerical declarations—declarations in which the laity had neither share nor voice.

No doubt large numbers of persons strongly disapprove of the new Marriage Act. For myself, personally, I entertain a strong regret at its enactment. But I have no desire to argue over again the case against it. That was done by the Archbishop of Canterbury with the utmost force, lucidity, and temperateness in the House of Lords during the recent debates.

The real and only practical question for Churchmen, now, is : How shall they behave towards the Act? Shall they continue to resent it : or shall they gradually learn to treat it with the loyal respect due to the laws of the land ?

It must not be forgotten that the Act is no sudden parliamentary freak. It is not a bit of legislative flotsam tossed on the shore by a tempestuous wave of parliamentary impulse. The question of these marriages has been before the country for at least half a century. It has been frequently debated in the press ; several times nearly passed through parliament. The majorities in its favour have been large, and not confined to any single political party. Many Churchmen in the House of Commons have consistently supported it. The House of Lords, of which the overwhelming majority are Churchmen, is on its side. Great numbers of lay Churchmen have urged their parliamentary representatives to vote for it. I am bound also to add my surprise at the largeness of the number of devout Christian wives who have expressed their approval of it as being in the best interests of their husbands and children in case they themselves should be removed by death. These marriages cannot, therefore, be considered as a wholesale violation of the Anglican conscience. Biblical scholars are practically agreed that they are not anti-Scriptural. The Act, therefore, not being contrary to Scripture, and having been deliberately passed after some fifty years of debate, and largely at the desire of Church people, is there not something strange in the attitude not merely of disapproval and regret, but of resentment and animosity with which a section, though only a section, of Church people continue to defame the Act ?

On the other hand, it should be remembered in their behoof that marriages of affinity were previously prohibited not only by Canon Law, but by Statute Law also. The Table of prohibited degrees was inserted within the covers of the Prayer Book ; and although not truly a part of the Prayer Book, nor even part of the King's Ecclesiastical Laws till 1835, it has been for generations incorporated with that book, and its authority has in consequence been popularly taken for granted. Moreover, by canonical command, the Table was ordered to be publicly set up in every church and fixed at the charge of the parish. For four centuries it has so stood before the eyes of the people on every visit to their parish church. Then, too, many devout Christians still believe that although not explicitly and expressly forbidden by Scripture, these marriages are yet implicitly and inferentially so forbidden. Others, too, are profoundly convinced that the new Marriage Act is a perilous

invasion into the shrine of the domestic circle, and contrary to the ideals of marriage maintained for centuries by the Christian Church. To all such pains and scruples the tenderest charity is due. It would be a sorry prospect for both Church and Country if earnest thoughtful men and women were expected to change their deep lifelong convictions in a moment ; and at the turn, however slow, of the parliamentary helm. In a free Nation and a free Church disapproval, even of laws, so long as it does not amount to disobedience, has an inalienable right to free and full expression. To challenge this right is to strike a deadly blow at the root of both civil and religious liberty.

But this disapproval has created a singular and extraordinary position in reference to the celebration of these marriages and the parties contracting them. According to the general, though not unanimous advice of the bishops to their clergy, these marriages ought not to be celebrated in churches ; yet according to their still more general advice the contracting parties are not, by reason of such marriage, to be excluded from the Holy Communion. Of the former part of this advice I wish in this article to say nothing except to express my conviction that, although disagreeing with it, I am sure it has been given in every instance with a most anxious desire to deal wisely with a very difficult and delicate situation and to make the new Act, if possible, run smoothly.

But the second part of the advice has a very close and direct bearing on the sanctions of Canon Law ; and particularly on the 99th Canon now under consideration. Not only, as we have seen, has the Royal authority been implicitly subtracted from that Canon, thus depriving it of any real claim henceforth to be in any juridical sense entitled "law" ; but the action of the Episcopate in recommending, with a practically unanimous voice, that the parties contracting these marriages shall not be debarred from the Holy Communion, has inferentially taken away any remnant of episcopal authority attaching to the Canon, though not technically repealing it. For if the Canon be not implicitly abrogated, how can these parties be recognised as rightful partakers of the Holy Communion ?

Doubt may be admitted as to the precise meaning of the word "incestuous" applied by the Canon to these marriages ; but there is no possibility of doubt as to the clear sense of the words "unlawful," and "void from the beginning." We know that these words are no longer true according to Statute Law. But are they any longer true even according to Church Law ? If they are, then it would seem a very serious thing indeed to

admit the contracting parties to the Holy Table of the Lord. Either the Canon is no longer admissible as Church Law, or approach to the Holy Communion ought to be inadmissible. But seeing that the counsels of the Episcopate have, as I believe, most thoughtfully and tenderly and rightly pronounced on behalf of admission to the Holy Communion, have they not also, inferentially at least, declared that the Canon is no longer Church Law? It is to be hoped that under his Majesty's authority Convocation will take an early opportunity of either revising or repealing a Canon which no longer possesses either Royal sanction or effective Episcopal approbation.

It is sometimes said that to admit to the Holy Communion persons forbidden to marry by Canon, although empowered to marry by statute, and yet to advise that their marriage should not be sacredly celebrated in church, is to swallow a camel and strain at a gnat. Illogical the position assuredly is. But is logic always the best ruler of conduct? Is not compromise sometimes not only safer in its consequences but better in itself than syllogism? The assent of logic is not always necessary to the consent of wisdom. Regarded, therefore, simply as a compromise, a method of tiding over the acute stage of a great difficulty, these contradictory counsels may, and I trust will, ultimately prove (although I cannot see my way to adopt one of them) to be beneficial and statesmanly.

Temporary in any case, I hope, will be the advice not to celebrate these sister-in-law marriages in church, thus driving the contracting parties to the registrar's office. By slow degrees, the Canon having been either removed or modified—nay, even though it should remain untouched—it is devoutly to be desired, in the interests of religious charity, that no ecclesiastical brand should be permanently affixed to these marriages. For the true and deep objection to the brand is not that it is illogical, nor that it is inconsistent with the liberty allowed by statute, but that it is cruel to conscience—not, indeed, the conscience of those who burn in the brand, but of those in whom the brand is burnt. The persons who henceforward contract these marriages will contract them conscientiously. They will say Holy Scripture does not forbid these marriages, the law of the realm legitimatises them, their own conscience approves them. Why, then, should they not be celebrated in church? There is nothing in the way of hindrance except an ancient English Canon no longer supported by Royal authority, nor in the hallowed matter of Holy Communion sustained by the Episcopate, and therefore in no true sense English Canon Law, far less English Church Law. And is an obsolete and

practically abrogated Canon to lock church doors and bar all access to the marriage altar, and silence the voice of the Church's benediction? Are statute and conscience to be thus over-ridden? No Nonconformist Church in England is so ungenerous. Nor the Roman Church, which frequently grants its dispensations and bestows its blessings on these marriages. Is it likely that persons thus thrust at their marriage from the altars of the Church of England will afterwards seek to kneel for the Holy Communion at the very altars from which they have, without regard to their conscience and the liberties of the law, been banished at one of the most solemn critical hours of their life? Will they not either absent themselves from that Blessed Sacrament altogether, or seek it in some other Church less stern and more kindly than their own? Will they not begin to doubt the Scriptural doctrines of a Church whose discipline is willing to brand what Scripture has not branded? For the sake of the Scriptural liberties, the Scriptural charities, the Scriptural verities enshrined in the English Church, let this brand, which may be possibly of some use for the passing moment, be by the English Church wiped away directly the moment has passed.

It will not do in this instance to plead that, although no longer forbidden by English Church Law, these marriages are still forbidden by Catholic usage; for they are allowed in a large part of Christendom. Even in the Roman Church dispensations are granted on such easy terms as to leave no difficult barrier in the way of their sacred celebration. In this, as in other instances, genuine historic Roman Catholicism is far more liberal and wise than its modern imitator, Anglo-Catholicism. When it does not fill them with indignation, it must amuse those true Roman Catholics who obey the discipline of the Pope, and enjoy the liberties of his dispensations, to watch the doings of those Anglo-Catholics who dread the papal discipline yet cannot enjoy the papal dispensations. As sister-in-law marriages, therefore, may be celebrated by Roman dispensation, and are allowed by many other Christian communities, it is idle to contend that they are contrary to Catholic usage—if by Catholic be meant universal and Christian, and not partial and ecclesiastical.

The new Marriage Act makes more clear than ever before the necessity for a revision of the Canons of 1603. Some of them are altogether obsolete; still more are so archaic that it is impossible for either Church loyalty or common sense to consider them binding. There is not a clergyman in the world who obeys them in their integrity. Men pick and choose from

them according to their several tastes and predilections, emphasising what is said about Copes (Canon 24) if they like them ; but remaining silent about the King's power being "the highest under God," and about the duty of preaching four times a year upon the causes why the Pope's jurisdiction "has been abolished in England" (Canon 1), because they do not like saying anything on such disagreeable topics as the sacredness of secular powers or the secularism of papal usurpations. This mischievous picking and neglecting, choosing and contemning, will continue to go on to the great detriment of the Church of England so long as the Canons remain unrevised. What any ecclesiastical section disapproves it will dub obsolete ; what suits its purposes, however obsolete, it will stickle for under the majestic pseudonym of Church Law. Hence the peremptory requirement of revision. But whenever the revision takes place, it is essential that a strong body of laymen should be among the revisors, because most of the Church's troubles in the past have been due to the absence of laymen in the counsels and administration of the Church, and one of the greatest hopes for the Church in the future depends on their presence in its counsels and their power in its administration.

J. W. CARLIOL.

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IN fifty years a marvellous subject of study will be opened to philosophers devoted to the analysis of social conditions, for they will be able to continue the work of Taine, and complete *Les Origines de la France contemporaine* in its historical aspects as well as in its practical results. They will be able to estimate the economical effects of the working-class movement and the political consequences of Republican evolution. It is safe to predict that one of the forces, which will have most effectually contributed to destroy the fatal centralising and arbitrary organisation, invented by the Jacobins and the Bonapartists, and to renew the social customs and the moral ideas of the France of to-morrow, will be—besides the industrial awakening and the co-operative movement—Colonial Expansion. It is, therefore, advisable to seek the origin and to investigate the results of this remarkable movement.*

1

The Revolutionary Assemblies endeavoured to conserve and to organise the remains of the Colonial Empire, originally founded by the early French navigators, aggrandised by Richelieu and organised by Colbert. The Revolutionary Parliament was anxious to tighten the ties which bound the Colonies to the metropolis, but the policy of the Constituent Assembly differed from that of the National Convention. The former, while continuing the work already sketched in outline under the *Ancien Régime*, on the eve of the Revolution (when the following steps were taken, viz., the organisation of a colonial army, 1763; the representation of colonial elective Assemblies in the Tribunal of Commerce at Paris, 1788; the permission to the Colonies to

* The figures and facts cited in the present article have been gathered from the following works: Chailley-Bert, *Dix Années de politique coloniale*, 1901. G. Charmes, *Politique extérieure et coloniale*, 1885. L. Deschamps, *Histoire de la Question coloniale en France*, 1901. E. Fallot, *L'Avenir colonial de la France*, 1901. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, *De la Colonisation chez les Peuples Modernes*, 5th ed., 1902. Ed. Petit, *Organisation des Colonies françaises*, 1893. Vignon, *L'Expansion de la France*, 1901.

establish Custom Houses, 1766 ; and to trade more freely with foreign nations, 1784) contemplated a system under which local autonomy would be combined with the federal principle for such common purposes as defence and commerce. While empowering the Colonies to elect local Legislatures, the Constituent Assembly was anxious for their reunion with the Mother Country by political, judicial and commercial ties. Accordingly colonial delegates were permitted to sit on its benches, a Colonial Committee was organised, a Ministry of the Colonies was projected (1791), and a right of appeal from local tribunals to French Courts was granted. Finally, while to a large extent emancipating the commerce of the Colonies with foreign nations, the Constituent Assembly laid down the general principle, "Colonial trade should be regarded as a family business, as conducted between one part of the nation with another part of the nation" (July 28, 1791). After the devastating disorders in the Antilles, which were evidently unprepared for the *régime* of liberty, the National Convention proceeded to curtail colonial autonomy, and propounded the theory of assimilation, and tightened the control of the metropolis. "The Colonies form an integral part of the Republic, and are subject to the same constitutional laws. They are divided into departments."* Slavery was abolished (1794). Customs duties between the Colonies and the Mother Country were swept away, but colonial trade might only be carried on under the French flag (1793).

This twofold attempt at colonial federation was destroyed by Napoleon I. The Constitution of the 22 *frimaire An VIII* had placed the Colonies under a special system. Subsequently by a series of decrees the First Consul restored the administrative and political organisation of the *Ancien Régime* ; and in the year 1802 the Emperor simply abandoned our over-sea possessions. As a result of this policy, by the year 1815, the French flag only floated over 150,000 square kilometres of territory over-sea. France had in fact fallen into the lowest rank among colonial Powers. The Revolutions of 1830 and 1848 secured wider frontiers and less precarious liberty for French Colonies. The decree of the second Bonaparte of the year 1854, somewhat attenuated in 1866, was a last effort to thwart the colonial aspirations of free Governments. It restricted to three privileged possessions (Martinique, Guadeloupe, Réunion) the *régime* of law, while establishing everywhere else the *régime* of arbitrary decrees. While diverting public attention anew towards European fields of glory, Napoleon III.

* *Constitution of the Year III.*

stified, both in our distant possessions and in the Mother Country, that free atmosphere without which these *old* trees, as modern nations are, can neither raise their heads nor shed from their spreading branches the seed of future trees on fresh ground.

In founding a Colonial Empire and in endowing it with an organised system of liberty, the Third Republic has simply continued in a particular sphere its struggle against its eternal enemy the Napoleonic system, while reviving further afield the traditions of the Revolutionary period.

The origin and the landmarks of this further period of colonial expansion merit brief recapitulation; it establishes a fact without precedent in French history, and marks the extent to which political liberty has happily transformed our customs and awakened our people. The movement which ultimately captured public opinion and Parliament was originally the handiwork of a handful of writers and politicians. It was in the years prior to the Franco-German War, after the campaign of Cochin-China (1858-1867), the reconstitution of Senegal by Faidherbe (1855 to 1865), and the propaganda of Consul Roches in Tunis (1863), that this scanty band of proselytisers commenced their colonial agitation. Those who contributed most effectually to rouse the slumbering consciousness of the nation belonged almost exclusively to that little group of cultivated Liberals who founded the Third Republic. Among them were two Economists, M. Jules Duval, who after having expounded and vindicated the grievances of the Algerians, extended his valuable studies to all our other Colonies; and M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, now Professor of Economy in the Collège de France, who wrote his famous treatise on *La Colonisation chez les Peuples modernes* in 1874. The other "agitators" had made their names both in politics and in letters, one being M. Edouard Charton, one of the founders of the Third Republic, who succeeded in interesting the country in geographical exploration by such publications as *Le Tour du Monde* and *Le Magasin Pittoresque*. Another was the brilliant author of a book which exercised a profound influence. He was a famous writer on the *Journal des Débats*, who encountered a tragic fate through his inability to bide his time—I refer of course to Prévost Paradol. *La France Nouvelle* (1868) closed with these striking words:

France has two alternative futures before her. Either we shall stew in our own juice, wearing ourselves out in feverish and impotent agitation, while the world around us is rapidly transformed, and we shall fall into a contemptible insignificance on a planet peopled by the posterity of our ancient rivals, speaking their language, dominated by their manners and customs, and

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monopolised by their affairs, whether they remain united in order to exploit the rest of mankind, or whether they fall out and fight among themselves, quite oblivious of our interests or even of our existence. The other alternative is the constitution of an Empire comprising from eighty to a hundred millions of Frenchmen, strongly established on both sides of the Mediterranean, in the heart of that ancient continent, maintaining throughout the ages the name, the language, and the legitimate rights of France.

From 1870 to 1880 France was entirely absorbed in the work of recuperation, and during this period the colonial ideas which had been planted by certain bold sowers before the Franco-Prussian War seemed to have borne no fruit. Nevertheless there were some premonitory symptoms that the seed had fallen on fertile soil. Thus in 1871 the National Assembly granted 100,000 *hectares* in Algeria to emigrants from Alsace and Lorraine—an enterprise which was promoted by a society called La Société de Protection des Alsaciens-Lorrains. But some brilliant achievement was, however, required to arouse our saddened and discouraged public. Francis Garnier wrote the required epic with his blood. In 1873 Garnier, supported by Admiral Dupré, the Governor of Cochinchina, took possession of Tonkin on the occasion of the Dupuis incident. His travels, his triumphs and finally his death, electrified the public imagination. Geographical societies were founded, and in 1873 the first Geographical Congress recalled France to her colonial rôle, and educated her as to her rights in Tonkin. Shortly afterwards the journeys of Savorgnan de Brazza, and the pacific conquest of the Congo, the mission of Captain Gallieni in the Soudan (1880), the tragic career of Flatters in the Sahara, excited fresh interest and fresh sympathies. The colonial conception now entered the imagination of the French people; henceforward it was bound to live and to develop.

This incipient colonial enthusiasm was encouraged by statesmen, illuminated by travellers, and supported by various associations. Gambetta realised that the painful memories of 1870 could only be effaced by a policy of colonial expansion, which would stir the imagination, stimulate the initiative and awaken the ardour of the Republic. He gave evidence of his sympathies and desires by founding the Under-Secretaryship of the Colonies in 1881, and the scheme which had been outlined by Gambetta was developed by Jules Ferry with all the purpose and tenacity which mark the real statesman. But public opinion was so little ripe for the policy of colonial expansion that Jules Ferry was compelled to appeal to the national *amour propre* and the honour of the flag, in order to secure the occupation of Tunis in 1881,

and to carry to a successful conclusion the bloody war of Tonkin (1882 to 1885). He paid the penalty of political pioneering by incurring considerable unpopularity, not to say odium, and the nation would never have consented to the sacrifices of men and money exacted not only by the occupation of Tonkin, but by the interminable conquest of the Soudan (1887 to 1898); the Dahomey expedition (1892); the Madagascar expedition (1895); the occupation of Central Africa (1898 to 1900), had it not on the one hand been "enthused" by the stirring adventures of Binger, Monteil, Crampel, Mizon, Hourst, Toutée (1880 to 1900), and on the other hand enlightened by an unremitting Press campaign and an unprecedented number of meetings and lectures. While the *Journal des Débats* and Gabriel Charmes, and later on Harry Allis advocated the whole Liberal Colonial programme, numerous private associations were formed to send out missions. In 1889 the first Colonial Congress assembled in Paris, and its numerous sittings had an electrical effect. Among its fruitful results we may notice the creation of a fresh group of societies. In 1890 the *Comité de l'Afrique Française* was founded. In 1892 the Protestants started the *Coligny Society*, and the Catholics *Pionniers d'Afrique*, with the object of directing immigration to Algeria. In 1893 *L'Union Coloniale Française* had its first meetings. This association, under the auspices of the adopted son of Paul Bert—one of those Republicans who, together with the first Governors of Algeria, for instance, Chanzy, Tirman, Cambon, and other statesmen such as MM. Etienne, Aynard, &c., had done most to promote M. Jules Ferry's campaign of colonial education—devoted itself to the development of the material resources of our new Empire. It arranged lectures, started a current of immigration, and distributed pamphlets and advertisements. The *Comité Dupleix*, founded by the explorer Bonvalot in 1894, endeavoured with the assistance of journalists such as Jules Lemaitre, and historians such as E. Lavisse, to effect that change in the customs and above all in the education of our universities without which we should have been unable to provide the necessary *personnel* for developing Greater France. The recent organisation of secondary education and the development of technical instruction is regarded as completely satisfactory by the party of reform. Thanks to the simultaneous action of these various factors, the enthusiasm of private associations, the influence of writers, and the courage of statesmen, France has been able, in a period of less than twenty years, from 1881 to 1900, both to acquire and to develop an Empire which in 1870 consisted of only a million square kilometres, containing only eight millions of inhabitants, and which to-day comprises an

area of no less than 9,412,000 square kilometres and a population of 55,890,000 souls.

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In order thus to extend, either peacefully or otherwise, the frontiers of our second Colonial Empire, it was not only necessary to find the men and the money, but it was, above all, essential to overcome the objections which a century of colonial inactivity had graven upon the minds of the mass of our people. Apart from the arguments derived from internal or external politics—the danger of supplying the reactionary minority with arms, the necessity of devoting our entire resources to social progress, the urgency of concentrating our whole national force on the gap in the Vosges—two economic objections were especially formidable, viz., the stagnant state of our population, and the unsatisfactory condition of our commerce. In France the mean birth-rate during the years 1834 to 1876 was 26 per thousand. It had constantly decreased to the level of 22 per thousand, while certain years (1890, 1891, 1892, 1895) were actually signalled by an excess of deaths over births. At the beginning of the eighteenth century the French people constituted 38 per cent. of the aggregate population of the great Powers of Europe. Even at the end of the Revolution France was still 25 per cent. But to-day the French race is only 12 per cent. of the population of the six leading European Powers. To some minds this suggested some racial infirmity such as must inevitably place our people in an inferior physiological condition, and was held to preclude us from indulging in colonial dreams. The first of these objections may be refuted by a triple argument. Our birth-rate is not due to racial decay, but to economic causes, such as the subdivision of real and personal property, inadequate salaries and small profits, which create an atmosphere of moderate prosperity unfavourable to the joyful *insouciance* of bulky families. No sooner is the race transplanted to a fresh and less encumbered soil than it recommences as of old to cover its corner of the globe with young shoots. While the mean birth-rate of the French population at home is only 22 per thousand, among the Algerian French it is 34 per thousand, and among French Canadians it is 36 per thousand. It is therefore obvious that the best way of multiplying our race is by judicious emigration—a task which should be facilitated by the increase of population revealed by the last census. While the French nation had only increased in 1896 by 174,000, and in 1891 by 124,000, in 1901 the increase had risen to 445,000. It must also be borne in mind that, with the exception of Algeria and Tunis, our Colonies are not colonisable by white people ; they are Colonies

of exploitation. Under the auspices of a few well-paid functionaries a certain number of colonists possessing initiative and capital, the native population—thanks to improved sanitary conditions, and the construction of canals and railways—is speedily able to produce those raw materials which are necessary for our industry, and become in turn the purchasers of our goods. Thanks to the propaganda of private associations, and the creation of colonial schools, we can count henceforward on being able to furnish the human elements necessary to effect this transformation. The white population in French Indo-China (5000) and in Madagascar (3000) is relatively to the size of the country and its native population proportionately greater than the British population in India, or the Dutch in Further India. Nor must it be imagined that we have obtained trivial results in those of our Colonies which are colonisable. Leaving out New Caledonia—whither the *Union Coloniale* alone has despatched 892 emigrants, possessing a capital of 3,421,515 francs, in the six years 1895 to 1900—let us glance at the last census of Algeria. In 1901 its European population had reached the respectable figure of 650,000, of whom 324,000 were of French birth, 71,000 were French by naturalisation, the remaining 219,000 being foreigners, of whom 155,000 were Spaniards, 38,000 Italians, and 12,000 Maltese. During the twenty years 1876 to 1896 the European population had nearly doubled (310,000 to 600,000). Compare such results with those obtained by other countries in their Colonies. We find, for instance, that the whole population of Australasia in 1850—*i.e.*, sixty-three years after the foundation of the first British settlement—consisted of 505,000 persons. In 1896—*i.e.*, sixty-six years after the capture of Algiers—the Colony of Algeria had attracted to its soil no less than 600,000 Europeans, in spite of the special difficulties which confronted our occupation in the shape of the brave and numerous native population.

The first fruits of the exploitation of our Empire conclusively demonstrate the inanity of the objection, which opponents of colonial expansion deduced, twenty years ago, from our alleged commercial incapacity. It must be admitted, however, that at this time the condition of our export trade warranted the most pessimistic forecast, which, however, has been steadily falsified by the steady progress between 1893 and 1901. But even if this improvement had not taken place, the commercial statistics of our Colonies during the last fifteen years prove that the French people have not lost those qualities of enterprise, to which they owe their improved rôle in the commercial history of the world, and which permit them to survey without excessive apprehension

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the threatened American or German invasion. Take, for instance, this general summary of the combined exports and imports of the French Colonies since the year 1887 :

Years.	Colonies excluding Algeria and Tunis.	Algeria.	Tunis.	Total.
	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.
1887	439	385	46	871
1888	410	419	49	878
1889	401	437	50	890
1890	402	508	68	980
1891	400	491	77	970
1892	465	467	76	1009
1893	452	461	68	922
1894	499	501	78	1079
1895	474	539	84	1099
1896	477	500	80	1058
1897	520	541	90	1152
1898	576	555	97	1229
1899	655	635	105	1396

The total of our colonial trade was 850,000,000 francs in 1881, and it had risen to 1,750,000,000 in 1901. That this increase is progressive is shown by the fact that during the ten years from 1891 to 1901 the total commerce of the French Colonial Empire had more than doubled, having gained nearly a milliard (£40,000,000) in the interval. These are respectable results, especially when it is remembered that the external trade of France is only eight and a half milliards (£260,000,000). It should also be noted that the figures which help to swell the total of 1,396,000,000 in 1899 are largely contributed by Colonies in their earliest economic stage. Tunis only became a French Protectorate in 1881, Tonkin and Annam in 1884, French Guinea, the Ivory Coast and Dahomey only received official recognition in the Customs statistics in 1891, and Madagascar in 1896. These recent acquisitions are already responsible for an aggregate of 193,000,000 francs in the total of 1899, whereas our older Colonies (Senegal, Antilles, Guiana, Réunion, India, St. Pierre, Mayotte, Tahiti) only contributed 273,000,000.

Algeria contributed 50 per cent. of the whole commerce of Greater France, which significantly indicates how far our Colonies are from having attained that degree of economic enterprise which we are entitled to expect. Algeria only contains a population of under 5,000,000, among whom, as we have seen, there are over 600,000 Europeans. But what are the 4,000,000 Algerian natives compared to the 20,000,000 natives in Indo-China or the 30,000,000 who inhabit Madagascar or West Africa? It is surely permissible to believe that if the exploitation of the new Frances

arising in different parts of the world be scientifically pursued their aggregate of exports and imports will have doubled in the next twenty years, and will exceed the figure of £80,000,000 sterling.

It may be prudent to forestall a possible inquiry. Has the volume of commercial business between the Colonies and the Mother Country increased proportionately with the growing volume of their trade with foreign countries? In other words, is the development of these new countries an essentially French undertaking? The appended table answers this question :

Years.	Colonies other than Algeria and Tunis.		Algeria.		Tunis.		French Colonial Empire.	
	Trade with France.	Total Trade.	Trade with France.	Total Trade.	Trade with France.	Total Trade.	Trade with France.	Total Trade.
	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.
1887	165	439	287	385	18	46	470	871
1888	170	410	331	419	22	49	524	878
1889	176	401	379	437	19	50	576	890
1890	171	402	403	508	34	68	609	980
1891	172	400	393	491	44	77	611	970
1892	188	465	384	467	41	76	614	1009
1893	198	452	327	401	36	68	562	922
1894	219	499	406	501	42	78	668	1079
1895	194	474	448	539	49	84	692	1099
1896	207	477	414	500	45	80	668	1058
1897	115	520	454	541	50	90	619	1152
1898	263	576	449	555	54	97	768	1229
1899	313	655	531	635	60	105	906	1396

These figures show that the trade between Colonial France and the Mother Country had increased between 1887 and 1899 by over 400 million francs—the total increase of colonial trade for this period being, as we have seen, 500 million francs. In fact France's percentage in the total of colonial exports and imports has grown in a remarkable manner. From 1887 to 1899 the Mother Country's share in the trade of Algeria, Tunis and the other Colonies respectively, rose from 74.5 to 83.6 per cent., 39 per cent. to 57 per cent., 37.5 to 47.7 per cent. The Mother Country's share in the whole commerce of the present French Colonial Empire has risen from a percentage of 52.9 to 64.8.

Let me summarise this lengthy digression. In 1899 the percentage of our trade with Algeria, Tunis and the other Colonies was 64.8 per cent. of their entire trade. In the same year Great Britain's share in the exports and imports of her Colonial Empire was, according to the Blue Book (cd. 1199, p. 31, 35), 45 per cent. and 40 per cent. respectively. Surely the

remarkable figures I have cited completely refute the objection of the opponents of colonial expansion which was founded on the reputed commercial ineptitude of the French nation.

3

France enjoys so large a share of the business of her Colonies, owing to the closeness of political, military and physical ties, rather than to the administrative or commercial organisation with which these communities have been endowed. Indeed, the administrative machinery of our Colonial Empire may be open to criticism on account of its complexity, which is due to the fact that it was created piecemeal by ephemeral Governments. The Third Republic found itself compelled to construct *ab initio*. In the first place it was necessary to place the Colonies which had been administered from the Admiralty under an Under-Secretary (1881), and some years later a Colonial Ministry was established (1894), while between the fifteen years 1887 and 1902 a complete administrative system was gradually built up. The systematic creation of an administrative system on the lines of the British Crown Colonies *régime* partially accounts for the rapid development of our newly acquired possessions, which was also promoted by the methodical advertisement of their value. The "Exposition permanente des Produits coloniaux," which had been instituted at the end of the Second Empire and reorganised in 1870, developed under the auspices of Monsieur Delcassé, who it should not be forgotten was, prior to being the ablest of our Foreign Ministers, the most active of our Colonial Ministers—an organisation analogous to the Emigrants' Information Bureau of London. We may also note as an incident of the year 1894 the creation of the "Service des Renseignements commerciaux de la Colonisation," to which was subsequently attached a consultative Chamber, consisting of delegates from the Colonial Chambers of Commerce, a body which has rendered conspicuous service by the steady dissemination of information concerning the needs of our Colonies. Among other duties devolving on the home authorities was the necessity of training a *personnel* to manage colonial railways, banks, harbours, telegraphs, &c., the foundation of schools of agriculture at home and abroad, and of commerce in which the special interests of the Colonies would be properly recognised, as also the creation of Colonial Institutes and experimental gardens in Paris and elsewhere. In ten years private agencies had practically provided France with the teaching staff necessary for the training of future colonists. During the same period the Government devoted itself to building up colonial credit and laying down colonial railways, and the activity displayed may be gathered

from the following figures. The first railway was built in Algeria in 1862, and the length of line had risen from 1154 kilometres in 1880 to 2948 in 1900. In Tunis the first line was laid down in 1872, and the railways had grown from 225 kilometres in 1880 to 925 in 1900. In the Soudan between 1881 and 1900, 241 kilometres of railway were built; in Senegal between 1883 and 1900 264 kilometres; in Obock between 1899 and 1900 122 kilometres; in Tonkin between 1885 and 1900 236 kilometres. Further railway developments are under way in Northern Africa, Guinea, Dahomey, Madagascar and Tonkin. Up to the year 1900 the Third Republic had laid 3136 kilometres of railways in Greater France. It was likewise necessary to establish regular steamship communications between these new centres of economic activity and the Mother Country, and accordingly the Legislature sanctioned the creation of fresh communications to link up our Colonies in Africa and America with the metropolis. Madagascar and Indo-China, which had hitherto been served by a single line from the Port of Marseilles, are now connected by other lines from Northern and Western French ports, such as the East Asiatic Line running to Tonkin, the Chargeurs Réunis and the Havraise Peninsulaire to Madagascar. M. Doumer, the Governor of Indo-China, who laid the Amoy cable, had already linked Indo-China to the allied Russo-Danish Cable Company, while M. Trouillot subsequently introduced a Bill which would render Senegal and its dependencies as independent of foreign lines as Algeria or Tonkin.

But shipping companies and cables are insufficient to unify old and new France in such a close union as Great Britain in her Imperial dreams is seeking. The intellectual union between Anglo-Saxons to which Cecil Rhodes aspired; the Supreme Court of Appeal for which Mr. Haldane is working; the military bonds which the Imperial Federation Defence League seeks to establish between Great and Greater Britain; or the commercial union of which Mr. Chamberlain has constituted himself the apostle; and even the political ties of Imperial Federationists—all have their counterparts in the Colonial Empire of France. To the Third Republic belongs the honour of organising secondary education in the Colonies, of which Paris is recognised as the intellectual centre, as the Superior Council and the Service of General Inspection of Public Instruction in the Colonies has its seat in the Metropolis. It is to our home Universities that colonial students wishing to finish their scientific, literary or legal studies must have recourse; and to enable deserving young men of moderate means to come to France, a Decree of February 1888 (twelve years before Mr. Cecil Rhodes's concep-

tion) established an elaborate system of scholarships. Besides being the supreme seat of learning and exercising control over the conferment of decrees throughout Colonial France, the home country is also the supreme seat of justice, the *Cour de Cassation* being the final Court of Appeal. Then again the military ties between France and Greater France have also been developed of late years. The French military law prevails throughout our old Colonies, such as Martinique, Guadeloupe, Guiana, all French citizens being liable to three years' service in French regiments, while those who get off with one year, perform their duties locally. In all the other Colonies French citizens are compelled to spend a year in the army of occupation. In 1902 M. Doumergue founded a Committee to supervise the defence and supply of our distant possessions, and by so doing anticipated some of the most advanced British military reforms.

This brief reference to the various links uniting the French Colonial Empire would be incomplete if we omitted all reference to the Customs Union and the purely political ties. Our fiscal system, although based upon a single conception, divides the Colonies into four groups with special *régimes*. In the first place there is Algeria, which is completely assimilated to France, and shares her Customs House. Since 1867 all the produce or manufactures of Algerian origin enter France duty free, similar privileges being accorded to French produce in Algerian ports in return. This fiscal assimilation, which is facilitated by the proximity of the African coast to the French shore, naturally gives an immense preponderance to French commerce, which represents no less than 83.6 per cent. of the imports and exports of Algeria. Since 1890 Tunis has enjoyed substantially similar advantages. In return for preferential privileges accorded to French produce, Tunis enjoys reduced duties on her agricultural exports, while she has also a minimum tariff on the remainder of her produce, but on three conditions. The exporter must establish the Tunisian origin of these favoured goods, they must be carried in French bottoms, and must not exceed a certain fixed quota. According to the latest available official statistics this preferential policy has resulted in an increase in Tunisian exports from 50 millions in 1889 to 105 millions in 1899, while the exports from France to Tunis during the same period have risen from 19 to 60 millions. French Colonies other than Tunis have since 1892 been placed in two categories for fiscal purposes. One class, consisting of Antilles, Guiana, Réunion, St. Pierre and Miquelon, Indo-China, Madagascar, Gabon, and New Caledonia, impose the general French tariff with certain special exemptions, and enjoy free entry into France, except as regards certain special

commodities such as spices, cocoa, &c., which pay half the French duty. The second group (West Africa, Djibouti, Tahiti, and India) have a special local tariff, and get the benefit of the minimum French tariff with a further reduction on a certain aggregate of special commodities. In both these groups French goods enjoy the right of free imports, though slight harbour dues are authorised. Under this legislation colonial trade rose from 400 million francs in 1891 to 655 millions in 1899, the French share of which increased from 172 millions to 313 millions, or from 43 to 47.7 per cent.

The material union effected by these economic ties is morally strengthened by political ties. The right of the Colonies to be represented in the home Parliament was recognised at the Revolution, it was abolished in 1800, refused by the Restoration and the July Monarchy, revived by the Constitution of 1848, to be abolished anew by the Decree of February 2, 1852. It was vainly demanded by Jules Simon in 1869, and was only finally established by the Republican Constitution of 1875. Apart from Algeria, which is fully represented in both Houses, Martinique, Guadeloupe and Réunion elect three Senators and five Deputies; India, Senegal, Guiana, Cochinchina, four Deputies. There is moreover another body sitting in Paris which represents oversea France more thoroughly than the Legislature, viz., the *Conseil Supérieur des Colonies*, which was organised on its present basis in 1890 and 1891. It comprises Parliamentary representatives of the Colonies, triennially elected Delegates from other possessions, seventeen officials of the Colonial Office, as well as representatives of the Chambers of Commerce of Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Rouen, Havre, Nantes, as well as various Geographical and Colonial Societies. Any bold statesman could easily transform this consultative body into a Federal Assembly, which would be at once more competent, more vigilant, and more industrious than the Palais Bourbon. Upon it would devolve the duty of re-casting our colonial system, and strengthening the French Law in French Colonies, and of controlling the local Budgets and the policy of colonial Governments. All the machinery for such a change is ready to hand.

4

It is time to finish this lengthy survey. In thirty years, or rather in twenty, the French Republic has founded a Colonial Empire of about 9,400,000 square kilometres, inhabited by over fifty-five millions of human beings. Having surmounted the objections which partisan and pessimistic critics deduced from the stagnant condition of our population, and our alleged incapacity for colonial expansion, France has succeeded, thanks to the activity

of a handful of competent administrators, in conferring upon Greater France a political and economic organisation which enabled her in twelve years (between 1887 and 1899), in spite of the fact that the greater part of her oversea possessions are still unexploited, to raise the total figure of her trade with the Mother Country from 470 million francs to 960 millions. The trade of Greater France with the whole world has risen during the same period from 871 million francs to 1396 millions.

The Third Republic has revived the conception of the First Republic by seeking to develop its colonial policy on federal lines. It was unconsciously captivated by the same daring dream as Great Britain, and at about the same time; but Republican France has been able to realise the conception earlier than the British monarchy, in spite of its youthful inexperience and the political hostilities which it encountered. This common ideal is a free union, combined with harmonious consolidation. Although her colonial possessions are still in their infancy, and have had to be conquered, explored, organised and developed, France has already succeeded in forging the bonds of a close political, commercial and military federation.

The British public is little familiar with the colonial efforts and the colonial triumphs of France; but they are surely worthy to be known and appreciated. It is, indeed, to my mind impossible for any English reader, who has a natural admiration for resolution and perseverance, to read the volumes which I have cited at the opening of this paper without experiencing some little sympathy and no little respect for the dreams of political liberty and colonial expansion, which have simultaneously awakened France. They show that, though an old nation, France retains her youth; though vanquished, she is virile; and that, in spite of the melancholy catastrophes of 1815 and 1870, and of the impoverishment she has suffered at the hands of Imperial adventurers, France still aspires to astonish the world in a new birth. John Stuart Mill noted as among "the many valuable . . . elements in the French character . . . a great individual energy which, though less persistent and more intermittent than in the self-helping and struggling Anglo-Saxons, has nevertheless manifested itself among the French in nearly every direction in which the operation of their institutions has been favourable to it."* Political liberty has restored its will-power to the French race. Colonial expansion is but one of the signs of this joyful and pregnant awakening. A new era is on the horizon.

JACQUES BARDOUX.

* *Representative Government*, ch. iii. p. 72

THE PLEA FOR A FORTH AND CLYDE SHIP CANAL

THE idea of cutting a ship canal between the Forth and Clyde is not new, but has been brought forward on several occasions during the last forty years. It is only lately, however, that the question has reached a national importance which was not dreamt of by the early promoters of the scheme, an importance which justifies the earnest consideration of any serious British Government. It is a platitude to say that within the last six years the storm-centre of European politics, from a naval point of view, has shifted from the Mediterranean to the North Sea, where this country is faced by a strong, concentrated naval power whose ports of issue are situated directly opposite our East Coast.

To be prepared for war, it is necessary for the Fleet to have a repairing port as near the probable scene of action as possible, with docks of sufficient size to enable the largest units to make good damage after an action and resume their places in the line as quickly as possible.

Assuming that the North Sea will be the probable scene of future operations, Chatham-Sheerness is too far south to meet the above requirements comprehensively, especially if an action were fought in the neighbourhood of the Skaw. This is almost the only port with docks of sufficient size to take a *Dominion*, and the only one with facilities for repairing a large number of ships. Chatham also has the disadvantage of being up a river; the bar at Sheerness can only be crossed by large vessels at high water, which is a serious handicap, as after an action a damaged ship might be drawing eight feet over her proper draught. There is only one other dock on the East Coast capable of taking a *Dominion* or a *Dreadnought*, viz., that belonging to Robert Stephenson and Co. on the Tyne.

When we were facing France it was found necessary to have five war harbours in the Channel ; and it is clear that in view of the distribution of naval forces in Europe at the present time

one naval port on the East Coast is not enough for our needs. Rosyth, on the Firth of Forth, which has been selected as a future naval base, is at present merely a locality; practically nothing has been done, owing presumably to laziness or lack of money.

Thirty miles from the Firth of Forth is one of the finest repairing ports in the world, namely Glasgow, with the Clyde shipbuilding yards.

If the State is at present unable to afford sufficient money to make a first-class naval base at Rosyth, or at some other suitable place on the East Coast, why should it not in the meantime assist private enterprise in making a ship canal between the Forth and Clyde? Rosyth could be made, at a comparatively small cost, into a supply base immune from torpedo attack, and when later on it was found possible to convert it into a first-class base, the canal would still be an asset of enormous strategic importance.

The strategic advantages of a canal cutting Great Britain in half at this point are very great. It would increase the mobility of the Fleet; squadrons could be moved from sea to sea in case of need without incurring the danger of an attack from torpedo-boats or submarines which might be delivered during a voyage N. or S. through the North Sea. It constitutes another channel from the Atlantic to the North Sea, and one which would be entirely in our own hands. This might conceivably alter the whole course of a war.

It would connect the defended waters of the Firth of Forth—at present the only *fortified* refuge on the East Coast north of Chatham—with a secure and efficient repairing port by a waterway of about thirty miles. It would give a vessel damaged in action access to the Clyde and save the dangerous voyage to Chatham, when a crippled and probably slow ship might incur great risks.

As regards the route, construction, and probable cost of a canal, Mr. Douglass, in 1904, made a careful survey of the country between the Forth and Clyde. In his report of that survey he suggested three possible schemes:

- (1) A canal starting from Alloa in the Firth of Forth, and proceeding *via* Stirling and Loch Lomond to the Clyde near Dumbarton.
- (2) A canal between Grangemouth on the Firth and Yoker on the Clyde, at *Sea Level*.
- (3) A canal between Grangemouth and Yoker at *High Level* with six locks at either end.

The advantages of the first route—that by Stirling and Loch

as a ship canal between the Forth and Clyde would become, would attract, besides ships of war, many ocean-going steamships bound to the American side from Europe.

Whatever may be the scheme and route eventually decided upon, there can be no doubt that Great Britain's naval policy at the present time makes it desirable that this ship canal should be built, independently of what may be done as regards Rosyth. It is surely a pity to let any opportunity slip whereby we may improve our strategic position in the North Sea. Such an opportunity, I am firmly convinced, is before us now. The idea of a Forth and Clyde Canal, which has been for many years a mere dream, is now taking a firmer hold of men's minds. The money necessary for its construction would be forthcoming were the State to come forward and guarantee some return until the canal should be in full working order and profits begin to come in.

I am much indebted to Professor Paul Reclus of Brussels, Professor Geddes, and to Mr. Douglass, civil engineer, of Victoria Street, London, for allowing me access to plans and papers, without which it would have been difficult to bring this matter clearly before your readers.

R. N.

"THE CANT OF UNCONVENTIONALITY"

A REJOINDER TO LADY ROBERT CECIL

THE article which appeared under this title in the November number of the *National Review* does not seem at first sight to call for a serious reply, since it presents no thesis, unfolds no orderly argument. Its writer appears to have founded her remarks upon the curious supposition that convention and decency are interchangeable terms: and to believe that our more intelligent literary critics, in entreating young authors to cast off the shackles of the British Convention, are merely inviting them to assume the more deadly fetters of the "pornographic school."

This ancient fallacy has little but its simplicity to recommend it. The convention which has had so disastrous an effect upon the British novel consists, not in this or that code of morals, but in an avoidance of the real issues of life. English fiction has been contented, as a rule, to deal with the hard crust which forms upon the surface of existence and hides the great forces below. It is easier and pleasanter to describe this outward appearance of things—the amiable interchange of sentiments between admirably trained young people, the artificial and superficial relations by which society is held in leash—than to ignore the pretty dance of shadows, and deal at first hand with the realities from which they come.

But this encounter with life is the price which fiction must pay if it is to rise from a craft into an art; and the fetters which keep it from that encounter are those limitations that are imposed from without by the prejudice of the reader, not from within by the instinct of the writer. This is what we mean by the British Convention. Every art must, of course, have its convention; but this must be dictated by the artist and not by his public, because it is the natural result of the conflict between tool and material—in the art which we are here considering, between literature and life. The other, the false

convention, results from the conflict between truthful interpreter and cowardly audience ; that audience whose opinion is voiced by Mrs. Grundy, and which is everlastingly defending the frail virtue of its sons and daughters against the disastrous effects of a sudden encounter with truth.

The panics and opinions of Mrs. Grundy can hardly be of interest to those persons whose real concerns are with literature. Unfortunately, however, Lady Robert Cecil has seen fit to fasten her remarks on this subject round a somewhat violent attack upon a writer who occupies an honourable place in contemporary English letters. Miss May Sinclair is the author of four remarkable and individual books : a fact which could hardly be deduced from Lady Robert Cecil's article, in which she is presented to us as amongst the last and least successful imitators of a moribund French tradition. As a matter of fact, Miss Sinclair has been hardly affected by French influences ; such un-English qualities in her work as are not due to her original and characteristic way of seeing life come rather from Scandinavian than from French influence. The naughty Parisian novel, its monotonous theme and imaginary artistic influence, are favourite weapons of attack with unprofessional critics, who seem unaware that much of the best French fiction of the last decade deals with subjects unconnected with adultery.

It is a further hall-mark of the unprofessional critic that he invariably judges any work of art (*a*) by other works of art, (*b*) by comparison with the superficial aspects of those people and that phase of life with which he is most familiar—*i.e.*, the habits and ideals of his own set, (*c*) by his personal likes and dislikes. One regrets to find that "The Cant of Unconventionality" presents examples of all these peculiarities. Taking them in order, under heading (*a*), as we have seen, the fact that the characters of *The Helpmate* share with the rest of humanity the disabilities of sex suggests to the writer that they are products of the Anglo-French school. Under (*b*) we note that they belong to the commercial classes of a northern industrial town ; a region which is not remarkable for its observance of the Fine Shades. Under (*c*) we have the more important fact that Lady Robert Cecil has conceived a personal dislike for Walter Majendie, the chief male character of the novel. He is a vulgar, virile, unspiritual person, who does not share his wife's taste for parochial life and daily evensong, and is sincere enough to say so. Lady Robert Cecil is not of those who would say to such an evil-doer, "Go in peace !" She is clearly of opinion that no Christian wife could or should look

charitably upon these failings, and that the forfeiture of conjugal rights is a small price to pay for them.

This being so, the scale of values adopted in *The Helpmate* becomes, of course, unacceptable and even repulsive; for Miss Sinclair, seeing life with that breadth and sanity which constitute her peculiar claim to our respect, has perceived and brought home to her readers the fact that Majendie's character, in its intense humanity, its strength and weakness, is not "one of Creation's mistakes," but contributes to the great purposes of life and has its roots in the very scheme of things. Here it is, of course, that author and critic part company. Miss Sinclair, in common with all sincere artists, is busy about the foundations of existence. Lady Robert Cecil is chiefly concerned with the social behaviour of the Majendie family: Mr. Majendie's reprehensible, if human, habit of veiling his shyness at sacred moments by weak and injudicious jokes, his ridiculous loyalty to the vulgar friends who have helped him in the past, his sister's unmaidenly obstinacy in forgiving black sheep unto seventy times seven. These tiresome idiosyncrasies are the matters with which her criticism really concerns itself; for when she draws near the deeper problems of the story, she seems unable to deal in any coherent way with the principles involved in them, and takes refuge in sarcasms at the expense of "unconventional" morality.

The truth is, however, that the convention which Miss Sinclair has refused to obey in this book has nothing to do with sexual morals; else would a large part of English literature, from Restoration comedy to the works of George Eliot, stand condemned also. Her real offence is that she has ignored the first demand of the uncultured reader, that all heroes and heroines must either be perfect ladies and perfect gentlemen, or clearly labelled as social pariahs. Lady Robert Cecil herself admits that this is so. She is evidently afraid that Miss Sinclair does not know how often her hero's conduct falls short of perfection; how wrong, for instance, it is to be sleepy, and fail in ardour and tenderness, when one is awoke to unexpected accusations at 4 A.M. In her opinion, "the apple of discord in the Majendie marriage is not the man's moral fault in the past, but his unspeakable 'bounding' in the present."

This language has at any rate the merit of defining its writer's attitude. We have to do with a critic who finds it impossible to extend sympathy to a character which does not happen to be perfectly well bred. Here, of course, Lady Robert Cecil has allowed her judgment to

be warped by a purely social prejudice. She has thus placed herself at a disadvantage in dealing with writing which either is, or aspires to be, a work of art. The critic who is cast into a condition of blind rage by a book which dares to describe with sympathy the cravings and failings of a perfectly ordinary member of the middle classes—rather better bred than his friends, not quite so well bred as his wife—lowers himself, so far, to the level of the essentially uncultured reading public of this country, which always demands, as the first necessity of a pleasant story, that the characters should be “people one likes reading about.” “People one likes reading about” generally means people whom one would be willing to entertain. This limitation presses hardly on writers in search of popularity, and the more sincere novelists of our generation have resolutely ignored it. The only exceptions to this rule which are allowed for popular purposes are the pathetic or the mildly humorous poor. The middle classes, if described at all, must either be idealised until they conform to the standards of the best society, or treated in a frankly farcical spirit. Their more disconcerting attributes must at all costs be omitted, and their social position must be clearly defined.

Hence this large intermediate population has remained for the novelist a “virgin soil.” In it we find the “rather dreadful” people; the people who inhabit the great provincial centres of industry, whose social position persists in remaining indefinite; of whom one sees a good deal at election times, but not much, perhaps, at other seasons. But these—the great monotonous blur of the middle classes—are the material with which life works: therefore the artist, who is life’s auxiliary, may work with them too. There are many advantages in such a choice of subject. Whilst both the aristocratic and labouring classes have ceased, for literary purposes, to be the objects of first-hand experience, and tend more and more to become conventional types, about this intermediate class no convention has yet been adopted. If its members are to be drawn at all, they must be drawn from life. We shall not find them waiting ready to our hands, crisply defined and instantly recognisable, with the witty dowager, the well-born adulteress, and the good-hearted millionaire. Further, they have none of the engaging little ways of these stock characters. If they are to be made interesting, their more deeply human characteristics must be exhibited. Here, then, is tempting material for the sincere writer, as well as a deeply interesting field for the genuine student of life.

The true business of the novelist is to show eternal things in and through temporal things. This, and this only, gives permanent value to his work. If he prefers to choose for this purpose temporal things of an imperfect kind, one can only admire his courage and acknowledge that he is within his rights. A novelist is under no obligation to attribute virtuous or even polite behaviour to the chief personages of his story. It is the favourite vice of British fiction that it too often panders to its readers in this respect, and tries to ensure sympathy for its characters by assuring us on every page that they are "nice."

Men, even of sterling character, do not always behave with tact and refinement when under the influence of great passions. They cannot always conceal their prejudices, even though they be in love. Nevertheless, they are capable of devotion, generosity, despair ; of all the great acts of the soul from which tragedy and drama are built up. That these acts are forced to express themselves under sordidly material conditions is a circumstance which can hardly deceive any thoughtful student of humanity, though it of course gives unrivalled opportunities to shallow criticism. Of these opportunities the author of "The Cant of Unconventionality" avails herself ; perhaps with more eagerness than discretion, since she thereby betrays her unwillingness to recognise basal and eternal truths beneath their superficial and temporal expression.

She finds herself confronted by a novel in which a number of obviously imperfect people, who combine good and bad qualities and impulses in the most natural and exasperating way, work out their destinies in a series of actions which it is impossible for any respectable person to approve. Further, these terribly provincial persons, with all their imperfections, follies, and lapses from good taste, are described with sincerity, intelligence, and mercy ; and perhaps it is not inappropriate to observe in this connection that mercy is pre-eminently the quality which distinguishes the great writer from the mean one. Now, conscious as we all are of the shortcomings of other people, we do not care as a rule to see those shortcomings described, unless a little venom be imported into the process. To act in any other way, to treat the failings of human nature as a part of human nature, to extend sympathy to that large and tiresome class which is neither wholly good nor wholly evil, but which struggles and suffers in the temperate zone of the moral world—this, in Lady Robert Cecil's opinion, is unconventional, offensive, and subversive of morality. Here,

oddly enough, the champion of respectability is seen taking sides against the Christian *ethos*, and pleading very eloquently for the condemnation of all publicans and sinners. In particular, the idea that Walter Majendie, the typical publican, can be "in it" (*i.e.*, in the spiritual sphere) as much as his wife, the typical Pharisee, strikes her as at once false, novel, and repulsive.

Yet the basal truth upon which the story of *The Helpmate* is built is just this, that the greatest of all sins is the Pharisee's sin against love—hardness of heart, unkindness, inability to forgive and forget. These are spiritual crimes, and greater than any carnal lapses, because the spirit is greater than the flesh. Lady Robert Cecil quotes with amusement a reviewer who has perceived and stated that "the lesson of *The Helpmate* is that we must have more charity." One is surprised that she should find this statement humorous, since its ancestry alone should command for it a certain respect. Evidently it is not an opinion with which she finds herself in agreement, or the analysis to which she has subjected Miss Sinclair's novel had hardly appeared in print.

It seems scarcely worth while to deal in detail with this analysis, since any reader of *The Helpmate* can verify for himself the way in which passages have been torn from their context and twisted from their meanings in order that they may serve the writer's end: the misrepresentation of incidents; the omission of vital facts; the cheap satire, unworthy of any serious criticism; finally, the amazing conjuring trick which deduces from this story the moral of "the wickedness of the good and the goodness of the wicked." One or two examples of the methods of conventional criticism may, however, prove instructive.

In Lady Robert Cecil's description of Majendie's character we find this passage:

To his invalid sister he is an angel of goodness. True, he had not always been precisely a saint: there was, for instance, the unfortunate Lady Cayley episode; but that, rightly understood, was only a part of his goodness—he *had* to lift her—oh! he was a martyr; and anyhow that is past. He really is angelic now, and if Anne thinks he needs an introduction to his Maker, to the circles of the spiritual *élite*, why, Walter "is in it as much as she."

Next comes the testimony of Lawson Hannay, Walter's most intimate friend. "Bayard," says Hannay with solemn enthusiasm, "*chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, a saint, the best man, the most particular man I've ever known." ("The Cant of Unconventionality," 386.)

Looking in *The Helpmate* for the originals of these statements, we find first a scene in which Edith Majendie is reasoning with

the outraged young wife, Anne, and trying, naturally enough, to find extenuating circumstances in her brother's “past.”

“It's what happens,” says Edith, “over and over again. He thought her a vilely injured woman. He may have thought her good. [Walter was twenty-two at the time—an age at which even young men who are not “bounders” make these mistakes.] He certainly thought her pathetic. It was the pathos that did it.”

“That—did—it?”

“Yes. Did it. She hurled herself at his head—at his knees—at his feet—till he *had* to lift her. And that's how it happened.” (*The Helpmate*, p. 39.)

Nothing here about martyrdom and angelic goodness; merely a charitable and broad-minded woman's interpretation of a young man's fall. As for Mr. Hannay, the novelist makes it clear that his testimony to Walter Majendie's virtues was given under the influence of drink; it can hardly, therefore, be used by any serious critic in estimating his character.

Finally, consider the episode of Majendie's intrigue with Maggie Forest as described by Miss Sinclair and as epitomised by Lady Robert Cecil. In this epitome, perhaps the most glaring example of her critical methods, we are told nothing of the long period during which Majendie's relation to Maggie was innocent, chivalrous, pure; nothing of the scene in which his wife drives him from her presence; nothing of his struggles against growing temptation; nothing which indicates that the critic recognises or allows for the relentless natural forces which determine the issue of such battles as these. Of the “idea-plot” on which the story of *The Helpmate* is built Lady Robert Cecil betrays, indeed, no comprehension. This idea-plot is of course the infinitely pathetic history of that war between the body and the soul, between the animal and spiritual natures of man, which is plaited up in the very constitution of humanity. To condemn this subject as “unconventional”—which, in the mouths of the conventional, is only another way of saying “unclean”—is to condemn, not the individual artist, but the great Artist of all life. The character of Walter Majendie, in its very imperfection, has been selected and presented to us with the most consummate skill, because it shows the whole process of that battle, its gains and losses, its eternal results, as no other type could do. Were he either a saint or, as Lady Robert Cecil suggests, “a good-humoured, shallow-hearted bounder with a blunted moral sense,” there had been no battle; were he possessed of an aristocratic self-control, we could not have followed the fortunes of war. But he was an ordinary man, an immortal spirit subject to all the disabilities of mortality; capable, therefore, of combining an ideal fidelity to the

spirit of love with a physical unfaithfulness to its material expression.

The tragedy of *The Helpmate* consists in the circumstances which forced upon Majendie this divorce between love and passion, between the spirit and the flesh. He was right in declaring that it was really love for his wife—the unsatisfied love, “as simple as hunger and thirst,” which Lady Robert Cecil finds so disgusting an ingredient of our nature—that drove him into the arms of Maggie Forest: that exquisite, elemental thing whom we should all have acclaimed as a *grande amoureuse* were it not for the accident of birth which made her a florist’s assistant. Maggie is one of the triumphs of *The Helpmate*; never has her type been presented with greater delicacy and truth. One can imagine how the defender of conventionality will deal with such a creature, and such a situation!

“It was a great and terrible mystery,” says Miss Sinclair of Anne Majendie, “that the sin of his [*i.e.*, Walter’s] body should be the saving of her soul.” Here the novelist, obedient to the highest traditions of her art, lifts up the sensual and shows it to us in the light of the supersensual; connecting earthly sins and earthly struggles with the mighty and esoteric doctrine of substitution. This doctrine—that one should be sacrificed in order that another may be saved—is a thought which is older than Christianity, and is of course the kernel of that faith. Lady Robert Cecil, however, is not to be deceived by a logical application of this essentially religious idea. She examines the mystery of Walter’s sin and Anne’s salvation with an evident determination to reduce all the elements of human life to their lowest common factor; and, with a realism and finality which are beyond the power of many an unconventional novelist, labels the episode of Maggie Forest as “adultery with a little shop-girl.” It seems vain to address to such a mind an invitation to look with simplicity upon the stupendous forces of man’s nature, to ignore the trivial accidents which attend their translation into material life. In some such spirit might a critic of Greek tragedy describe Phædra as a married woman with an unfortunate weakness for boys.

In this life, the spiritual must be made manifest through the material; hence most serious students of humanity will be disposed to agree with Miss Sinclair that “there is no spirituality worthy of the name which has not been proved in the house of flesh.” Rightly understood, this profound statement contains within itself the essence of all sacramentalism. But here again respectability, true to its cardinal principle of refusing at all

costs the inner facts of life, has a surprise in store for us. Lady Robert Cecil views this doctrine with a peculiar abhorrence ; even committing herself to the amazing opinion that it teaches "the innocence of unchastity" and "spiritual redemption by way of fleshly sin." It is against such an attitude as this—presented to us in *The Helpmate* in the person of Anne Majendie, the loveless and respectable wife—that Miss Sinclair wars, but apparently in vain.

"If you could only see how divinely sacred the human part of us is—and how pathetic!" says Edith Majendie—whom even the canons of respectability must allow to be a saint—to her pharisaical sister-in-law. May one be permitted to offer these words for Lady Robert Cecil's consideration? They express the *leit motif* of *The Helpmate*, the governing idea which runs through it like a thread—namely, the sanctity and necessity of mortality, the fact that for those souls which are immersed in human life the spiritual is best attained by a faithful acceptance of material things. This lesson is enforced by Miss Sinclair herself, and also by the characters of her book, in language which minces matters no less—but certainly no more—than the Book of Common Prayer. No one has yet suggested that the English Marriage Service should be ranked amongst the works of the Fleshly School; and where the Established Church is not ashamed to notice the patent facts of existence, surely the novelist may venture to speak.

"I wonder if you ever realise what the thing we call purity, is?" says Anne Majendie to her husband. One imagines the author of "The Cant of Unconventionality" stating her final complaint against *The Helpmate* and its writer in some such terms as these. Were *tu quoque* a form of argument permissible outside the school-room, Miss Sinclair might well address the same question to her critic. It is a common experience of all writers that the maxim, *Omnia munda mundis*, is of no effect in literary criticism. The pure-minded author suffers his worst misinterpretation at the hands of the pure-minded reader, who can and generally will deduce from any novel improprieties of which its creator never dreamed. Hence one is not surprised to find that the author of "The Cant of Unconventionality" sees the marriage tie under one aspect only—the aspect which, as she frankly says in describing Majendie's reconciliation with his wife, "has its roots deep down in the animal nature"—surely the most unconventional definition of normal wedlock which has ever been produced by a champion of British respectability.

Curiously enough, a reference to the pages of *The Helpmate*,

which Lady Robert Cecil so industriously misquotes, suggests that Miss Sinclair's view of married love is less crudely materialistic than that of her critic. There the peace between Majendie and Anne appears as no triumph of physical passion, but is described to us in these beautiful terms: "In her eyes he saw love risen to immortality through mortal tears. She looked at him, and she knew him as she knew her own soul." These are the last words of *The Helpmate*. One wonders what better and more spiritual basis of reconciliation could have existed between any husband and wife; even though they had been the really refined, conventional persons whom it is the true business of the British novelist to describe.

EVELYN UNDERHILL.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS

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CONGRESS convened a week ago yesterday, and the next day officially listened to the President's views on a great variety of subjects that required nearly 30,000 words in the telling. That is to say, constructively and theoretically the members of Congress were present and listening ; actually they were either busy about their own affairs outside the precincts of the two Houses, or if they were in their seats they paid very little attention to the monotonous droning of the clerks.

Thirty thousand words, four or five pages of the average newspaper, must be extremely interesting to hold the attention of the average man. Mr. Roosevelt makes the mistake of writing too much. For the first time in many years many of the newspapers do not print the Message in full, and it has become a tradition of journalism that everything that the President says or writes is to be printed *verbatim*. But this year several leading newspapers came to the conclusion that better use could be made of their space than to give it to the Message, and the reader is forced to content himself with a summary. So far as heard from, readers have not risen in their wrath and protested against being deprived of this entertaining literature.

The American newspaper is generally, and rightly I think, supposed to know what its readers want, and to cater to them accordingly. Two years ago, on the reassembling of Congress, the Message was printed in full, and no newspaper entertained the thought of abridging it. That they have done so this year may mean one of two things. Either that Mr. Roosevelt is a less popular "feature" than he has hitherto been, or else that the Message was not worth printing. The inordinate length of the Message—longer than any Mr. Roosevelt has hitherto sent to Congress, and far longer than any of his predecessors—is due partly to the incorporation of copious extracts from previous Messages and speeches, and to the well-

known fondness of the President to preach to his fellow-countrymen and erect a moral code for their guidance.

Mr. Roosevelt is different from the men who have preceded him in the chair of the magistracy and his previous Messages have been unlike theirs. All of his former utterances have been characterised by a virility, an audaciousness, a defiance almost, that have given them a tone peculiarly their own—their reading gave one a very clear mental picture of the man—bold, unconventional, scornful of fate, as if he felt he was too much the child of destiny to stand in fear of fate. But the Message this year, public men and the newspapers quickly noticed, rings in a lower and more subdued tone. It reads as if the President were no longer so sure of destiny, and was slightly troubled about fate; as if he had suddenly become cautious and had weighed his words with exactitude; trying to please every one and offend no one, a feat which no man, no matter how wise, has yet been able to accomplish. In short, the Message, judged by the comments of the newspapers, is a disappointment, because it is too radical to please the Conservatives and too conservative to please the Radicals. It goes too far in one direction and not far enough in the other. The party organs either approve it perfunctorily and in stereotyped phrases, as they are compelled to do for political reasons, or indulge in glittering generalities that mean nothing.

It is one of the constitutional obligations of the President "from time to time to give to the Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient," and it is this clause that is the warrant for the President sending a message to Congress at the opening of every session. The Constitution makes it mandatory that the President shall "recommend" "such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient," which by custom has been interpreted that while the President may recommend broadly whatever he thinks is for the good of the country he may not infringe upon the prerogatives of the co-ordinate branch of the government, the legislative, and go into details. He may think it advisable that a new fiscal system should be established, and give the reasons why in his judgment a change is necessary, but the method by which that change is to be carried out is a right solely to be employed by the legislature. Congress may hearken as much or as little to the admonitions or advice of the Chief Executive as it sees fit; the President has performed his duty when he recommends.

The President has made many recommendations, but Congress will give serious consideration to few if any of them, the reason for which is twofold. It has become a well-established political principle that the less Congress does in the session preceding a Presidential election the better it is for the party in power and the greater its chances of carrying the election, because important legislation invariably arouses excitement, and its results are not always what were anticipated. Hence it has come to be recognised that the time to legislate is not before the election but immediately afterwards, and the session of Congress, which seldom lasts less than six months, is to a large extent wasted. Certain routine business must, of course, be transacted. There are the supply bills to be voted on and minor legislation to be enacted, but the great bulk of the session is devoted to the delivery of political speeches, which later on can be used as "campaign documents." As all speeches delivered in Congress are reported *verbatim* in the official *Congressional Record*, which can be sent through the post free under a member's frank, it is self-evident why these speeches are made.

There is another reason why Congress will pay very little if any attention to the President's recommendations. At this time in the career of every President his power is either rapidly waning or else he is more powerful than ever, and that depends whether he is nearing the end of his official existence or is about to begin it anew. If he has served two terms he must, under the unwritten law, retire; if he has served only one term and is facing political extinction, he may be served, but he cannot command; but if the party still follows him and has determined to re-elect him then he must be obeyed, for to the party he is not only President that is, but also President that is to be.

Now, Mr. Roosevelt, so far as his party in Congress is concerned, is in a peculiar position. He has served his two terms in effect, and under the unwritten law is debarred from being further considered as a candidate, and yet, as I have pointed out more than once, there is a feeling throughout the country in favour of his renomination. On the other hand, the politicians, a majority of the members of Congress who sit on the Republican side of the House, are opposed to him, and most of the men who compose this majority believe that he will not be nominated. It is a tradition in American politics that the politicians are usually wrong and the people are usually right, and that the more a President incurs the enmity of the politicians the stronger he is with the people. There is

Jackson, they say, who was furiously fought by the politicians, but the more venomously they attacked him the greater became his hold upon the country, which has none too high an opinion of its politicians and enjoys the spectacle of a President trouncing them instead of meekly submitting to be bullied by them, which is the average American's conception of the relations existing between the President and Members of Congress; there was Cleveland, against whom the politicians rose in revolt, but he became their master and made them yield to him because the country was behind him; there is to-day Roosevelt, they tell you, who has been frequently likened to Jackson, who has adopted the Jacksonian methods and defied the politicians, and in defying them has won the enthusiastic gratitude of the people.

All this may be true, but it is not capable of precise demonstration. It would seem as if the Member of Congress ought to be fairly representative of the sentiment of the community that has elected him, but it is undeniable that the Washington view is not always the view of the country. Despite the high level of intelligence of the American people and the avidity with which they read newspapers and magazines—perhaps because of it—the country at large, especially the dwellers in rural communities and small cities, have a curiously distorted view of national politics and the men who make them. They may believe in the individual integrity of their own representative, but in the collective integrity of politicians they have little faith. To the rural mind Washington is a city of abominations, and men who go to Washington are quickly corrupted, and to gratify their illicit desires forget honour. America at heart is still Puritan, tempered although the old Puritanism has been by alien strains and a broader outlook on life; but to men and women living in small communities, narrow, self-centred, provincial in the true sense of the word, where Sunday is a day of gloom and soul-searching, it can well be understood how their conventional minds are shocked when they read that Sunday in Washington is an even greater day of social enjoyment than the other six days of the week, and that their Member of Congress, at home the type of village propriety and smug prejudice, is a guest at an elaborate Sunday dinner, which in itself is shocking enough, but the offence is made a thousand times worse because “wine was served at every course,” and the women smoked. No “decent” woman smokes, according to the moral code of rural America. In these thrilling melodramas that so delight the denizens of the smaller towns it is never necessary to label the adventuress;

she is known by her cigarette, just as the poor but proud heroine is at once spotted by her tattered shawl and the frequency with which she uses her handkerchief.

Members of the Congress are in a somewhat embarrassing position. If they were positive that Mr. Roosevelt would not be nominated they would treat him with scant consideration, or if they were convinced that he is destined again to be the party leader, they would accord him that deference to which he is entitled by virtue of his position, but their embarrassment comes from the fact that they are in a state of great uncertainty. Every politician is much more anxious to tie his little chariot to a comet than to a falling star. If Mr. Roosevelt shall pass off the stage the year after next, and Mr. Hughes, for example, shall succeed him, the member of Congress who shouted for Roosevelt and sneered at Hughes has made his political capital an unrealisable asset. Politicians are anxious above all things to avoid political bankruptcy.

The present temper, therefore, of politicians is adroitly to be all things to all candidates present or prospective until the uncertainty no longer exists. If Mr. Roosevelt is the nominee he will have no more loyal supporters than the members of Congress who are now denouncing him, and if their judgment is sustained and he retires, they will be equally zealous in their support of the candidate.

The reassembling of Congress, bringing politicians together from all parts of the country fresh from contact with their constituents, enables one to obtain a clear idea of the political drift, and this has been made still more clear by the meeting of the Republican National Committee, which convened last Friday. The National Committee is the General Staff of the Republican Party. It is composed of one member of each state and territory, and is the executive authority of the party, its chief function being to manage the campaign, and in the intervals between campaigns, to adjust party differences, and, like a well-organised General Staff, to prepare for the next war. The members of the committee are elected at the time when the President is nominated, and hold office until the next convention meets, so that the committee is always in sympathy with the President at the time of his election. The present committee, therefore, is nominally a "Roosevelt" committee, and yet I unhesitatingly declare, based on knowledge derived from personal conversations, that considerably more than a majority of the members of the committee are opposed to the renomina-

tion of Mr. Roosevelt. Here again it may be that politicians do not voice the people, but it is worth noting that many of the members who are antagonistic to the President frankly admit that the sentiment of their States is largely in favour of his nomination. That is what I have been told by many men, who have also added in answer to my question that thus far they have been unable to discover that the recent money panic has damaged Mr. Roosevelt's prestige, although they couple this with the further statement that if the industrial depression that is now so greatly feared is widespread and severe, Mr. Roosevelt personally will suffer, and the party will feel the consequence in an ever greater degree. One member of the committee cynically observed: "There is only one way of escaping Roosevelt, and that is by the greater calamity of Bryan," meaning that hard times would in all probability result in Republican defeat.

I recently talked with an eminent authority on industrial crises in this country whose experience runs back half a century or more, and who has been a careful student of American industrial and financial history. According to this man every panic in the United States began with a money stringency, which assumed an acute phase and then relaxed, and was followed for a few weeks by a seeming return to normal conditions, after which followed the second stage, the industrial depression, resulting in the enforced closing of mills and factories, and throwing thousands of men out of work. "I do not like to utter Cassandrical prophecies," this man said, "but unless all past experience counts for nothing, it is as easy to prognosticate what will happen in the next few months as it is for a skilled physician to determine his prognosis. I do not see how it is possible to escape hard times as the result of industrial depression, although their duration may be shorter than has usually been the case. That, however, is purely speculative, and there are no data on which to base any calculations. If the crops next year are good, the pinch will be felt much less severely; if unfortunately there should be any shortage of consequence in our great cereals, we can hope for no recovery until the following year at the earliest."

In this connection an interesting statement was made at a dinner the other night by a scientist in the Government service. Something having been said as to the world's production of wheat, he remarked that in the United States in the last seven years, the precipitation—the rainfall, in ordinary language—over the great cereal-producing section had been in excess of the average, and that a bountiful, but not an excessive,

precipitation produced bounteous crops. The meteorological records of the United States show that for every ten-year period there has been an average precipitation, and that while in some years there has been an excess and in other years a deficiency, the mean has been constant. "Now, the only conclusion to be drawn from these observations," he said, "is that for the past seven years the precipitation in the cereal belt has been above the average, which, if maintained for the next three years, would be contrary to all our past experience. I am therefore constrained to believe that the next three years will be 'dry' years—that is, the precipitation will be below normal so as to bring about the general average—and that will mean short crops. It is rather striking when you come to think about it," this scientist added, allowing his fancy rein, "that in this country the building of railways, the deposits in the banks, peace and contentment, depend upon the precipitation, the drops of rain falling upon the wheat- and corn-fields of the West ; that just enough rain brings happiness and wealth, and too much or too little means distress and starvation."

The scientist was asked if the ten-year period was based on any law, or if natural causes explained the phenomena of periodicity. He said it was based on no law that had been discovered, but the fact was established, and up to the present time no exception had been noted.

These things—industrial contraction, crop failures, a general curtailment of wealth-producing sources—are in the air, and their effect is seen in the somewhat changed attitude of Republicans. That chastened spirit which seems to have possessed the President when he wrote his Message is typical of the party at large. A year ago it had only contempt for its opponent and looked upon a Democratic victory next year as something so improbable that it was unnecessary to give it serious consideration, but Republicans now talk in a somewhat different strain. The men who are endeavouring to bring about the renomination of Mr. Roosevelt say that unless he is made the candidate Mr. Bryan will be elected, and the partisans of other Republicans contesting for the nomination, while they will not admit that Mr. Roosevelt is the only man who can be elected, concede that the fight will be stubborn, with the chances too nearly balanced for comfort. If the Democrats could unite they would have a magnificent chance for success, as there exists a great deal of dissatisfaction in the Republican party.

Should Mr. Roosevelt be nominated he will find only luke-

warm support in certain quarters. If Mr. Roosevelt sees fit to reject the nomination, it has been semi-officially announced, he will endeavour to control the Convention so as to bring about the nomination of a candidate on whom he can rely to perpetuate his policies and to prevent the nomination of a "reactionary." If he can do this, if he can dictate the nominee, that will be almost as offensive to certain interests as if he were himself nominated and as damaging to party success. But suppose that he should find his power gone and that he is not the master spirit of the Convention, then a great many men think the Radical wing of the Republican party will believe that the President has been defeated by "the interests" and in revenge will turn to Bryan, of whose Radicalism there is no question. Or suppose again that Mr. Taft should be nominated. There is a bitter factional fight waging in Ohio, and it is so bitter that no matter who is nominated it may cost the Republicans the electoral vote of the State. If in addition to all these things there come hard times and any considerable number of men are thrown out of work, their natural inclination will be to vote against the Republicans for having managed affairs so badly and destroyed prosperity.

These are the odds against which the Republicans will have to contend in the next campaign and make heavily in favour of the Democrats, were it not for the fact that they have even heavier odds to overcome. Mr. Bryan, it is conceded, will be nominated, and his nomination will be sullenly acquiesced in by those Democrats who correspond to the Republicans who are hoping that neither Mr. Roosevelt nor a man of his type will carry the Convention. The conservative Democrat has no profound admiration for Mr. Roosevelt, but forced to elect between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan, I verily believe that he will take the former, whom he regards as no less Radical and dangerous than the latter, but as the lesser of two evils, because the Republican party at heart is more Conservative than the Democratic; and Mr. Bryan if elected would feel that he owes nothing to the Conservative wing of his party and is under obligations only to the Radicals. Given a united party Mr. Bryan ought to win, but when a leading southern paper says bluntly, "to nominate him would be simply to throw the election away," and the *New York World*, perhaps the leading exponent of Democracy, asks why the south should "consent to a nomination that will further imperil the very life of their party," the outlook for harmony is not hopeful. Mr. Bryan has publicly announced that while he is not seeking the nomination he will accept it if it is offered to him. In

all probability he will be nominated, but it will be with the foreboding of many influential Democrats that his nomination once again presages defeat. That is not the spirit in which campaigns are won.

It is very discouraging to business men and others, who hoped Congress would without delay place the currency on a sound and scientific basis, to learn that there is no hope of immediate action, and the best that can be expected is another makeshift. Few members of Congress have either the time or the inclination to make a serious study of economics, although that does not restrain them from discussing it, or offering remedies at a minute's notice; and when the country was suffering because money had been driven into hiding nearly every member had a plan of his own and was impatiently longing for the meeting of Congress, so that his plan might at once be enacted into law. But now that Congress has met, the few men who really understand the subject, and who in addition control legislation, have decided that haste shall be made slowly because of the enormous difficulties in the way. The only real remedy, as these men recognise, would be the destruction of the present system and the creation of a new one; but that is impossible, because it would violate tradition and shock conservative prejudice. It is not easy to uproot a system that has been in existence for three-quarters of a century. At that time there was an opportunity to establish a National Bank, and had that been done the ever-present menace of the American fiscal system would not now threaten the world. But the politicians inflamed popular sentiment against a thing so dangerous to the liberties of a free people as a National Bank, and the Treasury was made the custodian of all public funds, and so shackled by legal restraints that the Secretary of the Treasury is deprived of the power to render assistance to the business world in times of emergency, which is one of the important functions of a Government Bank.

The Government receipts are paid into the Treasury, and the money thus received must remain there until it is disbursed in accordance with law. So long as the Treasury retains merely a working balance, that is not objectionable; but when the Government has a heavy surplus it is guilty of the very thing the President so severely condemned in his Message—it hoards. To overcome this, in a measure, Congress passed a law permitting the Secretary of the Treasury to deposit certain receipts in "National Banks," which are not Government Banks, but are national only in the sense that

they are chartered by Congress and are similar to the joint-stock banks of Europe. But before the banks are permitted to receive these deposits they must lodge with the Secretary of the Treasury security in the form of Government bonds. If a bank has Government bonds as part of its assets the transaction is merely a transfer from its vaults to the Treasury strong rooms; but if the bank has to buy bonds in the market, the transaction is profitable only when interest rates are high, as the bonds always stand at a premium and the rate of interest they pay is low.

But there comes a time when there is an unusual demand for money, and that is where the system goes to pieces and America at once begins to draw on Europe for gold. Currency is issued both by the Government and the National Banks, the volume emitted by the latter being subject to fluctuation. National Bank-notes can be issued only on the security of Government bonds deposited with the Treasury, and when a bank desires to increase its circulation it must deposit additional bonds. This takes time, and, as I have already pointed out, the operation is not profitable unless discount rates are high. In the recent money stringency the banks had no scarcity of sound assets, but they could not be used in the place of currency. The consequence was that the banks had to resort to the expedient of clearing-house certificates, and instead of settling their balances in money they used certificates, which did not, however, get into the hands of the public, as they passed current solely between the banks. Secretary Cortelyou, to meet a great national peril, issued Exchequer notes, which was perfectly justifiable in view of the circumstances, even though the law under which he acted was given a forced construction. But it is doubtful if any succeeding Secretary of the Treasury will feel warranted in again resorting to this method of relief.

There is still such pronounced opposition to the establishment of a Government Bank that no attempt will be made to establish it. All that it is proposed to do to bring about "currency reform" is to permit the National Banks to issue "emergency currency" in times of stringency by depositing certain securities—Government bonds preferably, but perhaps other approved stocks and bonds—with the Secretary of the Treasury, and against this collateral issuing their notes. It is another makeshift and is not real reform. It will no doubt afford some relief, but at the best it can only be regarded as a crude attempt to remedy the evil. The United States will continue to be a disturbing factor in world finance until an archaic system is replaced by one more in keeping with modern progress.

Some of the newspapers ironically suggest that Congress will be derelict in its duty unless it makes an appropriation for gambling paraphernalia for the White House, so that grave questions of State may be properly settled. The sarcasm is to record an extraordinary incident that took place at the White House a few days ago. The two senators from South Dakota—Kittredge and Gamble—had rival candidates for the same offices, and as both insisted upon their right to name the appointees the President made chance the arbiter. Some of the offices were disposed of by lot, and this proceeding was varied by the President tossing a coin in the air and the choice depending on whether head or tail turned up.

The Press is both amused and shocked by this departure from precedent. The papers that treat it lightly say that it is only another evidence of Mr. Roosevelt's unconventionality and dislike of hampering precedent when common sense points a short cut, but the more serious papers condemn the President for having disregarded the cause of civil service reform, whose champion Mr. Roosevelt is popularly supposed to be. High Federal officers, these papers point out, are supposed to be appointed because of their mental and moral qualifications, but to make their appointment depend upon chance is even more destructive to public morals than frankly to revert to the "spoils system," when the qualifications of a candidate were never considered, and only the political influence of his sponsor had weight.

Since I last wrote a new State has been added to the Union, which shows the marvellous growth in wealth and population of the United States. Oklahoma, only a few years ago inhabited by Indians, unknown, and in which few whites had ever set foot, is now a State with a population of 1,500,000, probably the most densely populated territory ever admitted to Statehood. In population it now ranks above three of the original thirteen States—Connecticut, Rhode Island and South Carolina—as well as several of the older members of the Confederation. The new State has both agricultural and mineral wealth; it is crossed by 5000 miles of railways, and 700 banks provide for its commercial needs. With that keen appreciation of education that is one of the strongest qualities of the American, the Constitution of the State has provided for the common schools by setting apart 2,000,000 acres of valuable lands, from the sale of which educational institutions are to be supported. And only seventeen years ago this State, with the exception of the land on which cattle grazed, was a barren waste!

A. MAURICE LOW.

BIRDS IN CHRISTIAN LEGEND AND SYMBOL

R. S. HAWKER, the Vicar of Morwenstow, invented the saying *Ubi aves, ibi angeli*, which, as his manner was, he attributed to St. Basil. The phrase well expresses the idea of the sacredness of birds, which seems to have been a part of all religions. In Greek temples two thousand years ago the birds were sacred guests, as they are in Mohammedan mosques and Hindoo shrines to-day. So, too, among the Jews, since David's swallow found her a nest where she might lay her young within the hallowed ground. Shakespeare speaks, by the way, of the "temple-haunting martlet."

By the Christians of the early and middle ages this feeling was fully shared. The folk-lore of Christian lands is full of the birds. To the man of mediæval England, the waggoner who brought Dick Whittington to London, the wooden-legged soldier home from the wars in France, because of the meanings and associations which he saw everywhere the world was more pleasant and more alive. Our forefathers had not our modern privileges, our cheap press, our tinned food; they believed in miracles and knew little about machinery; but they were able to find joy in the red of a robin's breast, to see in it a sacred meaning, and to weave lovely fancies round it. What would that little patch of crimson feathers suggest to a board-school child in one of our large towns to-day? It is a curious fact, showing how they lived with nature in a way which we have ceased to do, that in old England the birds had each their Christian name. Some of these have survived, as Jack Daw, Tom Tit, Robin Redbreast, and Jenny Wren. In Plantagenet and Tudor England the sparrow was Philip Sparrow. So in French the kingfisher is Martin Pêcheur.

Many folk-rhymes express the sacredness of familiar birds. In Sussex they say :

The martins and the swallows
Are God Almighty's scholars.
The robins and the wrens
Are God Almighty's friends.

Another rhyme runs :

The robin and the wren
Are God Almighty's cock and hen.

The same thing is found in Scotland :

The laverock and the lintie
The robin and the wren,
If you harry their nests
You'll ne'er thrive again.

This coupling together of the robin and the wren as the special friends of God may perhaps be connected with the legend that a wren was in the stable at Bethlehem at the time of the Saviour's birth, and again that as He hung on Calvary a robin endeavoured to staunch with her breast the flow of blood from His side ; so that the robin and the wren were with Him at the beginning and the close of His earthly life. In parts of Wales they call the robin the "breast-burned bird." There is a compassionate Celtic legend that his breast was scorched as he approached too near the flame, carrying to the souls in torment drops of dew in his tiny bill.

The sacred mythology of the Nativity and the Passion sprang up everywhere among the people before the myth-making faculty had disappeared, and when their minds constantly dwelt upon the Faith in a spirit, not of controversy, but of devotion. It seems, too, that there was in the Christianity of the earlier ages something which we may perhaps call a Pantheist element, which has since disappeared. It was always, of course, in abeyance, but one finds it again and again, as in St. Francis, and more especially in Celtic versions of the Faith. St. Patrick, for instance, in the hymn known as his "Breast-plate," after the usual professions of faith in "the strong Name of the Trinity," the Death on the Cross, and the rest, "binds to himself" the living forces of nature, with all their saving and healing powers. To the mediæval myth-makers the world was not a dead machine, but a living and growing thing.

Amid the changes of the sixteenth century the faculty seems to have been lost. The violet of a legend never bloomed amid the arid wastes of Puritan controversy. The sacred lore of birds and flowers can only blossom in an atmosphere of spiritual leisure and content. What would John Bunyan, for instance, have made of the legend of the Crossbill ? It might have appealed to his imagination for a moment, but he would sternly have put it away as a piece of Popish folly, which in no way helped to answer the agonised question which every man

had to wrestle with in the solitude of his own soul. The name "Crossbill" tells its own tale. The bird twisted its beak in striving to draw out the nail which transfixed the Saviour's Hand. In Sweden they say that on the first Good Friday it circled round and round the Cross, endeavouring to encourage the Sufferer by its cries. A like loving office is ascribed in Spain to the swallows.

For swallows on Mount Calvary
Plucked tenderly away
From the brow of Christ two thousand thorns,
Such gracious birds are they.

So the swallows carry with them the blessing of God, and it is a happy house beneath whose eaves they build. The swallow, indeed, is the most purely delightful of all winged things. The swift is known as the *hadji*, the pilgrim, in Eastern lands, and has the pilgrim's claim on the hospitality and kindness of all the faithful. The swallows bring with them the very spirit of adventure and romance, the charm of distance, the appeal of the unknown, or the nostalgia of the known and loved. To the good knight in prison in heathen lands they must have brought the landscape that he longed for—the white Picardy road, with its windmills and Calvaries, amid open rolling country, running between hedgeless fields of flax and beans and beetroot. To us, amid homely scenes, they bring the East, and all their lands of travel. They have seen the Lombard belfries. They come, the pilgrim swallows, from far-off shores; they have seen new mountains and new seas. I remember seeing at Siena a fresco of the Annunciation in which a swallow has alighted in the cottage of the Virgin. Here it is a type of the Divine Promise of the Incarnation, travelling down through the long ages.

I do not know that many sacred associations have gathered round the sparrow, the companion-bird of David's text, though in French he is called the *moineau*, the "little monk," because of his brown coat. But he appears more than once in the Psalms, and the old commentators did not fail to find in him a holy meaning. "Ave, Passer salutaris," one old hymn says.

The wren is usually looked upon with a tender regard. There is a Scotch saying :

Malisons, malisons, mair than ten,
That harry the Lady of Heaven's hen.

Nevertheless, there exists in some places a cruel custom called "hunting the wren." The verse repeated on these occasions runs :

The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,
St. Stephen's Day was caught in the furze.

The tradition, by the way, of how the wren became the "king of all birds," though not specifically Christian, is a good example of the myth-making faculty which so lovingly wove its fancies round the Christian Faith. It is preserved in the names given to the wren in almost every European language. He is βασιλίσκος in Greek, *regulus, rex avium* in Latin. He is *re di siepe*, "king of the hedge," in Italian; *reyzuelo*, the "little king," in Spanish; *roitelet, roi des oiseaux*, in French. In German, again, he is *Zaunkönig*, the "hedge-king." The story is that the birds having agreed that the bird who could fly highest should be elected king, the wren hid himself in the eagle's feathers. The eagle having outdistanced even the lark, and ceasing to soar, the wren flew out and flew above him, and, flying higher than all, was declared king.

The eagle, however, has not been altogether dislodged from his proud position. He is often spoken of as "the king of birds." Mediæval writers delight in all sorts of wild and wonderful tales about his renewing his youth by gazing at the sun, and plunging into a clear stream, and allegorise at length on the Waters of Baptism and the True Sun, Jesus Christ. The Evangelistic Symbols of the man, the lion, the ox, and the eagle are almost as old as the Gospels themselves. The eagle is the symbol of St. John, the evangelist of *In Principio*, "che sovra gli altri com' aquila vola," as Dante says—"who like an eagle soars above the rest," and gazes on the Sun of the Divinity.

The fantastic natural history of the early and middle ages, the wonderful tales brought back from the East by Crusaders and pilgrims and travellers like Friar Odoric or Sir John Mandeville, strongly coloured Christian allegory and symbolism. Chief among the types of the Redeemer is the pelican feeding its young with blood from its own breast. The following verse is a specimen of mediæval devotion:

The pelican his blood did bleed
Therewith his nestlings for to feed;
This betokeneth on the Rood
How our Lord fed us with his Blood
When He ransomed us out of hell
In joy and bliss with Him to dwell,
And be our Father and our Food,
And we His children meek and good.

This idea has passed into the offices of the Church.

Pie Pelicane, Jesu Domine,
Munda me immundum Tuo Sanguine,

says the hymn. "Fountain of goodness" is the colourless rendering in modern books. Sometimes the pelican is repre-

sented over the head of the Saviour, perched on the summit of the Cross.

The fabulous bird, the phoenix, has been a Christian symbol from the Catacombs onward. The rabbis explained its immortality by saying that all the other birds ate together with Eve of the forbidden fruit, except the phoenix, who therefore remained immortal. In the middle ages this deathless bird was believed to inhabit the sacred garden of the Earthly Paradise, together with other living things, birds and animals of rare and surpassing beauty. The name "bird of paradise" tells its own story. Another symbol of the Resurrection was the peacock, with its glorious tail outspread. Probably, however, the reference was to the supposed incorruptibility of its flesh in the wild natural history of ancient times. The peacock in general has a bad name. It is the creature typical of the deadly sin of pride, having for its six companions the goat, the pig, the toad, the snake, the leopard, and the tortoise. Its vanity has become proverbial, as in our "proud as a peacock," and words like the Italian *pavoneggiarsi*.

There are some birds which are popularly disliked ; others are disliked, but yet admitted to have some good points, and treated with a certain respect. Prominent among the first is the owl. An old English carol, celebrating the praises of the holly, so loved of our forefathers, thus taunts the ivy :

Holly hath birdis, a full fair flock,
The nightingale, the popinjay, the gentle laverock ;
Good ivy, what birdis hast thou ?
None but the owlet that crieth "How ! How !"

Yet a kindly Spanish legend asserts that the owl was once the sweetest of singers, and that, being present when our Lord expired, from that moment he has shunned the daylight, and uttered only a harsh, monotonous cry. In Andalusia they say he repeats the word "Cruz ! cruz !"

The raven is looked upon with divided feelings. He is the "bird of evil omen" *par excellence*. "Corvo di mal augurio" is, indeed, the Italian equivalent of the phrase, and "Unglücksrabe" the German one. According to the fathers, he is the emblem of procrastination, with his cry of "Cras, cras,"—"To-morrow, to-morrow." His not having returned to the Ark has always been remembered against him. Yet he too is a pious bird. One of our earliest lessons was the story of the ravens bringing food to Elijah. The Golden Legend tells us of a raven which guarded the dead body of St. Vincent, thrown into the field to be devoured by beasts, "which drove away all other birds and fowls bigger than he

was, and chased away also a wolf with his bill and beak." It is said, by the way, three times in Scripture that God "feedeth the ravens"—in Job, in the Psalms, and by our Lord in St. Luke—and twice that they "call upon Him."

The raven, too, played his part in the Christmas Mystery. It was said that at the hour of the Great Birth the cock crowed "Christus natus est," the raven croaked "Quando?" the rook cawed "Hac nocte," the ox mooed "Ubi?" the sheep bleated "Bethlehem," and the ass brayed "Eamus." This is found as early as the fourth century. There is a fresco of it at Linchmere, in Sussex.

The tradition of the cock crowing on Christmas night is recorded by Shakespeare :

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Whereon our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long.

It was surely a devout and happy thought to see in the cheery cock-crow an annunciation of the Good News. There is a Russian proverb quoted by Tolstoi in "Resurrection" that "The cock crows early on all joyful nights." I have myself, again and again, year after year, heard it at midnight upon Christmas Eve. Our forefathers heard it, no doubt, on their way to the midnight Mass—which, by the way, is called in Spain the *Misa del Gallo*, the "Mass of the Cock." A mediæval rhythm says about the cock :

Quasi rex in capite, gallus coronatur,
In pede calcaribus, ut miles armatur.

"The cock wears a crown on his head like a king; his feet are armed with spurs as a soldier." The Italian word for "cockscorn" is "regalia." Though often regarded as an emblem of pride and boastfulness, his association with the story of St. Peter gave him something of a sacred character. He was looked upon as the admonisher of Christian souls, and placed upon the steeple as a continual reminder to the faithful to watch and pray. He is an especial type of the priest. But above all a world of cheerful association hangs round him as the harbinger of day. He is the bird of day, as the owl is the bird of night. The Jewish morning prayer begins, "Blessed be God Who hath given power to the cock to distinguish light from darkness." Prudentius, the fourth-century hymn-writer, calls him *ales diei nuntius*, "the winged herald of the day." Of the sacred associations of the hen I need hardly speak. "He shall defend thee under his wings, and thou shalt be safe under his feathers" (Ps. xli. 4), and

"How often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings" (St. Matt. xxiii. 37).

With a mention of the most sacred bird of all I will bring these notes to a close. To Christian souls the dove is among birds what the lamb is among beasts. The dove returning to the Ark at evening with the olive-leaf, the dove of the Psalms that "is covered with silver wings and her feathers with gold," the dove that flees away and is at rest, who gets her away afar off and remains in the wilderness, making haste to escape because of the stormy wind and tempest, has given us some of the most beautiful passages of the Old Testament; and in the New we have that more sacred dove of the Annunciation and the Baptism under whose image Christian children think of the Spirit of God.

R. L. GALES.

AS OTHERS SEE US

THE relations between a ruling race and its feudatories must be a subject of absorbing interest to any student of the great *Comédie Humaine*, as played by nations as well as by individuals, and an opportunity of seeing something of the play from behind the scenes is never a chance to be lost. So when the offer came to me of the post of lady-in-waiting to the wife of one of the first Hindu princes of India, during a short tour in Europe, I gladly accepted it, and set out at short notice to join "her Highness the Maharani" at a winter resort in Switzerland.

The group of Orientals looked strangely out of place in a Continental hotel, often as such groups are seen nowadays. Shorn of his native dress and the splendour—slovenly though it may be—of his home surroundings the Indian potentate is a more pathetic than imposing figure. The fact that he can spend a year at a time away from his kingdom, is a significant reminder that his Resident, or Political Agent is entirely able to administer his affairs of State; his physique is frequently an object-lesson in the results of generations of child-marriage and self-indulgence; the attempt to imitate Western modes of life and manners involves too often the loss of Oriental dignity. But on points where the men of the party were lacking, the Maharani was wisely tenacious. She wore her native dress, indoors at least, and though she had emancipated herself and her daughter from the shadow of the purdah, she adhered strictly to her own caste rules of food and ablutions. These, combined with English habits of outdoor exercise, had preserved her figure admirably—at thirty-four she was still young. She was tiny, but beautifully made, with the prettiest little hands and feet, her complexion was fairer than that of an average Italian, she had large dark eyes bright with intelligence, and a most charming smile. She sent her maid to me on my arrival with a message that, as I was no doubt tired after my twenty-four hours' journey, she would not require my attendance that day—for which I was sincerely

grateful. The first week passed with some formality, after that the ice was broken, or rather began to thaw. The day's programme did not admit of very great variation on a Swiss mountain top. The gay crowd of visitors skated and tobogganned all day, danced and played bridge every night, and the Maharaja plunged valiantly into each form of amusement, escorted by a French *aide-de-camp* and his young son's English tutor, while the Maharani looked on. She would go across to the hotel rink, and watch her lord and master as he scuffled and scrambled round the ice between the *aide-de-camp* and the skating instructor. He never learned to skate, and I sometimes longed to give him a hand when I encountered him in my "off-duty" moments on the ice. But this etiquette forbade, apart from the risk of giving him a fall.

On most fine days I accompanied the Maharani on her morning walks. In thick boots, and with her *sari* tucked up under a heavy tweed cloak, she would trudge for miles in the snow. Sometimes we had another walk in the afternoon, but more often she would rest after lunch. Unless they had visitors I was seldom in attendance at meals—when I was, the ordinary hotel fare was offered me in case I preferred it to theirs, but I used to give private orders on my own part, that no form of beef or pork should be brought to me at their table, and no wine. On the latter point there was not the same restriction of courtesy, but a stronger one of reason, since the men of the party were only too ready to make English guests an excuse for breaking their own laws in respect of fermented liquors, and I would not have their loss of caste on my conscience. My chief duty was to keep the Maharani amused as far as might be; she liked trying different kinds of needlework—I taught her knitting and the beginnings of pillow lace. For a whole week she made a serious effort to learn French with me, and was a most quick and industrious pupil. But she was tired of everything in turn, and new fancies followed each other with bewildering frequency. Incidentally I drew her out, and listened for hours to her ideas of things and people, her experiences of life, and deductions therefrom, which revealed much of the curious upside-down mode of thought of the Eastern, mixed with the eternal feminine of instinct and impulse.

If the Maharaja joined us in our walks, I fell to the rear with the *aide-de-camp*. The presence of a second-rate Frenchman in the last capacity puzzled me at first—the explanation of this and other things I did not understand transpired by degrees. These Hindu royalties were playing truant. They

had been given the plainest hints to remain in their own country and do their duty in that state of life to which they still nominally belong; the Viceroy had intimated his intention of including their capital in the progress of his autumn tour; it was even whispered that they might be honoured by the presence of a still more august guest, but to all these suggestions the Maharaja turned a deaf ear. His susceptibilities had been hurt at the last State function he had attended, he was not to be cajoled by a minor decoration or coerced by veiled threats of the displeasure of the sovereign power. He would assert his independence, and travel when and where the spirit moved him, and his attitude had the Maharani's warm applause and sympathy. She, in fact, was the livelier rebel of the two, for in addition to her keen resentment of the slight—real or imaginary—offered to her husband, she had a feminine grudge of her own against the Viceregal Court. But that, as Rudyard Kipling says, is another story.

And so they set out for Europe like a pair of disobedient children, exulting in their defiance of authority, and anticipating much amusement from their semi-incognito travels, unhampered by the protective vigilance of an English staff. For since they went without leave, no official notice could be taken of their movements. The disagreeables, to Orientals of their rank, that were bound to ensue in the absence of official recognition, were undreamt of until they occurred. If a crowned head of Europe chooses, for his own amusement to travel in a modest coronet, or even less assuming head-gear, there is nothing but the chance of unwelcome recognition to prevent him from staying at whatever hotel he may prefer, in any country where hotels are to be found. But a dark skin requires an official passport in Paris and Vienna, if not in London, and without it the United States is a land to avoid. A very short experience was enough to prove that some minimum of European escort was indispensable, but nothing would induce the Maharaja to apply to the India Office in his difficulty. So he picked up a stray Frenchman—how or where I never discovered, and the Maharani begged various English acquaintances—including her stepson's young tutor, to recommend her a lady-in-waiting. She was offered a bewildering number immediately, and determined to try as many of them as possible, each for a month in turn. Her experiences, to judge from a few stories told to me, would make an amusing book, if she could be persuaded to write it. All this, I need hardly say, I gathered by degrees, and knowing something of the East—though more of Mahommedans than Hindus—I

could sympathise on some points, discount undue bitterness, and to some extent understand their feelings. The native Princes of India have often been compared to hothouse plants, things artificially preserved from the rude winds of Heaven. Our strong suzerain power shelters them from the struggle for existence, and thereby, while it undoubtedly saves the majority from being swept away, deprives them of the strength that comes by fighting for life. In return for the protection of England, they must needs accept her tutelage, and though they do so for the most part with a good grace, the leading-strings are irksome at times. Criticism of our methods, and discontent with them, are hardly to be wondered at on their part, and that friction, when it arises, is secretly fostered by our enemies in and outside of India, is a matter of common knowledge.

The rest of the suite consisted of the Maharaja's half-brother, who acted as courier and general factotum, a Hindu doctor, two secretaries, one of them a Brahman, and a few servants. The doctor was a typical Babu, possessed of a very fair knowledge of English, an astonishing flow of language, and was always ready to pour out a flood of cheap sedition to an audience of two or three ladies and the sympathetic Frenchman, who would applaud any abuse of "perfidious Albion," but his eloquence was speedily quenched by a little chaff. The revolutionary utterances of the Babu tribe and their newspapers (some of which the doctor would read aloud, translating them for my benefit) are not to be taken very seriously, and in this case were chiefly significant as showing the reflection of sympathy in the mind of the master whom it was the doctor's main business in life to please. On one occasion, after listening to an impassioned article, taken from the vernacular, on the future of "United India" when it had "thrown off the alien yoke," I ventured to ask the Maharaja what he really thought about it, and what he supposed would happen if every Englishman left India to-morrow.

"We should do very well," broke in the Maharani, with a toss of her head. "We should all be at each other's throats," said the Maharaja placidly, "and the strongest would take everything."

"The time is not yet ripe," put in the doctor officiously, "we have not yet learned to stand alone, but when all classes are sufficiently educated——"

"You talk too much, doctor," said his master; "you can be very brave here in Europe, but if war came where would you be?"

The wretched little physician cringed, with a deprecating smile.

"No," the Maharaja continued sadly, "we have forgotten how to rule, we are only puppets now, and can do nothing without permission. All is by order of the Viceroy and his Council; how should we know how to rule ourselves, we are a conquered people?"

"But if it is Kismet that a white race should rule in India, would you not rather it was the English than another European Power?" I asked, endeavouring to soften the bitterness of his conclusion. I saw glances exchanged between the four, the Maharaja, his brother, the Maharani, and the doctor.

"You English think yourselves superior to all the world," said the Maharani half-maliciously; "but in what are you better?"

"We have a better reputation for the art of government than most," I returned, with perhaps pardonable Jingoism. "What other nation could replace our Indian Civil Service?"

"India demands a Native Administration," said the irrepressible Babu; "why should she not have it?"

I did not want to be ungenerous, but he really seemed the native Press incarnate, and as such deserved a snub. "If you had a case to be tried," I retorted, answering him in Eastern fashion with another question, "would you sooner bring it before an Englishman or a native magistrate?" He hesitated. "You might have to give your countryman a present before he attended to you, whereas you would not dare to offer the poorest Englishman a bribe. Is it not true?" I demanded, appealing to the other men. The Maharaja nodded, his brother made an affirmative click.

"It is true," said the latter, "the English are just, and in that lies their strength." It was a curious admission on the part of a man who himself took his "squeeze" from every hotel bill.

"Your ways may be very good for an Englishman," said the Maharani, "but we like our own better. And the poor people also like them better." And this is indeed the difficulty, that most of them at heart prefer to be ground down by rulers of their own blood, than to live under the sway of the most beneficent alien.

"What is the use of discussion?" said the Maharaja, "the English are rulers of India, and will remain so in our day, and our sons' day. For the most part they are wise, but sometimes they do not understand, and do harm when they think to do good, and so our people suffer hardships. Consider, for instance,

these *tamashas*, of which there have been too many of late years. India is a poor country, yet look what we are forced to spend, we native Princes, whether we like it or not, on these displays. The Delhi Durbar cost us many lakhs of rupees, more than I can count ; and now this Royal visit, what will it not cost in festivals ? And all the while the poor people are starving by the hundred. You ask why we do these things on such a lavish scale ; it is expected of us that we follow tradition and entertain magnificently. We cannot afford it, and our people are taxed to supply the money until often they sell all that they have to the moneylender, even their seed-grain. Yes, we are fools to do it, but it is our pride ; we will not say that we cannot afford it. Just as the poor *ryot*, who has no food to give his wife and children, will wax his moustache before he goes out, and put a grain of rice on it, that his neighbours may say he has been eating pillau, so we pretend we are rich, and it does not matter how much we spend. It is said that these durbars and these Royal tours are for the pleasure of the people of India ; all that they mean to the masses of India is that they have to pay heavier taxes. Do they care that one of the English gentlemen who drive past them is the future King and Emperor ? Let them feel some good from his coming, then they will care. It was the old custom in India that whenever the ruler went about his kingdom, he gave some good thing to the place he visited, or he lightened the taxes. Now, if some portion of the salt-tax could be remitted in honour of the Prince's visit, then the poor people would feel and understand that it was the son of the great King. As it is, they only know that their burdens are heavier in order that the great people may feast."

"Surely these things could be represented to the Viceroy, or even to the King himself ? Why does your Highness not do so ?" I asked.

The Maharaja shrugged his shoulders. "I am in what you call 'hot water,'" said he ; "how should any one listen to me ?"

There were days when the ludicrous side of the situation outweighed all else, and I felt as though I had been suddenly thrust into an opera-bouffe, in which I was a trifle uncertain of my part. The Maharaja would be seized with a new inspiration for renovating his State on Western models, such, for instance, as an idea of establishing country-houses as seen in England, and their customs into his Indian domain. He ordered a copy of the *Country Life* illustrated series, depicting a number of well-known houses, and chose out those that pleased him,

getting me to draw rough ground-plans of a few that I happened to be acquainted with. These sketches and pictures were sent off to his Court architect with directions to prepare designs and estimates for their erection, and he then proceeded to question me minutely—a secretary laboriously recording my replies—on the routine of English country life, the household details, and the etiquette of visits. This last particularly interested him, because he said, “For political purposes such visits might be very useful.” “Let us begin at the beginning,” he said, like a child that wants a story told to him; “when the guests have been chosen for a party, who writes the invitations?” I told him the lady of the house, and we went through every detail from that point. When it came to the accommodation to be offered to each guest, he seemed surprised that they should not be given private sitting-rooms. “How can they see each other alone, if they wish to talk?” I told him that opportunities for private conversation were seldom lacking when wanted, and we passed on to the programme of an ordinary “shoot,” or Saturday to Monday party. The difficulty of reconciling Eastern laws of courtesy with modern ways cropped up here and there. What was to be done if one of the guests did not want to shoot or hunt, or go to church, as the case might be. Was the host obliged to remain with him? No, he was left at home with the ladies, such as might be indoors. But if he had not wanted to hunt or shoot, he would not have come. As for going to church, I explained that a week-end visit did not necessarily entail any obligation in that respect.

“You are not obliged to do anything, it seems—you just please yourselves; it must be very pleasant.”

“It can be pleasant,” I agreed.

“But I fear it might not improve the morality of my upper classes,” he concluded, and there the subject dropped. I never heard whether designs for those Elizabethan mansions saw the light of day, or whether the Maharaja’s court ever wrestled with the rules laid down for informal entertainments in the country. But, like the Maharaja, I tremble for the results, if they did.

On another occasion it was resolved to institute an Order of Merit in the State of —, of which the Maharaja should be the Grand Master, his sons knights of the first rank, other relatives, and Ministers of the State should be in the second, and Associates third. The nature of the services to be thus rewarded were not specified, the decoration was to be bestowed at the Prince’s pleasure. One of the best jewellers in Switzerland

was sent for, and in due course submitted his designs, of which the one selected was comparatively simple ; the Maharaja's monogram on an oval of coloured enamel, set round with rays of stones to match those in which the letters were set. The Grand Master's badge was to be entirely of diamonds, those for the first rank set with emeralds and small brilliants, for the second, rubies and rose diamonds, for the third the monogram in pearls, but no rays to the medal.

I could not help thinking of the Maharaja's "starving people" when I was shown these pretty toys. "What will your Chancellor of the Exchequer say to these, your Highness?" I ventured to ask. The Maharaja laughed, his ubiquitous brother wagged his head. "Those who receive them will doubtless pay fees," he suggested. Perhaps they will, but how expensive it will be to "acquire merit" in the State of —.

Another incident brought out the better side, the innate courtesy of the Oriental. The English church was in need of funds, and some of the visitors got up an entertainment to collect the money. A subscription was also opened, to which the Maharaja contributed handsomely. When the rather ill-mannered young parson who acted as treasurer approached him with, "I suppose we mustn't ask *you* for anything," he replied, in his soft, purring voice : "Though we are only poor heathen, we are very glad to give to those who do good." It was said with a laugh that dissolved any awkwardness, and the Maharaja, in addition to his present, took tickets for the theatricals for himself and all his suite. It was a singularly poor performance, and I blushed for my fellow country people who could make such an exhibition of themselves. But the Hindu party, led by the Maharaja and Maharani, applauded every scene warmly. It was not till nearly the end that the poor little Prince, bored to distraction, said in a whisper : "Will they think it rude if I go out? If so, I will stay." I assured him no offence could possibly be taken, and he slipped away. But his wife murmured to me in an undertone : "We will wait for the end, for they have taken so much trouble." And she even congratulated the performers in her most charming manner afterwards, little as they deserved it.

There is an obvious inconsistency between the antagonism the Maharaja and his wife displayed towards English rule and institutions, and their anxiety to have their children educated in England. They had English tutors and governesses for them in India until they were of an age to be brought to Europe, and at the time I speak of, the heir-presumptive, the Maharaja's son by a former marriage, was at Cambridge, the Maharani's

eldest child, a boy of sixteen, was at Harrow, the second at school at Geneva in charge of his English tutor, and the two youngest, a boy and girl, were established at Eastbourne, with a nurse and governess, and attended classes at private schools. I asked why this was done, and the Maharaja's answer was characteristic.

"I have seen in my time many Rajas deprived of their power because of their incompetence," said he, "and I have determined that this shall not be the case with my sons. They shall learn all the things that Englishmen learn; they shall go to your public schools and colleges, and have the same chance as Englishmen."

It was quite impossible to point out that they could never have the same chance as the sons of the average English gentleman, since they started handicapped by hereditary unfitness for the liberty of English boys, and with the eternal bar of race between them and their schoolfellows. I only asked what they thought of the Imperial Cadet Corps, and other such recent institutions for the education of Indian youths of the upper classes in their own country. "They learn nothing there except drill," was the answer, "they become a very ornamental feature of the Viceroy's suite, but I do not choose it for my sons."

This may or may not have been a small ebullition of private rancour—personally I think it was.

Incidentally it may be noted that the succession in the Native States is seldom fixed. The heir is nominated by the ruler, or, in some Hindu States, by the Brahmans—always of course with the consent of the Viceroy in Council. This arrangement leaves the door open, as may be imagined, to an endless amount of jealousy, heart-burning, and intrigue, but the law of primogeniture does not answer with Asiatics as with us.

One day the Maharani had her hand read by an amateur palmist in the hotel, and was told she was the mother of a son who would be famous. This pleased her immensely, especially as it coincided with the predictions of her horoscope, which she told me had been cast when she was about ten years old some time before her betrothal. One can imagine the precious Indian child, listening eagerly to the prophecy concerning the destinies of the son who should be born to her in years to come. She would talk to me by the hour sometimes of her early days, when she and her five sisters played together within the walls of her old home, then of the separations, as each married, and how when her own turn came, at the age of fourteen, she wept so bitterly that her mother entreated leave

to go with her to the Maharaja's palace, but was not allowed to remain very long.

Then I heard of her journey to Europe in the year following that of her marriage, 1887, of her terror and shyness in the strange land, that made the Jubilee festivities more alarming than enjoyable. She dwelt on the kindness of the "Great Queen" as she called her, and spoke of her with touching affection and respect.

"She was so kind that I was not frightened any more," said she, in describing her first visit to Buckingham Palace. "Mrs. E. (the Political Agent's wife) went with me to translate, for then I only spoke Marathi, and the Queen said, 'You must try to learn English, so that the next time you come, you can speak to me yourself.' And her voice was very sweet, and so I made up my mind to learn at once, and I worked very hard. And ten years after, when I saw the Queen again, she said, 'I am glad you have learnt to speak English so well.' And she knew how many children I had, and that I had been very ill, she forgot nothing," said the Maharani, content overspreading her face at the remembrance. "I saw her once again," she continued, "only a few weeks before she died, and she still remembered me. She sent for me to see her, and I went alone, without the Maharaja. The Queen talked to me for a few minutes, and then Princess Beatrice, who was there, said to me that we must come away, for the Queen was very soon tired. Then I knew that she could not live long, and in six weeks she died, and I grieved very much. Never again shall we see such a Great Queen."

After her glimpse of the big world and its gaieties, the secluded existence of a *purdah nashin* seemed very intolerable to the Maharani. She persuaded her husband, although she could not have much social amusement in her own country, to allow her some outdoor pursuits. He let her ride, and being eager to learn, and, astonishing to relate, not in the least nervous, she soon became an excellent horsewoman. She always rode astride, and attired in a divided skirt, and veiled to the eyes, she accompanied the Maharaja in his morning gallops. It amused him to have her company, and she next learnt to shoot, and would go out with him after duck and pigeon. By the time I knew her, her ambition was to shoot a tiger, and while we were in London she had a rifle built for herself for the purpose. These amusements relieved the monotony of her days, a monotony she described to me with lively eloquence as she saw it in the lot of many of her friends and relations.

"They have nothing to do, very little to think of, and perhaps no one to speak to but servants all the day long, they cannot go out, and it seldom happens that any one comes to see them. Think of it."

She went on to describe how some took refuge in religion, became *dévôtes*, endangered their lives by the severity of their self-imposed fasts, and spent whole days in prayer. She spoke of matters of religion with a mixture of awe and incredulity. The Maharaja and his brother were professedly and practically materialists, and so she kept her own beliefs, whatever they may have been, to herself, and showed a wide toleration that verged on indifference towards those of her neighbours, but at the same time, scrupulously avoided offending any prejudices they chanced to exhibit.

Her comments, however, on discrepancies between profession and practice were caustic. In speaking of Western marriage laws one day, she said that they undoubtedly put women in a more advantageous position than did Hindu or Mahommedan customs. "But then," she added cynically, "marriage does not count for very much with you." I ventured politely to demur. "Oh, no," she retorted, "look around you. If you see a man talking to a lady, skating with her, dancing with her, you may be sure they are not husband and wife. Perhaps he is going to marry her, but afterwards—he is always with other ladies, she is always with other men." I tried to explain that our customs and social duties do not allow of husband and wife being always together; but she could not reconcile this with her conception of domestic bliss. Her view of social relations was thoroughly Oriental; in spite of having some acquaintance with the Western world, she judged all things by the low standard of Eastern morality, and her inferences startled me. If such are the conclusions of the Indian upper classes, what is the opinion of the ignorant masses likely to be of their white rulers?

And yet, while she condemned our freedom of intercourse, she hankered after it herself, and nothing delighted her more than a chat with an Englishman—a pleasure that, on his part, the Maharaja seldom permitted her. And, with all her philosophy as to the latitude to be granted to masculine frailty, she was tearfully jealous on occasion. She said one day, rather sadly, "A wife must always very much forgive." And that, no doubt, constituted in her education the whole duty of woman.

My term of attendance was lengthened to three months, and might have lasted longer if urgent private affairs had not obliged me to go home.

It was an interesting episode, and one that gave much material for reflection. Is our rule in India really secured, as we are so often told, by the grateful loyalty of the subject races, or are we hated, as the Babu tribe whispers behind our backs? Recent agitation in Bengal and elsewhere throw some light on both sides of the question. The effete races are our enemies, the strong ones our friends—so long as we show ourselves strong. And that is where the moral lies. We should do better often, for our own prosperity, if we let the laws of nature take their course, and sweep away the unfit, but for our honour we cannot. We have inherited our responsibility and must keep it. We cannot, if we would, reinstate those rulers who, through their own or their parents' sins, are incapable of holding the reins of power; we cannot create in the weak Bengali the spirit of uprightness by which alone a republic stands. Those whom we protect we must rule, and it is not to be believed that the disinterested toil, the brave self-sacrifice, the lives that have been given by many of the flower of our race to establish justice and peace in India, should have been spent in vain. And yet so much is lost by the vulgar arrogance of the few. Such incidents as occur too often when a crowd of pleasure-seeking tourists rushes out to India for some pageant, and treats the native Princes at best as "part of the show," do untold harm. We live in a vulgar age, but let us not be more vulgar than we can help. "India," to quote the Maharaja once more, "remains unchanged at heart for centuries. Our ancestors reigned over civilised kingdoms when England was covered with jungle and peopled with savages. And it will be the same when England has passed away and is forgotten."

Perhaps so, but the traces of our rule will survive, and in the traditions of that far hereafter will be an indelible record of the aspect in which others see us to-day.

MILDRED ISEMONGER.

EXPERIMENTS ON ANIMALS

EVIDENCE BEFORE THE ROYAL COMMISSION

THREE Blue-books have now been published by this Commission, containing the evidence from October 1906 to June 1907. The weight of them is three pounds, and they report 12,818 questions and answers; but the Commission, like unhappy Theseus, *sedet æternumque sedebit*. The representatives of the Home Office have explained the working and administration of the Act; the Anti-vivisection Societies have had a fair hearing; the supply of witnesses to the value and necessity of experiments on animals is practically unlimited, exceeding the demand. It is impossible that any further evidence should reverse the judgment which the Commission might make to-morrow; the present evidence is final.

The witnesses are of three groups: (1) Evidence of the Home Office, (2) Evidence of Anti-vivisection Societies, (3) Evidence on behalf on experiments of animals.

1. EVIDENCE OF THE HOME OFFICE.

The representatives of the Home Office were Mr. Byrne, Principal Clerk in the Home Office; Mr. Thane, Inspector under the Act; Sir James Russell, Assistant Inspector; and Sir W. Thornley Stoker, Inspector for Ireland. Their evidence lasted three and a half days, and they answered 1779 questions, mostly on the following subjects:

Granting or Allowing of Licences and Certificates.—Every licence has to pass four authorities, or sets of authorities, before it is granted. These are: (1) Two of that small body of presidents and professors of learned societies, who alone have the right to sign the applicant's papers; (2) the Association for the Advancement of Medicine by Research; (3) The Inspector; (4) one or more of the staff of the Home Office. Every certificate practically follows the same procedure (Q. 208-214). In Ireland the procedure is slightly different, but not less careful. "I think," says the Inspector for Ireland,

"that the Vivisection Act has been worked with extreme care, and with a strictness greatly surpassing that used in the administration of any other Act with which I have been concerned" (Q. 513). Applications from persons not holding scientific or medical degrees or diplomas are mostly refused, or are granted only in exceptional circumstances. Thus, the manager of a mine, who wished to test the effect of mine-gases on birds and small animals, was refused; and so was "a gentleman of independent means, who was pursuing the study of bacteriology for the love of the thing." Several applications of this kind have been refused (Q. 69).

Registration of Premises.—Every place is inspected and reported on before registration. The Home Office is averse from registering "private premises." The only "private premises" now on the register are the pharmaceutical laboratories of Messrs. Wellcome and Co., and of Messrs. Brady and Martin, and a tract of heather at Frimley for the study of grouse disease (Q. 356). Six licensees are authorised to perform experiments outside registered places, for the study on the spot of outbreaks of disease among animals. Also in three cases licensees have been allowed to experiment on "caisson disease" at non-registered places, viz., the premises of a firm of diving-engineers, and the bridge-works at Newcastle-on-Tyne (Q. 372).

Visits of Inspectors.—The Inspectors pay surprise visits (Q. 447, 533, 799), but do not consider themselves as detectives (Q. 530, 1145); they have also, of course, the work of correspondence with the Home Office and with the licensees. "I do a great deal of work of an evening," says Mr. Thane, "after the usual hours of work are over, reading and writing" (Q. 1072). To the question whether they think that the amount of inspection is sufficient, Sir James Russell answers: "I think there is great safeguard. I think the inspection is essential to secure for the Home Office knowledge of what goes on; and it keeps licensees informed as to what they should do, and, as I have said, it has prevented their stupidly contravening the law. If the character of the people is not such that they would not do wrong, I do not think that any amount of inspection—even staying there all day—would secure that they would behave themselves. I am quite satisfied with the amount of inspection. I think it is about the right amount" (Q. 603, 604). Sir W. Thornley Stoker answers: "I think so. I do not think there are any abuses existing in Ireland. I do not think there is any concealment, or anything that a dozen more inspectors could find out" (Q. 967). Mr. Thane answers: "I do not think you would get any advantage

(by more inspectors and more inspection). I do not think that any abuses are going on that you would stop. It would be only a satisfaction to the public, perhaps—but that is the only advantage it would be" (Q. 1190-1193). "But I should, of course, suggest that the Inspector's staff should grow with the increased work demanded of it. The subject is growing, and I think that additional inspection will soon be required. I have managed to keep abreast of it up to the present, but it is getting to be more than one man can manage" (Q. 1191, 1074).

Contraventions of the Act.—In thirty years, since the passing of the Act, there have been four cases where a licence has been revoked for misconduct, or gross carelessness, or more or less deliberate violation of the Act (Q. 38, 177). During the same period there have been about sixty instances of slight irregularities, or small faults, "the great bulk of them being of a trifling character." It is no wonder, seeing the antiquated form of the Act, and the strain put on Certificate A, and all the necessary business of forms, reports, conditions, extra conditions, and so forth, that mistakes are made. "It is curious," says Mr. Byrne, "that of the sixty contraventions quite a substantial number were contraventions indicating a keen desire on the part of the operator to provide greater security for the animal not suffering than the Act allows him to take" (Q. 248). Mr. Thane says the same: "The most frequent irregularity, of which we have one or two instances every year, is that a licensee holding only Certificate A, or A + E, which allows of inoculations being performed without anæsthetics, administers an anæsthetic to the animal while making the injection. There is no cruelty or even infliction of pain in this; but it is, nevertheless, an irregularity, because the Act requires a different form of certificate, when an anæsthetic is used and the animal is allowed to recover therefrom, from that which authorises experiments to be performed entirely without anæsthetics" (Q. 477). "Next in frequency," he adds, "is the performance of a larger number of experiments, practically always inoculations, than the certificate was given for; or performing experiments which require the authority of a certificate after the period for which the certificate was given has expired." For these and the like irregularities, there is warning, or rebuke, or even temporary suspension of a licence. "They nearly always appear from the return made by the experimenter himself; they are disclosed by himself, which goes to show, if further proof were wanted, that they are mostly inadvertencies" (Q. 43, 144).

General Care of the Animals.—The Inspectors are agreed that the general arrangements for the keeping of the animals are

satisfactory. Sir W. Thornley Stoker is asked: "What do you find to be the condition of the animals when you make an inspection?" and he says, "I have always found it satisfactory. As I have already said, they are well cared for, well-fed, and clean" (Q. 835). The evidence of Mr. Thane and Sir James Russell is to the same effect. Sir James Russell tells a curious story how some dogs, turned out into the yard on the second day after an operation, wanted to chase the rabbits and catch the guinea pigs (Q. 553).

Condition of Animals after Inoculation.—Seeing that inoculations, with a few experiments of a similar kind, are 93 per cent. of all the experiments made in this country, it is of the utmost importance that we should form a just estimate of the pain involved in them. "It is certain," says Mr. Thane, "that in some cases of this group the infection or injection is followed by great pain and suffering. I may mention the injection of tetanus-toxin, and the infection with plague; also the insertion of certain drugs. . . . These form but a very small proportion of the experiments in question. The investigations on the plague are very limited, and I very seldom see animals that have been injected with tetanus-toxin." Of cancer of mice he says, "It is obviously impossible to say to what extent mice, in which such tumours are growing, are suffering pain; but observation of their behaviour and habits does not justify the assumption that, so long at all events as the tumour is of moderate size, they are suffering acutely or severely. I do not think it would be right to speak of these animals as being 'tortured'" (Q. 457-466). Here we must take also the evidence of Mr. Henry Morris, President of the Royal College of Surgeons. After speaking of the "prick of the needle," which may fairly be called painless, he goes on: "Neither is pain suffered by the animal in which the transplanted tissue grows even into a large tumour. It is only in the exceptional cases, in which the tumour ulcerates, that any pain occurs; and, as this condition renders the tumour useless for further experiment, the animal is at once killed. Evidence as to the painlessness of these growing tumours is afforded by the activity of movement, sleekness of coat, and general healthy appearance of the mice; their indifference to pinching or pressure of the tumour, which is not innervated; and further by the fact that, where they have been kept in separate compartments of the same cage, they have eaten through the partition, mingled with one another, and a litter of young ones has been the result. As a member of the Executive Committee of the Imperial Cancer Research from its outset, I have had frequent opportunities of witnessing the complete absence of suffering in animals the subjects of

these cancerous tumours, and of observing the extreme care and attention given to all the animals, both in London and at the farm " (Q. 7726).

Mr. Thane is sure that the great majority of inoculations involve little or no pain. He sees habitually large numbers of inoculated animals ; mostly guinea-pigs, rabbits, mice and rats. "The general impression that one gets from seeing these animals, is that they have very little or nothing the matter with them. It is a constant experience that one cannot tell, by inspection, whether anything has been done to them or not. The same thing is experienced at times by the licensees, and even at times by the attendants, who are naturally the most familiar with the animals, unless there is a systematic separation of the experimental from the normal animals. Without that separation, every one is dependent on the labels, or perhaps on markings on the animals. In explanation of this, it is to be remarked, firstly, that a large number of these inoculations are negative, that is, nothing follows the injection or inoculation ; the animal remains in perfect health. Secondly, in infection with tuberculosis, and in testing anti-diphtheritic serum, which together make up a considerable proportion of the experiments in question, the animals do not appear to be in pain, or show any indications of suffering, for at all events a considerable time, if at all, unless a very large dose of diphtheritic toxin has been administered, and that is not common " (Q. 452). In this last set of cases, the animal shows nothing for three or four days, and then all at once takes ill and dies in a few hours (Q. 455). The evidence of Sir James Russell and Sir W. Thornley Stoker is to the same effect, that some pain occurs in a small minority of all inoculations (Q. 543, 713, 720, 943).

Condition of Animals after Operation.—These experiments, which are about 3 per cent. of all experiments, are made under Certificate B, or B + EE, or B + F : that is to say, the animal undergoes an operation, under anæsthesia, and under the ordinary precautions to avoid suppuration, and is kept for observation. The evidence of the Inspectors here is of great interest. In Ireland, where very few experiments are made, the Inspector has never, in eighteen years, been present at an operation of this kind (Q. 952). Mr. Thane says of them, "When the operation has been performed and the wound has healed, it does not follow that the animal remains in a state of pain or suffering. Indeed, in a large number of cases, the health of the animal is not disturbed, as the affection produced is strictly local, and not of a painful character." He gives as examples, the division of nerves, the section or excision of a

part of the brain, the removal of organs : " I have seen many animals in which operations of this kind have been performed, and the animals have seemed none the worse for it " (Q. 471). In a minority of cases, there may be shock, or illness, or pain. " These severe experiments are much fewer than those first dealt with ; and, in dealing with the certificates submitted for them, full consideration is given to the nature and probable value of the experiments, and to the anticipated condition of the animals after operation " (Q. 474). The ordinary painlessness of a fistula is described by Sir T. Lauder Brunton and by Professor Starling (Q. 7029-7040, 4024). The painlessness of an operation on the brain is described by Sir James Russell. " After the operation (removal of a part of the brain) was finished, and the wound dressed with collodion dressing, the animal was wrapped in flannel, and put on the floor beside the fire to recover from the chloroform which had been given to it. I went round the rest of the premises, and came back again to the room where the operation was performed ; and when I came back I found the cat dressing its fur, and then I saw it walk across the room to a saucer of milk. I saw it, and several other cats that were used in the same way, apparently quite well and quite happy, months after. The only difference I could see in them was that one cat, when the door of the cage was opened, refused to jump down on the floor ; it had evidently lost some of its balancing power, and was afraid to take the jump. When it was lifted down, it went purring about and rubbing against my legs just like an ordinary tame cat. All the others jumped out of the cage themselves when the door was opened, and went purring round the room " (Q. 540, 650, 654). Mr. Thane's evidence is to the same effect. " Only a minority have felt any pain at all ; and only a very small minority have I seen which I thought suffered serious pain. In the great majority of those which I thought felt any pain, the pain was not severe. I have not seen anything indicating pain so acute as that which animals suffer from colic " (Q. 577-579).

Anæsthesia.—This subject may best be considered with the evidence of the licensees. For the present, it need only be noted that Sir W. Thornley Stoker says : " I fear that, particularly in the cases of dogs, anæsthesia is not always pushed to a sufficient extent, as these animals often die from the effects of the anæsthetic if given to a full extent." (Q. 761). He " confesses that he is not an authority " on the anæsthetising of dogs, and that he " has not taken any trouble to keep himself informed " of recent investigations, how they may best be anæsthetised. He says that he " should think it

is generally impossible" to keep a dog under full anæsthesia for an hour (Q. 862, 812, 901). It appears that for many years he has seen nothing of animals under anæsthesia (Q. 801, 952). His opinions here are absolutely contradicted by the evidence of Mr. Thane and Sir James Russell, who speak from infinitely wider experience.

2. EVIDENCE OF ANTI-VIVISECTION SOCIETIES.

There are ten witnesses in this group. Mr. Coleridge, for the National Anti-vivisection Society; Mrs. Cook ("Mabel Collins"), Dr. Snow, Dr. Arabella Kenealy, and Mr. Graham, for the Parliamentary Association for the Abolition of Vivisection; Miss Woodward and the Rev. L. S. Lewis, for the Church Anti-vivisection League; Dr. Burford, for the World League of Opponents of Vivisection; Mr. J. Page Hopps, for the Social Purity Alliance; and Miss Lind af Hageby, one of the authors of *The Shambles of Science*. Their evidence lasted nine and a half days, and they answered 4586 questions. The Parliamentary Association has 222 members, and an annual income from subscriptions and donations of £174 9s. 6d.; the Church League, £54 4s. 0d.; and the World League, 63 members, and £56 0s. 1d. As Mr. Coleridge elsewhere says,

A few hundred Anti-vivisectionists divide themselves up into divisions, subdivisions, coteries, and cliques, without order, without discipline, without cohesion. The Anti-vivisectionists, between them all, contribute but a few thousands a year, and dribble them around among multitudinous antagonistic associations. . . . The existence of many quite needless Societies cannot be justified on any grounds of humanity combined with common sense.

Of the two medical witnesses, one is in homœopathic practice. He knew nothing about the Society which he was representing: he was not a member of it, and said that it was perfectly immaterial to him whether it had 100 or 1000 or 5000 members. He had, as it were, just looked in, to say a few words on homœopathy. He had no great dislike of experiments on animals; indeed, he rather believed in them: only he thought that men, not animals, should be used, and that by homœopathic methods, for the testing of drugs. The evidence of the other medical witness was practically limited to his own disbelief in the work of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund. He admitted he was getting very rusty as to the general lines of cancer research, had never read the Act, and had no personal knowledge of cancer in the lower animals.

Of the three non-medical gentlemen, Mr. Graham, Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Page Hopps, who gave evidence on ethics, I

shall not waste words over the last named. Arrogance, ignorance, and the will to think ill of your betters, are not ethics, nor social purity either; and another witness, Sir J. Fletcher Moulton, went so far as to find him guilty of "loathsome levity" (Q. 12,797). Mr. Lewis's evidence would have been more ethical but for his avowed readiness to commit manslaughter on his own begotten child. "I would not allow my own child to have antitoxin administered to it to save its life. I should let the child die" (Q. 8735, 8737). Mr. Graham seems to have made a more favourable impression on the Commission. Where he was ill-informed, as in the matter of the "baked rabbit," and Lord Lister's "experiment on the lives of our fellow men,"* he was willing to learn. He hates the thought of animals in pain; and there he stops. "If cruelty can be avoided—certainly avoided and surely avoided—I am satisfied. Then, I should rejoice in the experiments" (Q. 5945).

Miss Woodward's version of the Bradford story was altogether wide of the mark; and she had not troubled to ascertain the facts. The Furneaux Handbook story, and the Child Study Association story, are wholly trivial. The Commission hardly troubled to examine her at any length. The evidence of Dr. Kenealy was extravagant alike in word and in thought. She retired from practice seven or eight years ago, and became wholly engaged in literature; has never seen an experiment on an animal; and is bitterly opposed to vaccination. Three of her statements were as follows:

I think that, if an animal is hypnotised, in stimulating a certain area of the brain the operator may unconsciously suggest to the animal, to the sub-consciousness of the animal, that certain muscles should move in response to the stimulation of a certain area.

When a person is suffering from catarrh, the use of medicated snuff stops the catarrhal process in the nasal mucous membrane, and drives it on to the stomach and liver.

In diphtheria, Nature has selected the tonsils as the best route for eliminating the poison. By giving antitoxin you may relieve the tonsils, but you throw the poison back into the blood.

Mrs. Cook had prepared her evidence with some care. From the *Journal of Physiology* and the *Journal of Pathology and Bacteriology*, beginning at 1879, she had collected the records of many experiments which sounded horribly painful. But she had been utterly careless as to the anæsthetics used; and the Commission

* For the origin of the "baked-rabbit" story, see Sir T. Lauder Brunton's evidence (Q. 6784-6829). Lord Lister's "experiment on the lives of our fellow men" refers, I believe, to the first use of cyanide gauze for the dressing of wounds.

took the extreme course of referring her evidence to Professor Starling, who had no difficulty in proving that it was not in accordance with facts. (Q. 3496, 3627 *seq.*)

Mr. Coleridge's evidence lasted three days, and he answered 1378 questions. It was mostly directed against the administration of the Act by the Home Office (Q. 10,262-10,691). For many years it has been evident that some change is needed, to make the Act better suited to the present conditions of experimental work. The use of certificate A to cover inoculations is absurd. The wording of certificate B has already been altered once, and might with advantage be altered again (Q. 11,468-11,547). Certificate D has long been out of use, or almost out of use. Beside the technical difficulties of the Act, there are difficulties of administration. All these points were covered by Mr. Coleridge's evidence, and will doubtless be very carefully considered by the Commission. The Keble College story, which comes into his evidence (Q. 11,444-11,467), has been followed by a public apology from its authors in an Oxford newspaper.

Miss Lind af Hageby's evidence was in great part concerned with certain statements made by her and Miss Schartau in the *Shambles of Science*. Her evidence must be taken with the rebutting evidence of Mr. Thane (Q. 1261-1282). One of her answers has a special interest. She was asked (Q. 9236) which she thought the most wrong, "in rabbit-shooting, to maim an unfortunate rabbit which crawls into a hole to die, or, to perform an operation on a rabbit which you think and hope may result in benefit to human beings." Her answer was: "That all depends on the way in which the two actions are done. My personal opinion would be that the vivisector (though I am a very strong anti-vivisectionist) who honestly thinks he works for the good of humanity, or the good of science, and who honestly tries to render his experiments painless, is on a higher moral scale than the man who seeks his pleasure from maiming and hurting animals." I humbly commend this clear statement to the President of the National Anti-Vivisection Society. I am well aware that he tries to render his big shooting-parties painless, and that he seeks his pleasure not in maiming and hurting animals, but in killing them. Still, he uses no anæsthetics; he takes his chance of leaving maimed animals in pain; and he is amusing himself neither for the good of humanity nor for the good of science.

3. EVIDENCE ON BEHALF OF EXPERIMENTS ON ANIMALS

Here, where I ought to begin to go ahead, I must begin to leave off. The *National Review* cannot afford space for the thrice-told tale of what has been done, or is being done, by

the help of experiments on animals, to advance physiology, pathology, general medicine and surgery, preventive medicine, and the treatment of diseases of animals; besides, there is a mass of evidence still waiting for the Commission, if they want it, which they do not. Especially, there is a host of facts as to the physiology and surgery of the nervous system, pernicious anæmia, sleeping sickness, and Malta fever. At present, only fifteen witnesses have been heard. In physiology, Professor Starling and Professor Schäfer; in bacteriology and the infective diseases of animals, the Director of the Lister Institute, and the Chief Veterinary Officer of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries; in pharmacology and materia medica, Professor Cushny; in public health, the Principal Medical Officer to the Local Government Board; in general medicine and surgery, the President of the Royal College of Physicians, the Senior Physician to Guy's Hospital, and the President of the Royal College of Surgeons. The general opinion of men of science was represented by the President of the Royal Society, who presented a statement from its Council, and by Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton. The other four witnesses gave evidence mostly on special points. Sir T. Lauder Brunton gave the true explanation of certain "platform facts"; the President of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland spoke on ophthalmology; Major Rogers, Professor of Pathology at the Medical College, Calcutta, on snake-bite; and Dr. Dudley Buxton on anæsthetics.

Here, in this group of witnesses—and they are but a few out of many—a man may be puzzled where he shall begin to read. I advise him to begin thousands of miles from here, in the lives of men or cattle saved in India and the Transvaal. Then, with his mind full of the problems of preventive medicine applied over vast countries, let him next read about the work in preventive medicine of the Local Government Board. That will set him reading about antitoxins, and sera, and anti-septic and aseptic methods. From the general practice of medicine and surgery he will be led toward physiology.

Or he may prefer to take one subject, and to follow it through the minds of many witnesses. It may be diphtheria, or cancer, or it may be a subject of physiology, such as digestion, or the ductless glands. If he will follow it carefully, through minds so unlike as those in group 2 are from those in group 3, he will see the principles which guide experiments on animals. Only, when he comes across records of failure and of error, he must not be sure that they are final. Tetanus, diabetes, cancer—it is not much that has been gained by experiments on animals against these diseases in us. But, in the opinion of those who know most of these diseases, the record of their

experimental study is, at any rate, more hopeful than the record of their clinical study.

Anyhow, he does not want opinions, he wants facts. Especially he wants to know whether, in these operations on animals, the anæsthetics are sufficient to prevent pain. He is sorry, of course, that any pain should ever follow an inoculation or an operation ; still, when that happens, the animal can be put out of its pain. But he is more than sorry, he is justly furious, at the image of a dog, bound and conscious, under the knife. It is here, just here, that I most hate anti-vivisection. The misstatements as to anæsthetics made by Mr. Hughes, Dr. Hadwen, Mr. Stephen Smith, Mr. Pirkis's League, and Mr. Berdoo, are, to my thinking, utterly shameful. If the Commission does nothing else, it will at any rate give the lie direct to them.

That ether, chloroform, and the A.C.E. mixture can be given for hours effectively to animals, and are so given, is known to everybody who knows anything about experiments on animals. What of morphia and chloral? Seeing that people die every year, profoundly anæsthetised, of an overdose of morphia or chloral, we cannot refuse to call them anæsthetics. But in what doses are they used in experiments on animals? Professor Starling's evidence here (Q. 3607 *seq.*) is too long to be copied word for word, but I will not change a hair's-breadth of its facts :

Urethane is used, in man, as a simple narcotic to produce sleep. A man weighing 70 kilos receives from one to five grammes. To an animal we give one and a half grammes per kilo—that is, about fifty times as much. We give that intravenously. We first give what would induce anæsthesia in the ordinary way, namely, morphia and chloroform ; then, if for some reason or other we do not want to go on with chloroform, we should inject into the veins this very large dose of urethane, which would maintain very profound anæsthesia. If the high blood-pressure with urethane were unfavourable to the purpose of the experiment, we might use chloral, which we give by the mouth previously ; or we could first anæsthetise the animal with ether or chloroform, and then give chloral by a vein directly into the blood. In man we give from five to twenty grains, *i.e.*, about 0.02 grammes per kilo. In the animal we give half a gramme per kilo, that is fifty times as much, and then we get complete anæsthesia. If the influence of chloral on the vaso-motor system is unfavourable to the purpose of the experiment, we have morphia. Morphia is generally used as an adjunct to chloroform and ether. In some cases it can be used as an anæsthetic. When we give morphia as an adjunct to chloroform or ether, we give from one-sixth to a quarter of a grain (the ordinary dose for a man). When we give it as an anæsthetic, we give from one and a half up to fifteen grains, according to the size of the animal ; that is to say, a dose that is practically fatal. Sometimes, in one or two cases, dogs do recover from the average amount, if they are kept perfectly warm, but in

nearly all cases they die of the dose. It is a fatal dose, and the condition of the animal is the same as in opium-poisoning in man. These anæsthetics are all equally efficacious for preventing pain; that is to say, pain will go, in all these cases, first, then sensation, then movement. The question of complete anæsthesia will in each case be a question of the dose, whether you are dealing with chloroform or with morphia.

Mr. Thane (Q. 1631-1638), Professor Cushny (Q. 5049, 5150), and Sir T. Lauder Brunton (Q. 6801) all say the same. "As to the statements that chloral and opium or morphia are not narcotics, and do not remove pain—there is no other word for it—it is simply a lie; you may as well say that chloroform does not remove pain. If you give any animal a sufficiently large dose of chloral or opium, you so completely abolish sensibility that there is nothing you can do that will awaken its sensibility" (Sir T. Lauder Brunton).

Nobody pretends that no pain ever follows all these inoculations and operations. If any measures can be devised which shall still further reduce that pain without hindering science and practice, such measures will be heartily welcomed by the licensees and by the Home Office. The licensees would not mind it if their work were inspected by three hundred Inspectors instead of three. They would be glad, in reason, to let the whole world see them inoculating and experimenting. Mr. Byrne's evidence is apt here. Long ago two licensees, tired, I suppose, of the perpetual outcry about the "closed doors of the laboratory," admitted a newspaper reporter to see their work for himself; and the London Anti-vivisection Society forthwith appealed to the Home Secretary to prosecute them, on the ground that they had broken the Act by giving an exhibition to the public! (Q. 232.) The licensees would not mind it, either, if the present use, wording, or lettering of Certificates A and B were better adapted to the present scope of their work, which is more than 90 per cent. bacteriological. They are content to let their work speak for them, knowing that the people who call them names are not above taking advantage of its results. Only I think that they desire, and deserve, one gift from the Commission. They have the right to ask the Commission to express in very plain English its opinion of these Anti-vivisection Societies. We all know that opinion; there never was a more open secret. Still, the Commission ought to give it to the world, in that final Report which might well be published to-morrow.

STEPHEN PAGET.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE DAVID LLOYD-GEORGE, M.P.

ONE of the most interesting figures in the present Cabinet is undoubtedly Mr. David Lloyd-George, the President of the Board of Trade. By his personal efforts and his native force he has, while still in the early forties, attained a foremost position in the ranks of his Party and secured a seat in the Liberal Cabinet. He has had no advantages of wealth, or lineage, or connections. He is the son of a Unitarian schoolmaster. He was educated in the Church school of the village of Llanystumdwy in Carnarvonshire. He is a solicitor by profession. He has enjoyed none of the social advantages which help to smooth the path of the political aspirant. There has never been a Minister, of whom it might be more truthfully said with Shakespeare—

Being not propped by ancestry, neither allied
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way.

He owes his position to his own determination and audacity and eloquence, and to these alone.

Mr. Lloyd-George has secured for himself a unique position among the people of Wales. His position is almost as remarkable as that of Mr. Parnell. There are men who are jealous, and would fain be his rivals, but he stands above them, "the uncrowned king" of Wales. He has conquered his competitors by outshining them. He enjoys one important advantage that Parnell did not possess. He has the gift of eloquence. Parnell was a man of a great force of will and indomitable strength of character, but he was not an orator. Mr. Lloyd-George, though inferior to the Irish leader in tenacity and determination, can charm huge audiences with "the witchery of his tongue." His eloquence is backed up by his knowledge of the Welsh people. Bishop Burnet, the

historian, in speculating on the extraordinary influence of the first Lord Shaftesbury, and explaining how a statesman so inconsistent in his conduct and so false to his confederates should have so powerfully controlled his country, observes, "His strength lay in his knowledge of England." A similar remark might be made about the President of the Board of Trade. His strength lies in his knowledge of Wales. He knows his countrymen, their virtues and their foibles, their weak points and their strong points, to a nicety. This knowledge is one of his most valuable assets.

Mr. Lloyd-George may be said to have come to the front during the South African War. He opposed the views that were held by the majority of his countrymen. His boldness in proclaiming his unpopular opinions made him the centre of much attention. His attacks upon the Government of the day gradually led the Liberal Party, forlorn and dejected, to look upon him as one of their principal champions. When the Education Act of 1902 was introduced, Mr. Lloyd-George recognised that this measure afforded him a brilliant opportunity for still further damaging the Government. By distorting its objects and misrepresenting its provisions he aroused and excited that hostility to the Church of England which always lies latent in the minds of a certain section of the people. To adopt the language of Burke, he sounded the tocsin of fanaticism and raised the war-whoop of religious discord. In Wales, where Nonconformity is powerful, he found a rich field for his labours: he sowed his crop of misrepresentations, and in due course he saw a harvest of enmity and opposition towards the Church and the Education Act. This Welsh Catiline inaugurated among his countrymen what is popularly known as the Revolt Policy, or, as its supporters dubbed it, the Welsh National Movement. He held large conferences, which he addressed in the most fiery terms suited to the palate of his audiences. He induced the Welsh County Councils to unite in refusing to obey the Act. He inaugurated a policy of warfare against what he was pleased to call "the rotten little schools" of the Church. The Board of Education was thwarted and defied. Teachers were left with their salaries unpaid. Children were even left without fires in the schools in winter. The administration of education was reduced to chaos. The present writer, who was a member of the education authority of a town which was made one of the principal cockpits of the struggle between the Welsh revolters and the Board of Education, can speak with experience of the havoc done by the revolt movement. To Mr. Lloyd-George, however, it was

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all gain, and in due course he received his reward. A grateful Liberal Premier could do no less than admit the Welsh leader into the circle of his Cabinet.

Mr. Lloyd-George is essentially pugnacious and aggressive. He is not the man to hide his light under a bushel. He likes to be the cynosure of the public eye. He recalls the description of Mucianus given by Tacitus: *Omnium quae dixerat feceratque, arte quadam ostentator* ("He had the showman's knack of drawing public attention to everything he said or did"). Mr. Lloyd-George loves the strife of war. He delights in the sound of the trumpet and the clash of steel. He has no scruples about his methods of attack. Daniel O'Connell was not more bitter. The President of the Board of Trade said at Liverpool a year ago that he could fight as keenly as anybody "and probably as bitterly." During the campaign against the Education Act he displayed the most bitter and inveterate animosity towards the Church of England. If he spoke of the Roman Catholic Church, it was generally to compliment it, because it was desirable to do nothing to alienate the Irish vote. But he never spared the Established Church. He urged on his followers to the attack as a man might urge one terrier to attack another. One could almost imagine one heard him hissing. "Democracy has come to the conclusion," he said, plagiarising from Gambetta, "that clericalism is the enemy." He tried to invest the opposition to "the enemy" with something of the character of a religious crusade. There is a picture of Our Lord disputing with the doctors in the Temple to be seen in the Cathedral at Antwerp, in which a Catholic painter has given to the doctors the features of Erasmus and Calvin and the Protestant Reformers. This is one method of depreciating one's opponents, and Mr. Lloyd-George represented and described the clergy of the Church as "the forces of darkness." To deprive the Church of her schools was to clear "the Jebusites" "out of the holy places," and to stand "between the child and the priest." Disporting in the region of imagination, he drew lurid pictures of Nonconformist children persecuted by the Church, as nonsensical as they were fictitious. There was no regard for any susceptibilities of Churchmen; no consideration for the feelings of the clergy. No scruple of chivalry or tenderness restrained his language. Casting truth to the winds, he abandoned himself with gusto to unmeasured denunciation of the national Church.

Many specimens of invective eloquence might be culled from Mr. Lloyd-George's orations. Criticising the action of the Lord Londonderry as Minister of Education, he called

him a "plucked marquis," because he failed to pass some examination at college. He told one of his audiences that "the Church's one foundation" was the beer barrel. He once described the Bishop of St. Asaph's as the yahoo of Welsh politics. He has even held up to ridicule the beautiful language of the Book of Common Prayer. Two characteristic gems of his oratory may be cited. Speaking of Mr. Brodrick, now Lord Midleton, he said: "Why, there was not a little grocery store in Cardiff that would engage Mr. Brodrick as an assistant. (Loud laughter.) He could not be trusted. He would be selling the provisions at half the price they cost, and then running after the customers to pay twice as much as they were worth to him." No political difference, however acute, would justify one who claims to be a gentleman in using such language as this of an opponent. Again, speaking of the Church school where he was educated, he said :

In that school with him was a boy who was now a learned Canon of the Church in that county. At that time he was a frantic Calvinist, while he [Mr. Lloyd-George] was an equally fanatical Whole Baptist. But there was a startling change, and the future Canon's faith in Calvinism suddenly vanished. (Laughter.) What had happened? He had become a teacher, and in order to become a teacher his whole faith in "Cyffes Fydd" vanished, as he could not become a teacher without it. If he had stuck to the "pum pwnc," he would have been still a miller with his father. (Loud laughter.) These things in school filled their little souls with disgust, and what could be said of this barter and sale of the greatest gift that God had given to man—this barter and sale for money and a career?

This last utterance was so grossly unfair and unjust to "the learned Canon" who was the object of it that the Bishop of St. David's protested against it in a letter to the *Times*, which made even Mr. Lloyd-George wince.

With all his bitterness and animosity to the Church, Mr. Lloyd-George, like Parnell, knows when it is wise to be extreme and when it is wise to be moderate. He is often wildly violent in his talk, and appears to cast wisdom and moderation to the wind. But he is never really intoxicated by his own wild language. We may say of Mr. Lloyd-George what Daudet says of Gambetta: "Though speaking often, speaking eternally, he never allowed himself to be carried away in the whirlwind of his speech. Wildly enthusiastic, he knew beforehand the exact point at which his enthusiasm should stop." Observe Mr. Lloyd-George at a public meeting. Note how he plays with his emotional Keltic audience as on a musical instrument. See how he can make the atmosphere electric, and bring them to wild enthusiasm or depress them

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almost to tears. Observe how he looks at his hearers, while waiting till some wild burst of applause has subsided, to resume his speech. He has perfect command of himself. If he uses wild language, it is not because he has lost his head, or become intoxicated with the exuberance of his verbosity. He does it of set purpose and with a definite object. He sometimes heightens the effect of his oratory by references to past history, but his historical statements are generally purely imaginative. A knowledge of history and literature are not necessary ingredients of statesmanship, and many great popular leaders have been profoundly ignorant of both. It was so with Parnell; it was so with Gambetta. Parnell once spoke of Lord "Otho" Fitzgerald, and Daudet has related that Gambetta committed astounding conversational blunders with regard to history. If one may judge from Mr. Lloyd-George's historical references, a knowledge of the past is not one of his strong points. But while not bookish or learned, he is keenly conscious of the romance and enchantment of Wales. He has felt the charm of the Cymric twilight, of the lonely lakes and mist-clad mountains, of the ghostly figures of the ancient Welsh chivalry, of the noise of streams rushing down the moonlit valleys. Like all true sons of Wales, he has sought the grave of the lost Glendwr :

In a winter's dream on Gamelyn moor
I found the lost grave of the Lord Glendwr,
Three shadows I followed against the moon
That marched while the grey reeds whistled a tune.

He touches at times with great effect upon the romantic charm of ancient Welsh life.

Mr. Lloyd-George is surrounded by a coterie of devoted followers, who have great hopes of his future. A man like the President of the Board of Trade always attracts ambitious men of the feebler sort, and he has his *entourage* of satellites. In return for their devotion he advances their interests and extends to them a helping hand. But his patronage is given on one condition only. His followers must be absolutely subservient. They must be like the Jesuits, who are said to take an oath to be "as dead bodies" in the hands of their Superior. The least independence and Mr. Lloyd-George frowns. Sim Tappertit in *Barnaby Rudge* was not more absolute among the apprentices of the Barbican than the President of the Board of Trade among his followers. If they cherish ambitions or form plans which he has not sanctioned, he kicks them down with as much indifference as Sim Tappertit kicked down the skittles. The successful rebel has become the sternest repressor.

But subservience brings its rewards. If the obedient one is a barrister, he may get Treasury briefs. If he is a solicitor, he may get a lucrative post in the Education Office. If he is a journalist from Carnarvon, he may get an official receivership. If he is a Radical election agent he may be appointed a Crown agent. But the crumbs which fall from Mr. Lloyd-George's table are only given to those who deserve them by their humility. No others need apply.

Something ought to be said of the achievements of Mr. Lloyd-George as a Minister of the Crown. Before his accession to office he was an uncompromising opponent of the preferential movement. It was said that he desired the office of President of the Board of Trade because it would give him exceptional command of the information which would enable him to refute Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain. Every one expected from him an aggressive Free Trade policy. But office has not been without its potent influence on Mr. Lloyd-George. His first proceeding was to contradict his previous professions by passing the Merchant Shipping Act. That Act was mainly the outcome of the recommendations made by a committee appointed by the late Government and presided over by Mr. Bonar Law. It was marked throughout, as Mr. Arnold-Forster has said, by a deliberate intention to benefit a British industry because it was British, and to improve the comfort and welfare of British seamen because they were British. Mr. Lloyd-George threw the consumer overboard, and said that, whether freights rose or not, it was his business to see that there was no undue preference for the foreign ship-owner. The Act was acceptable to the Unionists, and though it went right in the face of Cobdenism, it was calmly swallowed by the Liberal Party. There was no real difficulty in carrying it through, and Mr. Lloyd-George himself would probably not claim the passing of this measure as a great achievement.

Mr. Lloyd-George has also passed a Patents and Designs Act. This statute, like the Merchant Shipping Act, is of a Protectionist character. It flouts the claim of the foreign producer to produce where he wants, and makes him produce in this country with the express object of increasing employment here. No wonder that, after the professions of the Government, Mr. Balfour said, "When I look at the legislation of the Government I do not know where I am." It is evident that, whatever lines Mr. Lloyd-George may be compelled to follow by the exigencies of party politics, he has considerable sympathy with the preferential movement. His speech at the Imperial Conference struck a very different note from Mr.

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Asquith and the professors of the pure creed of Cobden. It is an open secret that the proposal to establish an "all-red," or all-British, line across Canada and the ocean to Australia has his sympathy, and that only the frigid and discouraging attitude of the Cabinet prevents his taking practical steps to make the line a reality. As with Mr. John Burns, the exercise of power and the handling of affairs has effected a change. There is such a difference between tub-thumping on platforms and managing the business of a nation. Mr. Lloyd-George, under the pressure of responsibility, is beginning to see things in new and unsuspected lights. With increased first-hand knowledge of the requirements of commerce, the President of the Board of Trade may develop still further on satisfactory lines.

Perhaps the most remarkable achievement of Mr. Lloyd-George was the appointment of the Royal Commission to inquire into the spiritual provision made for the Welsh people. The Commission was intended to pave the way for Disestablishment. It was going to show how useless and inefficient was the Church in Wales, and how vastly inferior its services were to those of Nonconformity. This amiable hope has not been fulfilled. Mr. Lloyd-George has been hoist with his own petard. Haman has himself been hanged on the gallows which he erected for Mordecai. The evidence which has been given on behalf of the Church has surprised even its best friends. It has shown beyond shadow of doubt that the Church in Wales is a living, moving, growing force. The Commission has proved so detrimental to the interests of the Disestablishment propaganda that the Radical Party in Wales tried to bring it to an end. Gross personal attacks have been made on Lord Justice Vaughan Williams, the Chairman of the Commission, who was himself appointed at the instigation of Mr. Lloyd-George. The three militant Nonconformist members of the Commission—Mr. Samuel Evans, K.C., M.P.; Professor Henry Jones, of Glasgow University; and Principal Fairbairn, of the Congregational College at Oxford—resigned in April last. The Government, however, recognised how deadly would be the effect upon themselves of a premature conclusion of the work of the Commission, and three new members were appointed to take the place of the malcontents who departed.

The results of the Commission, if properly brought home to the minds of the English people, should put the Disestablishment movement out of court for at least a generation. In spite, however, of the evidence brought to light by Lord Justice Vaughan Williams and his colleagues, the Radical Party in

Wales is still calling out for the introduction of a bill to dis-establish the Church, and has even been abusing Mr. Lloyd-George because none has as yet been brought forward. The malcontents have been saying that he has discovered that his career is secure without the support of Welsh Nonconformity, and that he is disposed to kick away the ladder by which he has mounted. Rude people have been unkind enough to criticise Mr. Lloyd-George in quite an outspoken way, as if he were a self-seeking man with an eye only to his own career.

The most recent achievement of the President of the Board of Trade has been of real service to the country. His settlement of the railway dispute averted what might have been a serious calamity. The universal relief which was felt when the opposing parties came to terms was followed by a general expression of praise and admiration of Mr. Lloyd-George. Even his political opponents do not grudge him the laurels which he acquired by his action in this matter. It is true that an august influence was behind him, which greatly strengthened his hands and contributed materially to the happy result, but his conduct of the negotiations was able and tactful and worthy of commendation. The Corporation of Cardiff, the capital of Wales, has decided to confer on him the freedom of the city. The present writer joined, as a member of the City Council, in the action of his colleagues in conferring this honour, because he felt that it might perhaps help to make Mr. Lloyd-George recognise how infinitely better it is to be the servant of the nation than the hack of a party. The work of his life, prior to his accession to office, was purely destructive, and it is an easy thing to destroy. As Grattan once said to the Irish Parliament, "The edifices of the mind, like the fabrics of marble, require an age to build, but ask only minutes to precipitate; and as the fall of both is an effort of no time, so neither is it a business of any strength; a pick-axe and a common labourer will do the one—a little lawyer, a wicked minister, the other." It is constructive work that makes the fame of a statesman permanent. There is no office in the Government which gives wider scope for rendering substantial and appreciable benefits to the people than that held by Mr. Lloyd-George. Let us hope that, for his own sake, he will avail himself of his opportunities.

J. A. LOVAT-FRASER.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF QUEEN VICTORIA

IN January 1901 the long reign of Queen Victoria came to an end. It will ever be remembered with pride and satisfaction as long as England lasts. Macaulay in a well-known passage criticises the delusion which leads men to overrate the fortunate condition of preceding generations, but intelligent persons whose lot was cast in the days of Queen Victoria fully realised that they were living in an exceptionally happy and gracious time. She ascended the throne when class animosities were rife and the country teemed with the germs of revolution. Owing largely to the beneficent influence of her personality and to her high sense of public duty, the spirit of disorder was gradually overcome, and she died the sovereign of a homogeneous nation, remarkable for the closeness with which all hearts and all estates were knit together. Her subtle power was felt in the remotest corners of her dominions, and the universal regard and respect for the Sovereign Lady was one of the potent forces helping to weld together the Society of the British Empire.

There have been four great female sovereigns in modern history. Queen Elizabeth of England, Catherine II. of Russia, the Empress Maria Theresa, and Queen Victoria. Elizabeth emerged victorious from a conflict of greater world-wide importance than ever taxed the abilities of a sovereign. She triumphed over difficulties and dangers of colossal magnitude, and, as Ranke says, her memory is inseparably connected with the independence and power of England. Catherine II. to a great extent founded modern Russia. She was one of the most remarkable rulers the world has ever seen, and united in a singular degree the charms of a Ninon de Lenclos with the masculine intelligence of a Richelieu. Maria Theresa represented the best traditions of the House of Hapsburg, and remains perhaps the most attractive figure of the eighteenth century.

Queen Victoria did not possess the strength of character nor the robust grasp of mind which distinguished Elizabeth. She was free, on the other hand, from the meanness which mars the figure of that great sovereign. She had neither the genius nor the charm of Catherine II., but she was incapable of committing crimes from which Catherine did not shrink. Although she lacked the presence of Maria Theresa, she had a majesty peculiarly her own, and evoked the enthusiastic devotion of her subjects, particularly towards the close of her reign. Those who had the privilege of witnessing the last drive of Queen Victoria in London, when, without escort of any sort or kind, she passed through the densely crowded streets bidding good-bye to her people with the hand of death upon her, will never think of that marvellous scene without feelings of deep emotion. It was a magnificent and characteristic ending to an illustrious reign and the fitting close of an epoch of grave and resolute purpose, of heroic deeds and high ideals.

The future may have great things in store for this country, but no observer can fail to see signs of deterioration in the national character, which have become more apparent since the departure of the Queen. If we consider the present state of the kingdom, the prevailing frivolity, the growing fervour in the worship of Mammon, the appearance of a superficial cosmopolitanism which is merely glorified selfishness and the expression of a desire to shirk public duty, the propagation of revolutionary ethics, the light-mindedness of leading public men—all this is a vision to disconcert and distress. The coming generation will have to combat these evils by a vigorous apostolate inculcating the moral obligations of a citizen and appealing to that spirit of duty which inspired the England of the past.

The part which Queen Victoria played in shaping the policy of England was only known to a few exceptionally well-informed people during her lifetime. Lord Fitzmaurice in his life of Lord Granville was the first person to reveal to the general public her political activity, and the volumes containing a selection of her correspondence, since published, have thrown a flood of light on the foreign policy of her Majesty. To say that Queen Victoria was sometimes wrong is merely to say that she took an active part in the events of her time. It would be difficult to find a great statesman in history who did not make grave mistakes. When Pitt introduced his Budget early in the Parliamentary session of 1792 he proposed very large reductions in the military establishments, and said: "Unquestionably there never was a time in the history of this

country when from the situation of Europe we might more reasonably expect fifteen years of peace than we may at the present moment." * In February 1793, less than a year after that declaration, the great war broke out. Pitt has often been reproached, not altogether justly, for this speech. It certainly shows the danger of indulging in prophecy, but on the other hand it completely refutes the charge that Pitt wilfully led his country into a war against the cause of human liberty.

Lord Palmerston was at first inclined to make light of the Indian Mutiny. This was no doubt a mistake, but the same buoyant spirit which caused him to make it inspired him with an energy which enabled him in the darkest hour to exhort his countrymen to be of good cheer and never doubt of victory. Cavour does not seem to have fully realised until it was too late the inconvenience of prematurely incorporating Naples in the Italian kingdom, and no great statesman ever committed a more pernicious blunder, or one more far reaching in its evils than Bismarck when he entered into a quarrel with the Catholic Church in Germany in perfect ignorance of the forces with which he had to contend.

The mistakes of Queen Victoria were such as might be expected from her education, disposition, and character. When she came to the throne, the middle classes were in power both in England and in France. It was the era of what Bismarck used to call "mille huit cent trente," when ugliness was taken for simplicity and inelegance for morality. King Louis Philippe was the truest representative of that time. His government was just, and the internal administration of the Monarchy of July, though not possessing the high integrity of the Restoration, was fairly pure. There was, however, a want of dignity in the Citizen King which was a determining factor in his downfall, and his supposed indifference to the national honour and exaggerated love of peace stimulated the movement which placed Louis Napoleon Bonaparte on his uncle's throne.

The restoration of the Empire was looked upon with the greatest hostility and suspicion by the middle classes in England. Imperfectly informed of the real state of affairs in France, of the threatened dissolution of French society, they were deeply incensed at the *coup d'état* of 1851, the justification for which they could not perceive. Queen Victoria, in common with the majority of her counsellors, shared in the apprehension of her people that France was likely to renew the career of conquest associated with the name of

* Stanhope, *Life of Pitt*, vol. ii. p. 140.

the first Napoleon. There was much to be said for this view, and prudence demanded that great caution should be observed in dealing with the new Imperial Government. Napoleon III. had many good qualities but he was a conspirator to his finger tips. The papers, documents, and reminiscences of eminent men published in recent years have thrown much light on the dark and devious path he delighted to follow. The moment he obtained power he employed agents unknown to his Ministers, He did not scruple to work in secret against his official policy, and he continued this fatal practice throughout his reign.*

The personal policy of Queen Victoria was to proceed with the utmost caution in all dealings with Imperial France. This was perfectly sound, but she is open to the criticism, especially after 1870, of not seeing the quarter from which danger to England was likely to arise. Her counsellors were not more clear-sighted. Lord Palmerston alone perceived the consequences likely to follow from the changing conditions in Europe. He understood moreover, as no other English statesman did, the mind and personality of Napoleon III. It is a curious fact not known to half a dozen individuals even at the present moment, that most important communications were sent by Napoleon III. to the *Times* during the last ministry of Lord Palmerston. These contributions were made with the utmost secrecy, and no human being was aware that the Emperor of the French was writing in the *Times* except Mr. Delane, editor of the leading journal, and Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister. The correspondence between Mr. Delane and Lord Palmerston on this subject was until lately in the hands of my recently departed friend, Mr. Evelyn Ashley. The communications were made by Napoleon III. with a view to influencing opinion both in England and France, and Lord Palmerston was able to get from them true insight into the policy of the Emperor.

Many observers before 1870 did not believe in the stability of the French Empire. It seemed to them that the luxury, ease, and amusement fostered by that Government were undermining the French character, and that the keen race for wealth encouraged by the Court of the Tuileries was destroying the spirit of sacrifice, simplicity of life, and patriotic ideals. The Queen and her Ministers not perceiving this fell into the same error that Cromwell did as regards Spain. The Protector shaped his policy as if the Spain of his time were the Spain of the days of Queen Elizabeth and Philip the Second. He did not see that she was a decaying Power and hence did not realise that his foreign policy helped to

* Harcourt, *Les Quatres Ministères de Drouyn de Lhuys*, p. 112.

strengthen the France of Louis XIV., which for more than a century was the rival of Great Britain, and more than once threatened the very existence of this nation. The influence of the Prince Consort, and of certain persons like Baron Stockmar, who well merit to be ranked among political *lansquenets* of whom Treitschke speaks, prevented Queen Victoria from realising that the position of England during the twentieth century would not be threatened by France.

The most striking illustrations of the limitations of the Queen as regards foreign policy, was her conduct in the Italian and Schleswig-Holstein questions. In the former case she showed reactionary feelings, royal prejudices, strange in a sovereign who had to be reminded by Lord John Russell that she owed her crown to the events of 1688, and who never liked to remember that she sat upon the English throne in virtue of an Act of Parliament called the 6th Anne, cap. vii. Lord Palmerston formed his last Ministry in June 1859, some days after the battle of Solferino. That battle was a fiercely contested engagement, and though the allied armies of France and Piedmont were victorious, the position of the Austrians was by no means hopeless. The quadrilateral was still held by the soldiers of Francis Joseph. Throughout Southern Germany, especially in Bavaria, the sympathies of the people were with Austria, and a movement was growing in strength having for its object German intervention to stem the tide of threatened French aggression. This feeling spread even to the North, and only a few men like Bismarck, at that moment in a secondary position, did not sympathise with the Austrian cause. Napoleon the Third perceived the gravity of the situation, and that it was time to consider on what terms peace should be concluded. He began by endeavouring to induce the British Government to suggest terms to Count Apponyi, the Austrian Ambassador in London, who was to convey them to Vienna. Lord Palmerston advised the cession of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom by Austria and its incorporation, together with the Duchies of Parma, Modena, and Emilia, into the kingdom of Sardinia. While negotiations on this basis were going on, preliminaries of peace were suddenly signed between Austria and France at Villafranca. These preliminaries included the formation of an Italian Confederation of which the Pope should be the head. The rulers of the Duchies of Central Italy with the exemption of Parma, which was not mentioned, were to be reinstated, Venetia was to remain Austrian, but might enter into the proposed Confederation, as Lord Fitzmaurice truly says : " gaining thereby the privilege of becoming

an Italian Schleswig-Holstein." Lombardy was to be ceded by Austria and that was to be the whole result of the war, of the patriotic devotion of generations of Italians, and of the life-work of Cavour.

It is plain now, it was clear in 1859 to all clear-sighted politicians, that such a scheme was preposterous in the extreme. Lord Palmerston who, in the opinion of the best heads of Italy, understood the Italian question better than any other non-Italian statesman, had no patience with this proposal. Both he and Lord John Russell were anxious that England should interfere with prudence and care, to create a state of things in the Peninsula, which would offer some permanent security for tranquillity and order.

Lord Granville wrote on July 13 that in consequence of Villafranca Lord Palmerston was deeply mortified and annoyed and his confidence in the Emperor shaken. The Queen, however, influenced by the prejudices to which I have before alluded, was strongly against any intervention, and it is plain from her letters that she never sympathised with nor understood the Italian cause. Lord Granville, who was in secret communication with the Sovereign, cannot be said to have acted with great loyalty either to the Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston, or to Lord John Russell, the Foreign Secretary, for in his letter of July 13 to the Prince Consort, he offers the following dubious advice to the Queen: "It is very desirable as regards Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell that the Queen should show as much kindness as possible to the latter and appear to communicate frankly with the former."* On the same day Lord Palmerston wrote to the French Ambassador, Count Persigny, in London to point out that the proposed Italian Confederation "Serait funeste, et mettrait l'Italie au désespoir,"† and the same view was stated by Lord John Russell in official despatches to the various embassies. Meanwhile the Italian people began to show a most intense dislike to the proposed scheme; revolutionary movements broke out in Central Italy and Count Cavour resigned. The Emperor Napoleon found himself overcome with difficulties, and he appealed earnestly to Great Britain for her support of proposals which should be submitted to the European Congress. He was of opinion that they should come from England, as he considered himself debarred from making them by his engagements at Villafranca. Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell concurred, but the Cabinet, influenced by the Queen, ob-

* *Life of Lord Granville*, vol. i. p. 352.

† Ashley's *Life of Lord Palmerston*, vol. ii. pp. 161-165.

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jected to any initiative being taken by this country, and England lost a golden opportunity of rendering a service to Italy and to Europe which might have had far-reaching effects. Serious dissensions broke out in the Cabinet. Lord Palmerston actually resigned, but circumstances broke down the reactionary opposition, and his Italian policy had a complete triumph. In all this episode, which I have of course only briefly sketched, two remarkable facts must be observed. In the first place, the devotion of Lord Palmerston to the cause of human liberty and his dignified self-respecting loyalty to the Crown, which shows on this occasion nearly as conspicuously as when some years before he refrained from what would have been a triumphant vindication of his conduct in order not to expose the Sovereign to the criticism of the multitude. In the second place, the indifference of the Queen and the majority of so-called Liberal Ministers to the liberty and national aspirations of Italy has to be noted.

Another remarkable illustration of the mental bias of Queen Victoria in the foreign policy of England may be observed in her attitude to the Schleswig-Holstein question. My old and distinguished friend Sir Robert Morier at the time accurately described the crisis of 1864 as a duel between Queen Victoria and Lord Palmerston. The influence of the Cobdenite faction, at that time very powerful, enabled the Queen to thwart and defeat her Prime Minister. To be perfectly honest and frank it is difficult to justify all the means which the Queen used to gain her end. We know from the *Memoirs of Prince Hohenlohe* that she was in communication with him on the German question behind the backs of her Ministers. This correspondence passed through the hands of a lady-in-waiting. The revelations made by Lord Fitzmaurice, throw further light upon the action of the Queen and her especial *confidante* and agent in the Cabinet—Lord Granville. Mr. John Morley, giving the account of a Cabinet Council held in 1864 when it was a serious question whether the spoliation of Denmark should be permitted, notes that Lord Palmerston hung down his head when announcing its decision to leave Denmark to her fate. The same writer, in his *Life of Cobden*, tells us how in the lobby of the House of Commons, members, who took what I venture to call a parochial view of foreign politics, expressed their delight at the determination of the Government, and their conviction that it would mark a turning-point in the history of England. They were true prophets with a vengeance; the abandonment of Denmark was a turning-point indeed. It led to the war of 1866, to the disastrous overthrow of France in 1870, and to the undisputed

reign of material force in Europe. The idealism of old Germany has been destroyed ; and all the gods in the German Valhalla, with the single exception of Thor, have been overthrown. The Powers who stood by with folded arms during the spoliation of Denmark have had to suffer for that great sin of omission. England has had her share in the suffering. The armaments she has now to maintain are the necessary consequence of a state of things in Europe which by her culpable and selfish inactivity she has helped to form. The spoliation of Denmark stands on a par with the raid on Silesia by Frederick the Great ; whatever rights or wrongs there may have been in the question of the Elbe Duchies, and whatever claims the German confederation might have had to Holstein, or even to Schleswig, it is quite certain that Prussia had no right to incorporate them in the monarchy. Bismarck, who imitated Frederick the Great as slavishly as one man of genius could imitate another, no doubt often thought in connection with his raid on Denmark of the saying of Frederick when he was about to seize Silesia, that once it was accomplished he could always find pedants to invent and scribblers to support a legitimate claim.

The conduct of England in 1864 led to an almost complete abandonment of an intelligent policy in international affairs, and as a consequence she gradually became an object of loathing and contempt to all the Powers of Europe. Then in her isolation she went cap in hand to Bismarck and adopted a policy of what some called "graceful concessions" to Germany, but what I prefer to designate as payment of blackmail. As was inevitable, the demands of the blackmailer became steadily greater. The contempt for England increased when Heligoland was ceded ; speeches of studied insolence to Great Britain were delivered in the Reichstag, and when an Anglo-German arrangement was entered into as regards China it was practically repudiated by the Chancellor of the German Empire, or at least interpreted in a non-natural sense adverse to the British contention, before the ink was dry. The policy of so-called, "graceful concessions," to Germany had undoubtedly the general approval of the Queen. Lord Salisbury, however, in carrying it out, must often have repeated to himself, "*video meliora proboque deteriora sequor.*"

During the closing years of the late reign, the mind of the country gradually realised the danger of the situation. A small number of strenuous writers in this Review and elsewhere, urged that the foreign policy of England should be completely revised, and a great body of opinion was gradually formed in favour of

an *entente* with France and of a comprehensive arrangement with Russia. In this discussion I took some little part and I can positively state that the governing motive of those who promoted this policy was a desire that certain differences between England and France, and England and Russia, should be fairly faced and dispelled in the interests of peace. As regards France, there were several questions pressing for solution, more or less of an irritating nature; there was the question of the Newfoundland fisheries, that of Egypt and other questions in Northern Africa. As regards Russia, there were competing interests to be dealt with in Persia and in Afghanistan. There was no need to advocate any settlement of affairs with Germany, or with Italy or Austria; with these Powers there were no outstanding difficulties to settle. The relations between Italy and England were no doubt peculiar, because, for reasons connected with her political history there has always been a subtle friendship between those two countries. The great municipal history of the Italian peninsula has produced a type of mind in political controversy, a spirit of give and take, an endeavour to find for all seemingly insoluble political or religious problems a practical compromise which makes it easy for Englishmen to sympathise with Italians.

In bringing about the new position which England occupies to-day, the English people owe a debt of gratitude to the present King. In England the play of parliamentary forces, the confusion of tongues in the House of Commons, prevent the people from noticing the great influence which has been exercised by the Crown, specially in matters dealing with our foreign relations. The mind of the country had been turned towards the desirability of an *entente cordiale* with France; King Edward VII. has carried out the wishes of his subjects with a sagacity and skill which are acknowledged by the whole of Europe. The same remark applies to Russia. As regards Germany there is absolutely nothing to be settled. England does not desire any territory now possessed by Germany, and I believe I am right in saying that the relations between the countries have become perceptibly better since the policy of "graceful concessions" on the part of England has ceased. The recent visit of the Kaiser is an instance in point. Apart from the fact that he is the grandson of Queen Victoria, he would always have been sure of a reception in England befitting his exalted position, nor would the English people ever have forgotten what was due to their own dignity. There was, however, on a recent occasion, a certain note of cordiality

which would have been absent if everybody did not know that the era of "graceful concessions" to Germany was definitely closed.

Having said this, it must be remembered that the sympathies of liberal England cannot go out to Germany as now constituted, Germany being for the present a glorified Prussia. England stands in the world and must stand for the great doctrine that it is possible to reconcile the reign of law and order with wide individual liberty. Private enterprise has made this country what it is, and is the secret too of that power of government which seems inherent in an Englishman. Prussia stands for bureaucratic government, for a bureaucratic government in the highest and best sense, worked by officials unsparing in their industry and remarkable for integrity of character; but a bureaucracy all the same, with its cramping influence and its subtle tendency to destroy the ideal. The present Germany is the creation of the Prussian monarchy, which was itself really founded by Frederick the Great. It is a monarchy totally different in its essence from the great traditional monarchies of Europe and has no resemblance whatever to the monarchy of Philip the Second or of Louis Quatorze or of Queen Victoria. Lord Acton describes it as "the embodiment of the notion that government" is the intellectual guide of the nation, the promoter of wealth, the teacher of knowledge, the guardian of morality, the mainspring of the ascending movement of man," and he goes on to say that it is the great danger in front of the Anglo-Saxon race. But whether dangerous or not it is certain that such a state can never obtain the sympathies of the liberty-loving people of England.

What we have to consider now, however, is the international policy of this Power. It may be divided into two heads. The first is what is called the "Weltpolitik," which involves supremacy at sea, the second is the position as regards Europe. The former has been made so familiar to all thinking Englishmen that it need not be noticed at length. The key of the latter is the Polish Question. Poland determines the relations between the courts of Berlin and St. Petersburg, relations which for a very long period have dominated the European situation. Frederick the Great perceived that, in consequence of the geographical position of Poland, its possession of Dantzic and the circumstance that Polish territory separated one portion of his dominions from the other, the integrity of Poland was inconsistent with the growth of Prussia. He therefore was the moving spirit inciting to its destruction, and

the partition of Poland has had more far-reaching and abiding consequences than any other single event in the modern history of Europe.

During the early wars of the French Revolution it was the Polish question, the jealousy and greed of the partitioning powers that paralysed the action and ultimately led to the dissolution of the first coalition. The question of Poland largely interfered with the relations between Alexander and Napoleon after the meeting at Tilsit in 1807. In 1815 the same question at Vienna was a menacing danger to the peace of Europe. In 1830 the Polish Revolution cemented still more the intimate union between Prussia and Russia, and in 1863 Bismarck profited by the Polish insurrection of that year to render services to Russia, for which he was amply repaid in being permitted to despoil Denmark, overthrow the Austrian power in Germany and French hegemony on the Continent. At the present moment the influence of the Polish question really dominates general politics. This may seem strange to leading politicians in England, but as old Kaunitz in the days of Maria Theresa used to say, "C'est prodigieux tout ce que ces Anglais ignorent": they may convince themselves, however, that this statement is not exaggerated by reading and digesting the article by M. Anatole Leroy Beaulieu, entitled "La Russie devant la troisième Duma" in the *Revue des deux Mondes* of September 15, 1907. In this striking and highly suggestive article he examines the new electoral law of 1907. He points out that it reduces the number of representatives from the whole of the immense Russian Empire from 514 to 442, and the remarkable feature of this reduction is that it has been accomplished at the expense of the most enlightened and progressive provinces of the Empire. The leading merit of the old electoral law was that it gave to the different regions of the Russian Empire a number of deputies fairly proportional to the population. It may be that this constitution was premature, but in giving satisfaction to the various nationalities it tended to draw them closer to the traditions of old Russia. This constructive policy was accompanied by the abrogation of laws against dissenting religious communities and the Imperial Government broke entirely with the policy of legal persecution and petty vexation associated with the name of Pobedonostseff. Poles, Roumanians, Tartars, Christians of the Latin and other rites in communion with Rome, Protestants, Jews, Mussulmans, all the inhabitants of the vast provinces annexed by Peter the Great and his successors, who had so long suffered under exceptional legislation, were to be

treated for the first time on the same terms of equality as the most favoured subjects of the Tsar.

This, however, gave offence to many whose prejudices and privileges were ignored, and a party of resistance to reform came into being, at first without influence, but which gradually increased in power, mainly in consequence of the action of Terrorists. This party is that of "Russian Men," which, in the face of revolution and liberalism, claims to represent the national tradition. It was inevitable that such a party should gain in strength in the actual conditions of Russian life, and M. Stolypin, in order to resist revolution, was forced to lean upon it and to give way to its demands, both as regards the dissolution of the Duma, the new law of election, and the abandonment of equal representation of the different provinces without distinction of nationality or religion.

The predominant characteristic of the electoral law of 1907 was its method of dealing with Poland, the result of which has been that the interests and aspirations of Poland have been utterly and entirely crushed. The new electoral law deprived that country of two-thirds of its representatives. This is surely most grave. The "Russian Men," however, according to M. Leroy Beaulieu, would hardly have obtained such a change in the Imperial policy if they had not been seconded at St. Petersburg by a certain imposing foreign influence. However that may be, it is no secret that the Emperor Nicholas II. is suspicious of the counsels and inclined to suspect personal motives in the suggestions of his Ministers, while he lends his ear to the advice of his Imperial neighbour at Berlin, still under the impression that such counsel is most disinterested.

The amount of influence which the German Emperor has upon the Tsar has been the subject of much discussion in Russia and in diplomatic circles throughout Europe. The best-informed men of the Russian Court do not deny the importance of the Imperial relations, though none of them, perhaps, are in the secrets of Nicholas II. It is, however, generally admitted that this influence has of late been chiefly used to direct the domestic policy of the Tsar. All Russians, in ordinary circumstances, would be exceedingly indignant at the notion of the interference of any foreign sovereign in the affairs of their country. Those Russians, however, who hate the notion of reform, to whom the French Republic is odious and England anathema, heartily sympathise with Germany, whose monarch they regard as the representative of authority. They know full well that the whole force of German diplomacy

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and the personal advice of the Emperor William will always be directed to the same ends as those of the "Russian Men," to uphold the principles of arbitrary government against the doctrines and principles represented by England and France, and, above all, to keep Poland in subjection.

It is a matter of prime necessity for the Government of Prussia that the Russian Poles should not acquire any considerable influence in the Russian empire. There have always been Poles who have realised the truth that the future of their country depends on reconciliation with Russia. The first Polish patriot who held this view without reserve was Count Mostowski, who was Minister of the Interior in the Poland formed by the Congress of Vienna, and who had been one of the framers of the famous Constitution of May 1791. A generation later the leading representative of this idea was the Marquis Wielopolski, who was convinced that the Poles might perfectly maintain the great traditions of their ancient kingdom and yet form part of the Russian empire, eventually largely directing the forces of that enormous Power. This would also have contributed to the spread of liberal ideas in Russia, and made that country more fit to take the leadership of the Slav race. It is clear, however, that such a consummation would be, from the point of view of Berlin, most pernicious in its effect on the Polish population in Prussia. The present deep unrest and widespread disaffection amongst the Poles in Posen would crystallise into a desire for union with the Poles of Russia if the Government of the Tsar were reformed on constitutional lines; hence the Berlin Government is interested in preventing the growth of Constitutional Government in Russia. It must be remembered that the Poles in Prussia are the most enterprising and enthusiastic portion of their race. Posen was the source from which the national movement sprung which so largely dominated the political situation in the nineteenth century.* This is a matter which, when realised in this country, in spite of all the efforts made by cosmopolitans of various kinds in London will ultimately prevent the English people from having any hearty co-operation with the European policy of the Court of Berlin. This truth was never understood by Queen Victoria, her Majesty, like the Prince Consort, having never grasped the true inwardness of the Polish question. This was unfortunate, but it is strange that Englishmen of culture should ever have cherished the illusion that the Government of Berlin could represent the principle of freedom. Bismarck knew this well. Prussia was useful to Germany because of its power, not

* Scheimann, *Geschichte Russlands*, vol. i. pp. 161-4.

because it represented any moral principle. Bismarck perceived with equal clearness the danger to Prussia from a pacific, enlightened, and progressive Russian Poland. Should any one say that Austria in consequence of Galicia is very much in the same position as Prussia, I would pray him to recollect that Austrian statesmen—Metternich at their head—would have been always willing to part with Galicia in order to reconstitute Poland. In a famous memorandum of November 2, 1814, Metternich proposed to the Vienna Congress to reconstitute Poland “sur l'échelle de sa dimension avant le premier partage.” It is easy to conceive a combination under which separation from Galicia might be a positive gain to the Austrian Empire. The union of Posen, however, to the rest of Poland would bring the frontier of a foreign Power within a few leagues of Berlin.

In considering the foreign policy of Queen Victoria as a whole, and not forgetting her admirable and judicious conduct during such crises as the Trent affair, and in 1875 when Bismarck meditated his raid upon France, and on several other occasions, I cannot but think that history will say that the Queen was a far greater sovereign as regards her domestic than as regards her foreign policy. Of late years a marked change for the better in our foreign relations is perceptible to all. No Foreign Secretary in recent times has conducted the foreign affairs of this country with more judgment and dignity than Sir Edward Grey. His conduct especially in the Algeiras crisis placed England in the position she ought to occupy among the nations and riveted the *entente cordiale*. His arrangement with Russia has been criticised in that he made unfortunate concessions as regards Persia and Tibet. In reality he had to accept the situation which had been created by former Governments. Men of little knowledge and much presumption have also attacked him on the ground that he has strengthened arbitrary government in Russia. The reverse is the fact, and all men in that Empire holding progressive views hail with delight the spread of English ideas as a consequence of better political relations. In saying this, I cannot separate Sir Edward Grey from the rest of the Government. I am not one of the supporters of the present advisers of the Crown, but I must say in ordinary fairness, that the merit of Sir Edward Grey must be shared by the whole Government. It would have been impossible for him to have acted as he has done without the hearty support of his colleagues, especially the Prime Minister, and the Government as a whole must, therefore, have the credit for

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his foreign policy as they must all, Sir Edward Grey included, share the discredit of Mr. Birrell's Irish administration. It seems after all as if foreign policy were to be removed from the baneful and paralysing influence of party passion and ignorant prejudice. Owing to the action of the Crown and the gradual introduction of scientific methods in the teaching of history at the Universities, the country is gradually being prepared to welcome a Minister, when he shall arise, with a comprehensive and completely thought-out system of foreign policy absolutely essential if England is to maintain her place among the great nations of the world.

ROWLAND BLENNERHASSETT.

GREATER BRITAIN

CANADIAN AFFAIRS

1

THE tercentenary of the foundation of Quebec, the strategic key of British North America, is to be celebrated this year, and Canadians—whatever their mother-tongue—are agreed that the celebration should assume some permanent form. Two years ago the Mayor of Quebec, Mr. J. G. Garneau—it is a name of honour in French-Canadian history—appointed an advisory board to consider the subject and a year later the members thereof—the Hon. F. Langelier, Chief Justice of the Province of Quebec, Mr. E. Taché, Deputy Minister of Crown Lands, and Colonel W. Wood, F.R.C.S., whose “Fight for Canada” proved him a most intelligent disciple of Captain A. T. Mahan—recommended that the three hundredth birthday of Canada should be celebrated by the consecration of the battlefields of the Plains of Abraham and of Ste. Foy and the vesting of them in the hands of national trustees as national holy ground. There is no need to show once more that Wolfe’s amazing victory was one of the world’s decisive battles. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*; there can be no challenging a verdict which is that of scientific history as well as of popular tradition. Yet two points, often overlooked, should be borne in mind by those who wish to perceive the full force of the events which took place on the Plains of Abraham. In the first place, Wolfe’s victory would have been meaningless in the end but for the determining influence of British sea-power. Colonel William Wood in his admirable work has pressed home this truth with the merciless logic of his teacher. The primary cause of the conquest of Canada (New France) is found in the first battle-fleet victories of Pitt’s Empire-making war. These successes gave us command of the sea, and made the British frontiers coterminous with all the coast-lines of France and the French possessions. It was the immense advantage of operating from a naval base that ensured the permanent success of expeditions such as those of Wolfe and Wellington.

Montcalm was quite unable to find out what Wolfe was doing behind the impenetrable screen of the British warships, and the energy and enterprise of his men were squandered in the futile attempt to anticipate the movements of their landing parties. Wolfe deserves every word of the praise history and tradition have awarded to his great feat of arms. But we must not forget that his army was, after all, no more than a great landing-party, and that he himself was but the steel point of the massive marlinspike which shattered the resistance of Montcalm's forces. We must remember, to quote Colonel Wood's admirable book, "that the three Admirals at Quebec were all the superior officers of Wolfe himself, that there were twice as many seamen as soldiers in the expedition, that the fleet determined the British strategy throughout, that it alone put the army in position to win the great tactical success on the Plains of Abraham, and that the blockade of the French coast and Hawke's victory in Quiberon Bay were just as important factors in the North American war as the operations of the armies on the spot." In a word, Wolfe's victory is an everlasting object-lesson in the triumphant influence of sea-power. A consideration of the results of the defeat by Levis of General Murray in the spring of 1760 on the neighbouring battlefield of Ste. Foy corroborates this object-lesson. Levis would have assuredly recaptured Quebec but for the appearance of a British fleet in time to save the situation. It is to be hoped that the French-Canadians, who have not yet grasped the nature of the determining factor in the fertility of Wolfe's victory and the sterility of Murray's defeat by Levis, will some day accept Colonel Wood's interpretation of these events. Then, and not till then, will Canada see that it is her duty to contribute, directly or indirectly, towards the maintenance of the Imperial Navy, which is the sole security for the Empire's existence. The second point lies deeper still below the surface of historical phenomena. Montcalm's defeat implied the revolt of the American Colonies. It was prophesied at the time of the battle of Quebec that, if the British were victorious, the New England Colonies would sever their allegiance with the Mother Country in ten years. In fifteen years the prophecy was fulfilled. As long as Canada was a French colony and a perpetual menace to the frontiers of New English and the Middle Colonies, there could be no question of severing the tie with the Mother Country. But the moment this danger was removed the talk of rebellion began and the Declaration of Independence was a possibility. Bartholdi's gigantic statue of Liberty at the entrance to New York harbour represents all that

was gained by secession. It is not Liberty, but a symbol of Liberty, that is the essence of "Americanism," that foolish futile fantasy of American orators. For in the United States every man is in bondage to the plutocracy, justice is bought and sold everywhere save in the Supreme Court, and the cancer of corruption pervades every member of the body politic. No man can be free where the law does not define and guarantee his freedom. Assuredly the Americans have paid too dear for their whistle.

The King has expressed his sympathy with the object of nationalising Canada's famous battlefields, and has promised a liberal donation to the fund that is being raised for that purpose. This new proof of his Majesty's regard for the great Dominion will gratify all sorts and conditions of Canadians. The Canadians have something to learn from the Americans. The battlefields of the Civil War are nearly all set aside as consecrated ground, and the men of the North meet the men of the South there in a spirit of peace and goodwill, forgetting that they were once enemies, and remembering only the heroism which was shown on either side. But the most famous battlefield of the New World—the Plains of Abraham, which yearly attracts as many visitors as the Field of Waterloo—is at present defaced by a huge gaol, a rifle factory, and other unseemly buildings; and until these objectionable structures are swept away, Canada must rank below the United States in the matter of reverence for the heroes, named and nameless, of her romantic past. A gaol and a factory where Wolfe died in the moment of victory and Montcalm lost everything save honour and the admiration of all his opponents! How comes it that Canadians have permitted such a lack of national good taste all these years? However, it is never too late to mend, and there is every reason to believe that the movement set afoot by the Governor-General will be entirely successful.

Both Mr. Gouin, the Premier of Quebec, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier have also warmly approved it. No doubt the Provincial and Federal Parliaments will give subsidies for carrying it out, but a large additional sum will have to be found for putting the battlefields in a condition such as would satisfy the historic sentiment of all concerned. Money must be raised for the removal of the gaol and factory, for the purchase of certain lands, for building a museum to contain the historic relics, and for the construction of a seven-mile drive round the battlefields, passing above the St. Lawrence on one side and the valley of the St. Charles on the

other. The King's munificent donation, and the fund being raised by the schoolchildren of New Zealand (Canada's little sister Dominion), are object-lessons which cannot fail to have a widespread effect. There can be no doubt that all the money required for the creation of this picturesque open-air Valhalla will be forthcoming, and also for the conspicuous monument of the Angel of Peace, which Lord Grey hopes to see watching in marble over the wide waterway into the liberties of the Dominion. This Angel of Peace will stand for the *entente* (now almost *cordiale*) which is the basis of the Canadian Confederacy. But she must not be an angel of peace at any price. She must have her sword and shield within arm's length.

2

The Dominion Parliament has now reassembled; but, with the exception of the debates on Japanese immigration, discussion has been concerned with questions of domestic policy. The mission of the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux to Japan has been successful, and there is every reason to believe that emigration to the Pacific slope will in future be restricted. It is obviously to the advantage of Japan to distribute her superfluous population in Korea and elsewhere in her own sphere of political influence, which is destined to become a great theatre of industrial warfare. Of course, the Japanese Government cannot regulate the emigration to California and British Columbia from Hawaii, which is a distributing point for various kinds of Asiatic labour, including Korean coolies, of whom nearly 8000 must have entered the United States in the last two years. The Americans own Hawaii, and it is a curious fact that many of the Japanese, whose presence in California has aroused such a show of indignation, are actually American subjects by virtue of the "Organic Act," which made the islands part and parcel of the United States. The Labour leaders of Canada's Pacific Province are still content to take a narrow, selfish view of a very complex problem. This interpretation of the adage "Canada for the Canadians" would exclude not only Oriental labour, but also the unskilled white workers whom the Salvation Army is taking across the Rockies. Their aim is to create an oligarchy of labour, receiving abnormally high wages, and practically preying on the community. In opposing Oriental immigration on any conditions they are injuring, in point of fact, their own interests, since an adequate supply of cheap unskilled labour is necessary, if the skilled worker is to get good opportunities and continuous support throughout the

year. And the interests of the women of a new country are systematically ignored by these men, to whom a wife is nothing more than a cook. Those who wish to know the part played by women in advancing the frontiers of Western civilisation should read *A Wilderness Winner*, by Miss Edith Basnett, which, though the scene is laid in Kansas, gives an absolutely true account of the toil and moil of home-making on narrow means in the half-developed West. In nearly every part of Canada beyond the Great Lakes the white woman is the white man's slave, and her endless drudgery is at times unendurably monotonous. The colonies are built on the bones not only of pioneering men, but also of the women who followed them to the verge of the untamed wilderness. Nobody can ever understand this tragi-comedy of the making of a new country until he has grasped the significance of the work of the silent uncomplaining woman to whom the sacred task of replenishing the land with life is assigned—a task to be painfully fulfilled "between chores," so to speak. If the women of British Columbia had the franchise, it is certain that they would cast a solid vote against the poll-tax of \$500 on the harmless necessary Chinaman, who is so apt at all forms of domestic work. The Labour leaders of the Province are the enemies not only of the statesman capitalist who supplies brains and money for the development of the country, but also of the women, even their own wives and daughters.

However, it is the political opinion throughout the Dominion, rather than the Parliamentary reflection of what it has been in the past, which is of chief interest at the present moment. There can be no doubt whatever that the Laurier Administration has lost ground in the English-speaking Provinces. The recent Conservative victory in Nova Scotia, which was until then solidly Liberal, is a proof that the pendulum is swinging back. But I can see no sign that Sir Wilfrid's influence in Quebec has diminished appreciably; Mr. Henri Bourassa and his faction having been reduced to political impotence. Only a political cataclysm in Ontario and the Maritime Provinces could be a set-off to the continued loyalty of Quebec to the greatest French-Canadian in sight. The coming of an industrial set-back is, of course, a blow to the "Ins" and a boon to the "Outs." Providence is always a Minister (without portfolio) in the Canadian Cabinet, and when Providence knocks the bottom out of a boom or refuses a good crop the Cabinet suffers an appreciable loss of prestige. The effects of the commercial anti-cyclone in Canada are not likely to be enduring. But they have apparently damaged the prestige of

the Laurier Government, who will naturally endeavour to postpone the General Election as long as possible.

E. B. O.

SOUTH AFRICA

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK IN CAPE COLONY

CAPE COLONY is on the eve of the parliamentary elections, and her tangled politics are more than usually complicated in appearance. Broadly speaking, of course, they are simple. The key of South Africa, the Transvaal, having been handed by Lord Elgin to the Boers, Cape Colony is in their power, as are all the other South African States, but there is a simulacrum of complication, and distant observers are confused by the currents and cross-currents now disturbing the surface of the senior Colony. What is really happening, in fact, is exactly what occurred after Majuba, when the British Party were obliged to jettison the Imperial factor in order to gain any adherence to their own political ideals, for it should never be forgotten that Englishmen and Boers have, apart from their great difference of feeling about Imperialism, a totally opposite view of the art of government. The Boer is racial above all things : he believes in giving the spoils of office to his family and friends ; he believes in slavery for the coloured races ; he is not frightened by bribes, nor averse to being governed by the bribable. He is himself an incompetent administrator because of all these things. The Colonial Englishman is like his brother at home, he therefore differs widely from the Boer, and joins issue with his Dutch fellow subjects on all these points. Hence there is, apart from the very important Imperial question, a sufficient gulf between the two races. Now the situation is this. The supreme power in the Transvaal having been given to the Boers, the English Colonial is handicapped in every possible way, so that his true voting power is not felt and his prestige is completely destroyed. British Colonials all over South Africa have looked round to see in the general wreck of their ideals and hopes what they can save. Obviously not the Imperial connection, for it is the "Imperial" Government that has handed them over to the enemies of their race. British Colonists at the Cape and elsewhere have therefore concentrated their political efforts upon their domestic affairs and the very vital issues concerned therein. Vital, that is, to them, not to us, for we have so damaged our own interests in the sub-continent during

the last two years as to have little more to say there : we may wish South Africa well, but we have severed the links of our connection with her. That being so, the English Colonist, betrayed by us to his and our enemies, has to concentrate upon making the best of the bed we have made for him. He sees already in the Transvaal the hydra-headed monster of inefficiency, corruption, and injustice rearing its head, and in order to fight this trinity of evil he has thrown over his top hamper, made useless by the Elgin settlement in favour of Boerdom, of Imperial ideals. Who can blame him ? He has fought for us and with us for many generations, we reward him by giving power to destroy all he holds dear, to those dogged aliens who have resisted for one hundred years our efforts to inoculate them with British ideas of justice and humanity.

That is the situation in Cape Colony. The Boers want the power in order to use it after their own fashion, the British want to preserve the more humane type of Government associated with their name. Dr. Jameson, the Premier, is fighting on a broad platform, which may be described as fair play and good government with honest finance. The Bond, his opponents, wish to govern the country in the exclusive interest of certain Dutch families. The most interesting event of the moment is the reappearance in public life of Mr. W. P. Schreiner, formerly Prime Minister of Cape Colony, who has been in retirement for some years. Mr. Schreiner has always been in favour of loosening the Imperial tie, so that South Africa could not benefit the Mother Country, and yet of preserving the nominal suzerainty of the British Crown. He knows the German danger well enough to realise that for some years South Africa cannot stand alone. He would like to see a federated State, including Lorenzo Marques, under the protection of the British flag, and he will have, as far as his Imperial policy goes, very few to gainsay him. On domestic matters, however, Mr. Schreiner has been violently and bitterly attacked by his old Bond supporters for his "British" views on native affairs. At Queen's Town on Oct. 28 he said : "I believe in the admittance to equal political rights of all civilised men without distinction of colour." This bold pronouncement raised a threatening growl all over Dutch South Africa. His views on the vexed drink question are hardly more popular, for in the same speech he declared himself in favour of the maintenance of the Innes law, which restricts the sale of intoxicating drink to natives. Mr. Schreiner is, however, not a man who is affected by public disapproval.

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He has been perfectly consistent all through his political career, and he has had to leave public life once already, owing to the unpopularity of his lukewarm attachment to the Imperial connection in the days when the British Party hoped for a growth of Imperial ties. Mr. Schreiner is working with Dr. Jameson, and together they make a very powerful combination. They will probably not succeed in coming back to power, because the rebel vote will be given against them and their moderate views, but they will, in any case, form a powerful opposition, one with which any possible Government will have to reckon.

ORANGE RIVER COLONY

The elections in the Orange River Colony were held on November 20. As every one foresaw, the Boer racial party—"Orange Unie"—swept the country, winning thirty seats out of thirty-eight. The remaining eight members consist of four Independents and the four Constitutionalists who sit for Bloemfontein, Sir John Fraser being among them. The Boer press has already threatened Bloemfontein that no money will be spent on public works so long as it sends Englishmen to Parliament.

The Ministry has been formed, and is composed as follows :

Mr. FISCHER	.	.	.	Premier and Colonial Secretary
General HERTZOG	.	.	.	Attorney-General and Director of Education
Dr. RAMSBOTTOM	.	.	.	Treasurer
Mr. C. H. WESSELS	.	.	.	Minister of Public Works, Lands, and Mines
General CHRISTIAN DE WET				Minister of Agriculture.

There is thus in power in the Central South African Colony a Ministry supported by a solid anti-British party, who will stick at nothing to revenge themselves on all those of British blood who are not willing to be renegades. A Ministry who will regard the public treasury as a benevolent fund for the "bitter enders"; a Ministry who are pledged to reverse the enlightened policy of the Crown Colony Government. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Lord Elgin have indeed "settled" the South African question.

THE NATIVE TROUBLE IN NATAL

The Government of Natal is to be congratulated on the manner in which it has dealt with the danger in Zululand. By virtue of its reticence and promptitude it has not only forestalled rebellion, but completely baffled the mischievous busy-bodies in

this country, who can see nothing in any native trouble but an occasion for maligning and embarrassing their Colonial fellow citizens. These gentlemen had barely begun their usual manœuvres; they had only just started suggesting evil motives on the part of the Natal Government and making excuses for the series of outrages on loyal natives which rendered its action necessary. They had had no time to encourage the disaffected Zulus or goad the Colonial Office into irritating if impotent interference, when the surrender of Dinizulu broke the back of the native conspiracy. No doubt his trial, however conducted and whatever its result, will provide opportunity for the further display of anti-British bias in the usual quarters, but there is good reason to hope that it can now do less harm than usual. The skilful manner in which the whole affair has been handled is all the more remarkable and satisfactory because South African Governments have, in the past, not often been happy in their way of dealing with similar difficulties. The Boers made a hopeless mess of the Secocoeni rebellion thirty years ago. A few years later the Government of Cape Colony was so maladroit in its attempt to disarm the Basutos, that after a long spell of desultory warfare it had to hand back Basutoland to the Imperial authorities to deal with. A perfectly trivial rising in Bechuanaland in 1897 led to the so-called "Langeberg Campaign," in which a considerable force of Cape Mounted Rifles and Volunteers were engaged for weeks in overcoming the resistance of a few hundred ill-armed and far from courageous natives—a very different enemy from what the Zulus, should it ever come to fighting, would prove themselves to be. The truth is that in all cases of native trouble, everything depends on prompt action at the start. Natal has been admirably served in Zululand by its chief native commissioner, Sir C. S. Sanders. He is not only intimately acquainted with the natives, but he is, like all the best native administrators in South Africa, sincerely devoted to their interests. No man is less of an alarmist—indeed, it has often been his useful and honourable rôle to nip in the bud the unfounded scares about impending native rebellions, to which the scattered whites living on the confines of a thickly populated native territory, are naturally prone. No doubt he would be the last man to hoist the danger signal without good cause, but when he did hoist it, the only thing for the Government to do was to act, and to act with the greatest vigour. This was done, and the result has been very satisfactory. The strength of the force which the small colony was able so quickly to put into the field, the manner in which it was handled

by Sir Duncan McKenzie, one of the best Colonial soldiers, are an illustration of what the much-maligned South African British can do for themselves, and of how greatly they have profited by the bitter experiences of the great war.

It is not only the people of Natal who have reason to be grateful for the vigour and decision which has been exhibited on this occasion, but the Zulus themselves. They are, after all, the chief gainers by a course of policy which has undoubtedly prevented the bulk of them from being reluctantly dragged into a struggle, which, whatever might have been its cost to the white colonists, would certainly have ended in complete disaster to them. But though a big native war, involving great loss of life and, in the end, wholesale confiscation of native lands, has been in all probability averted, a great deal remains to be done. The settlement of Zululand, a tough problem which successive Natal Ministries have not been anxious to tackle, will now have to be seriously taken in hand. It will tax all the resources of colonial statesmanship, and of the exceptionally able man, Sir Matthew Nathan, who, by a great piece of good fortune, at present fills the post of Governor of Natal. But if it is dealt with in the spirit of fairness and equity which has characterised the steps just taken to suppress sedition, there is no reason why Zululand, which is a good country, with a remarkably fine black population, should not hereafter become one of the most orderly and prosperous of the native territories of South Africa.

CORRESPONDENCE

CHURCH SCHOOLS

To the Editor of the NATIONAL REVIEW

SIR,—You have always, in your brilliantly written Review, taken the side of the Church when her schools have been attacked by the Ministry in power. At a respectful distance I have followed you and felt the force of your arguments. Nothing, indeed, could be more absolutely unfair than the establishment of the infallibility of Dr. Clifford. At the same time, I should like to relate a personal experience which has made me appreciate the position of the Nonconformist working man in single school districts in a way I never did before. I have a boy who goes to a day school conducted by a very worthy clergyman. The lay teaching is good, but the religious teaching consists entirely of ecclesiasticism. Very little attention is paid to Scripture. The moral teaching and the lessons of the New Testament appear to be entirely overlooked, while the children are taught at immense length the kind of history which is bent on proving that the Church of England has not in any way altered her character since the earliest dawn of Christianity in these islands. The little boys are told that the repudiation of Rome, the abolition of the monastic system, and the non-celibacy of the clergy do not constitute any important change; that the Church of England is not Protestant, but Catholic; &c. Now, Sir, I do not write to complain of this. If I like, I can take my boy away; I can have a tutor, I can send him to a good boarding-school, and I can give him my own rather less ecclesiastical views of religion. But how about the working man, who has neither the leisure nor the knowledge to combat what he considers to be false history and imperfect religion, nor the means to send his child to another school? All he can do is to withdraw his child from religious instruction, and that is a very serious step to take. I cannot help thinking that in their anxiety to create Churchmen and Churchwomen, a number of the clergy are altogether losing sight of religious teaching, and that they have therefore to some extent created the dissatisfaction which undoubtedly exists, although it has been very much exaggerated, with Church schools.

London

I remain, Sir, yours obediently,

VERITAS.

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EPISODES OF THE MONTH

ALTHOUGH it is a commonplace among political students that the influence of the Crown has increased and is increasing, it is somewhat startling to find Mr. Haldane posing as a new Bolingbroke. In unveiling a statue of the King at University College, Hampstead, on December 15 our War Minister abandoned the wise tradition which, according to a *Times* correspondent, "imposes on Ministers of State, when performing such ceremonial functions, the graceful duty of pronouncing a general eulogy on the Sovereign in his personal and non-political capacity," and delivered an elaborate and detailed panegyric on the part played in "the business of government" by King Edward, who, it may be said in passing, stands in no need of encomiums from any of his Ministers. "There never was a more profound mistake," according to Mr. Haldane, than to regard the Sovereign as having "no initiative in the business of government," for "it was not the case that Ministers made all the suggestions—much came from the Sovereign; and the better, the greater the Sovereign, the more initiative could he and did he show, his greatness consisting in a knowledge of how to adequately interpret the wishes and the spirit of his people. The characteristic of our King was his gift for interpreting the public mind." The speaker stated that the Sovereign "was deeply interested in education, in the Army, in the Navy, in foreign affairs, and in every department of government, and in all of these his

great quality was capacity for taking the initiative, and acting in harmony, not only with his Ministers, but with Parliament and his people." Later on Mr. Haldane reiterated that though the laws of our Constitution were unwritten, they "gave freedom of initiation to the man who knew how to identify himself with the whole, and the whole with himself. Just so far as a Sovereign succeeded in that, a Sovereign was great, and they had had no greater Sovereign than he who now occupied the Throne." The speaker emphasised the importance of "the initiative of a competent ruler," alleging that "general decisions" were "all that could be given by people or Parliament" under the present Constitution of Great Britain and Ireland.

As was pointed out by the *Times* correspondent previously quoted, every word of this extraordinary speech, which was simply a revival of Bolingbroke's conception of The King in a Patriot King, "seemed to create in the un-
Politics. initiated the impression that the Crown was the

supreme arbiter of the affairs of State, and that the nation's welfare depended on the King's unimpeded freedom of initiation . . . in the business of government." If this declaration were to be accepted as embodying the considered Constitutional views of a Radical Cabinet engaged in putting another part of the Constitution into the melting-pot, England might be regarded as on the high road towards Absolutism. It is not, however, this aspect of Mr. Haldane's unfortunate utterance which provokes most comment and animadversion, for the simple reason that there is not the faintest risk or apprehension of the growth of Autocracy in this country, least of all during the reign of so pre-eminent a Constitutional Sovereign as King Edward VII. ; and it is not from fear of a possible encroachment of the Royal prerogative on popular rights that we dwell on this incident, but simply because it strikes us as an audacious attempt on the part of a member of a Cabinet in considerable difficulties, under cover of a eulogy on a popular and beloved Monarch, to abrogate the doctrine of Ministerial responsibility and to shelter himself and his unpopular colleagues behind the Throne. If the Royal factor played the part attributed to it by Mr. Haldane, and exercised initiative in the business of government, it could only be at the expense of Parliamentary control and Ministerial responsibility. Were this suggestion to pass unchallenged the next step would be to debit Ministerial failures to the "interference" of the Crown, and the assumption that "the King can do no wrong," on which

the British Constitution is founded, would have to be replaced by some other theory equally disadvantageous to the Monarchy and detrimental to the nation. It might be advisable for some responsible Unionist to raise a discussion in Parliament on this unwarrantable and unpardonable attempt to drag the King into political controversy in order to elicit the views of the Prime Minister. This is not the first time the present Ministry have taken the King's name in vain. Conservatives—by which we mean people of Conservative temperament in all Parties—were scandalised to observe that in the Royal Speech from the Throne at the close of last Session words were put by Ministers into the mouth of the King making his Majesty a personal sponsor for the "efficient condition" of the Navy—an unconstitutional proceeding momentarily advantageous to Ministers at the expense of the King, whom there is a general desire to keep out of controversial politics.

THE elementary Constitutional question incautiously raised by Mr. Haldane, though a delicate topic, is easily decided in the light of the last two hundred years of British history. A far more difficult and infinitely more insidious question arises when in any monarchy—constitutional or otherwise—courtiers, meaning those personages whose *raison d'être* is their supposed influence at Court, take upon themselves to interfere in the government of the country. Back-stairs busybodies are liable to crop up in every kingdom, and they are always a nuisance until they become a danger. Such cliques are responsible to no one, neither to the Sovereign, who is usually ignorant of their intrigues, nor to his Ministers, whom they embarrass, and who wish them at the bottom of the sea, nor to Parliament, which is totally unaware of their existence unless some scandalous intrigue brings them into the light of day, which is what they most shun. It is whispered that an illegitimate influence of this character is beginning to make its presence felt in this country, and it is occasionally described by an ominous foreign word. And though it is so far only a nuisance, Continental experience warns us to be on our guard lest it should develop into a danger. It appears to regard National Defence as its peculiar province, and the Services as the happy hunting-ground of its sinister activity, thanks to the feebleness of the Ministers at the head of those departments. If any permanent official resists the encroachments of this Cabal a black mark is put against him, while Mandarins "on the make" are tempted

to play up to it. It counts for a good deal in the higher appointments, and its influence is regarded with growing concern both in the Army and in the Navy by officers who have only merit to recommend them. It spreads its tentacles in every direction, is a prominent factor in the world of *la haute finance*, and no great newspaper can be disposed of without its attempting to have a finger in the pie. It is prepared to discharge everybody's business—including the King's—and it may be that in time, while we maintain the outward forms of Constitutional monarchy, Parliamentary government, and Ministerial responsibility, all real power will have passed into the hands of an irresponsible Triumvirate posing as "the King's Friends," while being actually his Majesty's worst enemies.

WHILE our politicians of both Parties are entirely absorbed in the Parliamentary game and its probable effect upon the fortunes of the Ins and Outs, the attention of that part of the community which has German Navy. leisure to think continues to be concentrated upon that tremendous development of amphibious power in the North Sea which is charged with such prodigious possibilities to the British Empire. Those of our countrymen who through insular self-complacency, or less creditable motives, make it their business to belittle German Sea-power and to belabour those who, like ourselves, endeavour in season and out of season to arouse the nation to the most formidable menace which has threatened us since the fall of Napoleon, have a difficult row to hoe. British "minimisers" of German preparations get little intelligent assistance from their hard taskmasters in the Wilhelmstrasse. The effort to make political capital out of the Kaiser's visit to this country was blasted by the action of the Kaiser's Government in utilising the occasion to launch yet another portentous naval programme—the second since Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his peace-loving colleagues came into power. Germany counted on this Machievelian manœuvre to kill two birds with one stone, viz., to display that contempt for England which is the mainspring of German Anglophobia, and to silence the British Press, which would presumably be too "hospitable" to moot such a disagreeable topic while Wilhelm II. was enjoying the life of an English country gentleman. We are given to understand that the Emperor was so enchanted with the success of these tactics that he has decided to repeat his visit—in fact, he is to become quite an institution in England—whenever it becomes neces-

sary to make another forward naval movement. His opinion of British intelligence is exemplified by the explanations which the Emperor personally disseminated among his English friends, to be in turn disseminated among their friends, of the extraordinary expansion of the German Fleet, and as this explanation was intended for general British consumption we are guilty of no indiscretion in reproducing it here. Contrary to the wicked suggestion of a sensational Press, Wilhelm II. is, according to his own account, solely animated by his abiding affection for England in building battleships, as he wishes to be in a position to help her should she ever be attacked by Americans or other enemies, the logical inference being that it is unnecessary for us to squander our substance on British battleships, as we could always rely on the assistance of Germany in the hour of need !

It is interesting to contrast the German Emperor's amiable theory of German naval expansion with the impressions gathered by any intelligent and unbiased Englishman who has the opportunity of seeing the Germans at home, and of ascertaining the real mind of the nation whom their Sovereign is hounding on to war with England. Such a piece of testimony lately appeared in the *Times* (January 23) from a correspondent signing himself "An Archæologist," who stated that during a recent visit to Germany for the express purpose of studying certain phases of German Art "the sheer determination of the people of that country, especially the younger generation, to build up a great navy was borne upon me in a startling manner." He had "conversed freely with all sorts of people in their homes, in hotels, railway carriages, and restaurants," and so far from finding those friendly sentiments which are habitually expressed by German diplomatists to all Englishmen, especially English journalists, whom it is their business to bamboozle, "An Archæologist" tells us that "their [the Germans'] undisguised ambition to wrest the supremacy of the sea from England at the earliest possible opportunity was indeed a revelation. That it would entail large sacrifices of money was fully recognised." The writer is careful to add that "alarming as is the recent decision of the German authorities to increase the strength of the Navy, I am convinced from close observation that the vast majority of the German people consider it quite inadequate, and that a determined effort will shortly be made to urge a still more substantial increase." After explaining that the Bavarian resignations

from the German Navy League indicate no weakening on the part of South Germany on naval policy, the correspondent states that

though the Social Democrats of Germany are fondly believed to entertain strong views against naval aggression, my observation inclines me to assert that they, like other political parties, will be found among the most enthusiastic supporters of a strong naval policy in the near future. These views were, as I have said before, obtained from direct intercourse with the people, and not from newspapers, and are therefore all the more valuable as an index of the views of the German public generally.

"An Archæologist's" evidence owes its chief value to his *bona-fide* surprise at discovering sentiments for which he was evidently unprepared. Such testimony could be multiplied to any extent, and unless our politicians of both Parties are stark, staring mad it should be impossible for them to keep their heads buried in the sand and to remain oblivious to what is obvious to the rest of the world; and it is simply criminal on the part of the "powers that be" in this country to continue neglecting those counter-preparations which are demanded by the determination of sixty million people to challenge our existence at the earliest possible moment.

As a striking indication of the profound contempt with which we have taught the German Government to regard this country
 German may be cited the open and flagrant establishment
 Espionage. of an elaborate system of espionage, under the
 very noses of our authorities, by German officers, who hardly conceal their identity. On this score we would call attention to an article in the *Daily Telegraph*, which has never been accused of being an anti-German paper, entitled "War Made Easy—Informal Staff Rides," which concludes with a passage requiring no comment from us :

So, for two or three years past, in increasing numbers, as visitors, tourists, and on staff rides, German officers have spread themselves in winter, spring, summer, and autumn along the eastern counties in particular, from the coast-line to the interior. The first invasion came by way of individual officers spending a few weeks or months at places along the coast, and taking bicycle rides in all directions. Of course, they provided themselves with the best maps, so as not to lose their way. Latterly they have come grouped together, and seeing we do not mind, have undertaken military staff rides, carrying out schemes of campaigns—all imaginary, of course—made in Germany. It is no doubt quite interesting and instructive. And there is nothing like being prepared, with soldiers, a big navy, sea fortresses, and valuable information about your neighbour, although you really do not want it, but just because it is all so convenient to have in the house. War is a costly game, at least as played by the United Kingdom, and it smacks of folly to make it too cheap for those

who may look on without much sympathy when we are engaged at it, or themselves come in and take a hand. Surely we may act sanely in the policing of our own shores without raising any mad cry of war with anybody. It is true that Mr. Haldane has a disposition to deride the whole business, a feeling which his best soldiers do not share.

We would suggest that questions should be asked in Parliament concerning the extensive operations of German spies in this country did not experience teach us that all such inquiries would be met by Ministerial mendacity. As the writer says, the German philosopher in Pall Mall, Mr. Haldane, "derides the whole business—a feeling which his best soldiers do not share."

GERMANY'S latest diplomatic move took the form of a highly ingenious though happily unsuccessful effort to detach Russia and England from France. It is somewhat surprising that, amid the mass of rumours circling round the subject, the actual facts should have been lost sight of. The question is important, and the incident is not closed. Germany invited Russia to enter into an agreement guaranteeing the *status quo* on the Baltic, without the co-operation of France, obviously with the object of sowing dissension between the allies, whom the German Emperor is working overtime to separate. Germany was in all probability seconded in her Baltic projects by Sweden, whose *amour propre* has been wounded by the unfriendliness which Western Europe, especially England, is accused of having shown at the time of her breach with Norway, a mistaken impression it would be advisable to efface. The next move on Germany's part was to approach England with a proposal to guarantee the *status quo* on the North Sea, and doubtless, had we walked into the trap, France would have been informed that "perfidious Albion" was negotiating behind the back of her partner in the *entente cordiale*. Thanks, however, to the loyalty and steadfastness of the British Government, which has made the best possible impression in Paris, the German proposal was politely declined on the ground that France, as a North Sea Power, should be a party to any such agreement, while the Baltic intrigue seems to have been exploded by the recent *communiqué* from St. Petersburg. We are, however, unable to share the optimism of those who consider that the whole "Northern question" would be satisfactorily settled by the participation of all the Powers. Germany doubtless argues that just as England and France have entered into a joint guarantee of the Spanish possessions in the Mediterranean and along the north-west coast of Africa, the

same Powers might not improbably enter into a similar guarantee of the *status quo* on the North Sea, which would be tantamount to a guarantee of Holland and Belgium against aggression, *i.e.*, German aggression, which would virtually make the Netherlands allies of England and France. Germany, having been foiled in her crafty effort to break up the *entente cordiale*, now hopes to prevent an Anglo-French guarantee by proposing a general guarantee, which would not deter her, at her own time, from annexing Holland, as she has never been stopped by a piece of paper. On the other hand, it is difficult for France and England to refuse an apparently innocent invitation to guarantee the *status quo*, nor would it be easy for them, after having done so, to enter into the special guarantee which can alone save Holland and Belgium from the capacious German maw. Our diplomatists are confronted by a perplexing problem which will require most careful consideration.

THE statement that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's health has derived such benefit from his prolonged holiday at Biarritz as to enable him to resume his duties at the opening of the Session has caused general satisfaction, political no less than personal. Unionists have no particular wish to see a vacancy in the Liberal Leadership, as the country would derive no advantage from the substitution of a spurious Imperialist for a genuine Little Englander. The Premier's only possible successor, Mr. Asquith, is little better than a flexible Opportunist, without any serious backbone, who is prepared to give his countenance to whatever policy or measure may be dictated by momentary Party exigencies. He is in no sense of the term a national statesman. He habitually shouts with the largest crowd, and as the Byleses constitute the largest crowd in the Ministerial ranks, Mr. Asquith has shed any inconvenient Imperialist prejudices he entertained during the height of the South African War, when khaki was a popular colour. At the Imperial Conference last spring he was more cold-blooded, more Cobdenite, and more cosmopolitan than any of his colleagues, and his pedantry made the worst possible impression on the statesmen of Greater Britain. The announcement that he had become British Premier would have a depressing effect throughout the Empire. Mr. Asquith's *non possumus* attitude was largely responsible for those features of the new Australian Tariff which have excited such childish lamentations in the Liberal Press, which vociferously applauded the Home Government for banging, barring, and bolting the door, and yet began to whine the moment the Australians took

the hint and increased their duties. Mr. Lloyd-George, though a damnable Pro-Boer during the darkest days of the war, when it must be admitted that Pro-Boerism was anything but popular, at any rate manifested strong sympathy with Imperial ideals at the Imperial Conference, and paid eloquent tribute both to the motive, the objects, and the effect of the Preferential policy. The President of the Board of Trade has gained all that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has lost in the eyes of those who take the larger views of public affairs, though it is perhaps unwise in his opponents to sing the praises of Mr. Lloyd-George, as their approval discredits him among the "wild men" on his own side, who keenly resent the national reputation of a politician whom they had hoped would always remain, like themselves, a mere Party hack.

If Unionists do not wish for a vacancy in the Liberal Leadership, the Liberal Party are understood to be desperately anxious to retain the services of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who *ex hypothesi* is the only man who can keep the Ministerial horde together in the House of Commons, many of whom openly declare that they will not have Mr. Asquith at any price. But this is all bluff. Almost any politician could keep almost any Parliamentary party together, for the simple reason that parties are cemented, according to the American *mot*, by "the cohesive power of public plunder," and the moment Mr. Asquith was proclaimed leader, and became the recognised fountain of honours from which all the good things flowed, he would have the Caucus and practically the whole Party at his feet. Very few Liberal Members are in politics "for their health," and those who ought to know declare that there never was a hungrier Party than the present Ministerial pack, who, having hunted in the wilderness for twenty years, are desperately anxious to make up for lost time now that they are in the promised land. Their demands are insatiable, and the claimants may be divided into three categories. The more ambitious desire high office, Privy Councillorships, or peerages. Then come those who would be content with minor office or a baronetcy. Finally, we have that great nondescript host who will take anything they can get—knighthoods, billets for their relations, the payment of their election expenses, or official patronage in some shape or form. There are necessarily in the Liberal Party, as in every political Party, a sprinkling of disinterested enthusiasts, who have been attracted to the House of Commons by their zeal for particular causes, such as Tem-

perance, Disestablishment, Little Englandism, &c., but they are relatively few and far between, and they count for little in the cynical eyes of the Tapers and Tadpoles who "run" the Party and who could "run" it almost equally well in the name of Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Lloyd-George, or even Mr. John Burns. The position in the country is admittedly different. The average "man in the street" is drawn to one or other political camp by temperament. He is not Liberal or Conservative from selfish motives, and he has to be considered to some extent as regards the Leadership. But there is no reason why the Liberal masses should object to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who on his appointment would be instantly lauded sky high by a well drilled Party Press as a heaven-born statesman and the only possible Premier. It is said that on a plebiscite the Liberal rank and file would choose Sir Edward Grey. But the practical point is that whoever the Parliamentarians selected would be swallowed by the Party, and there is every reason to expect the lot to fall on Mr. Asquith.

SOME quidnuncs insist that although there is no actual and admitted vacancy, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's health is too precarious to permit his effectively discharging his onerous duties, and the sympathetic announcements that he must be spared "all worry and fatigue"—as though any Prime Minister could possibly escape either—are interpreted as indicating that Mr. Asquith will henceforward be the *de facto* Premier, which means that he will be blamed for every Ministerial blunder, while Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will receive the kudos for any successes that may be achieved during a Session which cannot fail to be big with fate for the Liberal Party. In any case, the titular Premier cannot shirk responsibility for the fearful fiasco of that crusade against the House of Lords, which he started in Scotland with such a great flourish of trumpets last autumn, and which has since completely "petered out," in spite of frantic efforts to keep it alive. This ill-starred manœuvre has caused intense exasperation among the Liberal plutocracy, several of whom were anticipating the long overdue reward of their heavy pecuniary sacrifices during many years in the shape of peerages, which would enable them to found Conservative families. At one time Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, being a Scotsman with an exiguous sense of humour, was unable to realise the absurdity of combining a campaign against the House of Lords with an unending creation of fresh Peers, and during the first twenty months of his reign he ennobled no less than

twenty substantial Radical commoners. But at last, under the pressure of Mr. Lea, the plucky and persistent Radical Member for St. Pancras, who has rendered a very useful though unpleasant service to all Parties by exposing the sinister connection between Party funds and Party peerages, the Premier has grasped the grotesqueness of his former proceedings, and accordingly there were no new Peers in the last Honours list. There is, in consequence, much weeping and gnashing of teeth among Liberal newspaper proprietors, and the future of the Party war-chest causes uneasiness to the Whips, but they can always apply to Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who is no less anxious to perpetuate Free Imports in England than he is determined to preserve Protection in the United States. In any case, Ministers and Ministerialists have landed themselves in a hopeless *impasse*. Should they seriously press their quarrel with the "hereditary enemies of the people," they cannot possibly avoid the dread ordeal of a Dissolution, which spells political extinction to many of them, apart from other disagreeable liabilities. On the other hand, by postponing their attack on the Lords they completely stultify themselves and disgust all their stalwarts. Judging from the past, we may expect that the Liberal Micawbers will try and escape their difficulties by some compromise combining the disadvantages of both policies. They will continually threaten the Lords, but, according to Mr. Winston Churchill, they intend to shirk appealing to the people for three years. The country will ultimately sicken of these "tactics" just as it sickened of the "tactics" of the late Government.

OUR readers will be far better informed as regards the prospects of the Session than we are, as Parliament only opens

The New Session. while these pages are in the press. It is not, however, difficult, by piecing together such

fragments of Ministerial speeches as the Suffragettes have allowed to be delivered, to form a fair forecast of the legislative programme, and of the general scope of the principal measures to which the Government are pledged. Needless to say, three times more Bills have been promised than can possibly be passed, the idea being to placate as many sections of the motley host as possible by parading their pet project, though one would have imagined that this game had been played too often to impose even on the veriest tyro. The inevitable disappearance of the surplus stock at the annual Slaughter of the Innocents will no doubt, as usual, be credited to the "obstruction" of the Opposition, or to the uselessness

of sending such admirable Bills to the Peers, though it is alleged that desperate efforts may be made to increase the legislative output by an unheard-of resort to the gag and guillotine. We trust that the Peers will have the pluck to refuse to consider any measures which have not been properly discussed in "another place." Apart from the constitutional question, "the grand issue which must ultimately go to the country," in the pompous phrase of the Prime Minister, the Government are committed to introduce the following legislation during the coming Session :

Licensing.	English Valuation.
Primary and Secondary Education.	Housing of the People.
Old Age Pensions.	Town Planning.
Irish University Education.	Scottish Small Holdings.
Port of London.	Scottish Land Valuation.
Eight Hours' Day in Mines.	

THE Licensing Bill is understood to have been taken out of the incompetent hands of Mr. Herbert Gladstone, the Home Secretary, and is expected to be chaperoned by Licensing and Mr. Asquith. We wish him joy of his job. Education.

It would be impossible to imagine a worse fate for one's worst enemy than to be compelled to tackle the thorny problem of Licensing, over which every politician has invariably come to grief, and it will be a miracle if the Chancellor of the Exchequer escapes the fate of his predecessors. Ministers intend to repeal Mr. Balfour's "reactionary" measure, and to "restore to the people that measure of control over this particular traffic which from time immemorial our laws have recognised as the popular prerogative." We sincerely hope that Ministers may succeed in their avowed object "of reducing the facilities for drinking in this country ;" but there are many obstacles to overcome, and it will require no ordinary skill to steer an even keel in this or in any other social reform between those who regard all progress as so much plunder and those who regard all plunder as so much progress. So far Mr. Asquith is only committed to the amiable assertion that everybody will be benefited and no one will be injured by his Bill. He informed an influential deputation two months ago that the legitimate interests of "the trade," which is said to include about a million investors, large and small, need apprehend no unreasonable or confiscatory legislation ; but needs must where the devil drives, and the "wild men" behind Ministers who are far more bent on injuring "the trade" than on promoting temperance, would never tolerate any really statesmanlike measure based on a reasonable "time limit." As regards

Education, we are warned to be prepared for the worst. According to Mr. Asquith, the new Bill will be "short, simple, and drastic," while the third-rate politician, Mr. McKenna, who has been placed by Providence and the Prime Minister at the head of the Education Department, has publicly avowed his ambition to make the House of Lords regret their non-acceptance of the Birrellian Bill, and the spirit in which this vindictive partisan approaches the problem may be gathered from his monstrous treatment of Theological Training Colleges, and generally from the administrative "squeeze" he has applied to all educational institutions with which he is out of sympathy. That "the public, through their representatives, shall have the control of public elementary schools" sounds reasonable enough, as also that "there shall be no denominational or religious tests in the appointment of teachers." But the possibility of effecting a permanent settlement entirely depends on the manner in which these principles are embodied in legislation. No Government, whatever its majority, will be able to dispose of the Educational problem unless it be treated with justice, equity, and a generous toleration of the rights of minorities. Any fundamentally unjust Bill, such as Mr. McKenna hopes to pass, will merely recoil upon its promoters, as Mr. Birrell discovered two years ago. Ministers calculate on buying off the opposition of the Irish Nationalists to their English Education Bill by an Irish University Bill (which is the subject of an unholy compact between the Irish Secretary and the Irish Roman Catholic hierarchy), involving a large denominational endowment, however disguised. But it passes the wit of man, to say nothing of the wit of Mandarins, to ride the undenominational horse in England and the denominational horse in Ireland without "coming a cropper."

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer will necessarily be responsible for the Old Age Pensions Bill, which is primarily a question of finance, and is rapidly becoming the pivot of the whole political plot. He will be a genius if he avoids arousing general exasperation and intense disappointment. The Labour Party, encouraged by the history of the Trade Disputes Bill to believe that they can bluff the Government to any extent, and anxious to increase taxation for the sake of increasing it, now demand not only non-discriminatory and non-contributory Old Age Pensions for all persons over sixty-five, but also for persons of any age who are physically unfit for work—a vast and incalculable liability probably aggregating £50,000,000 annually. Ministers are only committed to make a beginning this year,

but, according to Mr. Asquith, they will proceed "on lines which will be capable of development as time goes on and experience increases." He has also told us that, "in the view of the Government, all contributory schemes must be rejected," and that "the scheme must be absolutely dissociated from the Poor Law"—hints which have caused almost as much concern to the more prudent sections of the community as was caused to the Labour Party by his subsequent declaration (January 15), that "in so far as the money was drawn from taxation, the scheme must be one to which all classes of the community, including the working classes, made a just and adequate contribution." Every effort has been abandoned to distinguish between the thrifty and the thriftless, and there is to be no reduction in Poor Law expenditure, which has always been held out as among the attractions of a general scheme of Old Age Pensions. On the other hand, Mr. Asquith for the moment rejects the Labour Party's policy of throwing the whole financial burden on that portion of the community which least requires Old Age Pensions, though it would be over-sanguine to expect him to stand to his guns against the pressure of his own Party. The Government is scraping together every possible penny by starving the Services, and, with the criminal connivance of Mr. Haldane and Sir John Fisher (Lord Tweedmouth has long ceased to count), several millions were expected to be pinched from our naval and military Estimates. But Wilhelm II. has shattered these visions, and it is now believed that although the War Office is making perilous efforts to "oblige Benson," the portentous new German Naval Programme, which is recognised by all serious people as a declaration of war against England, makes it impossible even for Sir John Fisher to assent to any further reduction in British Naval Estimates, which—as Mr. Wilson explains in an article to which we would specially direct the reader's attention—must be instantly and materially augmented if we desire to retain our command of the sea, without which neither Old Age Pensions nor any other Ministerial promises will be fulfilled. Of the other measures set forth in the King's Speech, it is safe to prophesy that Mr. Birrell will take the usual fall over the Irish University Bill.

THE outlook for the Unionist Party is infinitely brighter to-day than at any time since the catastrophe of two years ago. The Unionist bad luck which has dogged us throughout Prospects. the by-elections, which have generally taken place either in constituencies we already held or in constituencies we could not reasonably hope to

capture, has at last been broken by Captain Morrison Bell's brilliant triumph in Mid-Devon, which will enhearten all our Members of Parliament and stimulate all our candidates. The temperature of the Liberal Party is unquestionably falling, while that of the Opposition is rising, and Liberalism *minus* enthusiasm will make a very poor show at the polls. The shrewder members of the Party realise that they are destined to be ground between the upper millstone of Tariff Reform and the lower millstone of Socialism. That even the *Daily News* sees there is no place for *laissez faire* in a modern democracy may be gathered from its edifying sermons to Lord Cromer and the distinguished though dwindling band of miscalled Unionist Free Traders, who continue to wave their moth-eaten and melancholy banner. Many Liberal members would not hesitate to embrace Tariff Reform openly if they had the requisite moral courage to admit having put their money on the wrong horse, and Mr. Asquith's early Victorian pedantry is unfavourably contrasted with the pliability and prescience of Mr. Lloyd-George, who is believed to be making every preparation to "plunge into Protection" the moment bad times make Cobdenism an untenable creed for an intelligent man. The average Liberal will be compelled to choose between sinking with Mr. Asquith or swimming with Mr. Lloyd-George. Tariff Reform does not violate any Liberal principle. Free Imports was not a Liberal invention. It was the accursed legacy of a Tory trimmer, and there is absolutely no reason whatsoever why Liberals should not abandon it at the psychological moment. Fortunately for us—speaking from the Party point of view—the ruck of Liberals are too conservative to steal our thunder, and probably only enough of them will come over to secure a mandate for the Unionist Party to carry out the great constructive policy defined by Mr. Balfour at Birmingham in November, which has been enthusiastically endorsed by nine hundred and ninety-nine Unionists out of a thousand.

THE main influence in brightening the prospects of the Opposition and in enabling Unionists to face the new Session in a new mood, is the settlement of our domestic differences on the fiscal question, thanks to the Unionist Reunion. National Union Conference at Birmingham last November, and to the speech in which Mr. Balfour responded to the unanimous demand for a lead by laying down a platform on which practically all Unionists have reunited, and on which all Tariff Reformers, without a single exception, can and do unreservedly take their stand without any *arrière pensée* whatsoever.

Although we have dealt fully in previous numbers with the situation created by the Birmingham programme, we make no apology for once again recapitulating, as the future of everything for which the Opposition stands depends on its clear comprehension. Not the least merit of Mr. Balfour's remarkable speech was that it finally buried the hoary controversy between Free Trade and Protection, which has never had any relevance to living issues, though it has suited our opponents to harp on the old nomenclature, and we must frankly admit that some of the more crude and thoughtless Tariff Reformers have occasionally advanced arguments which have afforded Cobdenites a plausible pretext for those misrepresentations, which have always formed their chief stock-in-trade and are now their only stock-in-trade. Some persons who pass for being intelligent are still engaged in discussing the precise label applicable to Mr. Balfour's fiscal views, and while one futile school maintains that he is and always has been a Free Trader, others equally futile assert that he is now a Protectionist. Terminology is a secondary matter, though it looms large in the meticulous minds of pedants who seek to dispose of all problems by the misuse of catchwords. It matters very little whether Mr. Balfour is a Free Trader, as he says and thinks he is, or a Protectionist, as some of his critics allege. The important point is that his speech cleared the air. It was entirely free from all those irritating ambiguities which had characterised his previous utterances, and had contributed not a little to the paralysis of his Party at the polls. In the name of and on behalf of the Opposition, he declared a policy at Birmingham which Unionists almost unanimously, and enthusiastically, endorse, and to which they are irrevocably pledged as a Party whenever they exchange the freedom of opposition for the responsibilities of office. This declaration marks a complete and final break between Unionism and Cobdenism. It involves a reversal of our present system of unrestricted free imports, and it contains all the essentials for which Tariff Reformers have fought. It does not matter one brass farthing by what name the new policy is called, and if Fiscal Reform is preferable to Tariff Reform, so be it. It is, as we said last month, a broad, comprehensive policy which we have no shadow of doubt will ultimately become our national policy, unless so much precious time is wasted in sterile controversy that we miss the golden moment for adopting a moderate reform, and as the result of industrial, fiscal, and political calamities plunge into McKinleyism in the vain hope of saving the wreckage of the British Empire.

WE prefer to take Mr. Balfour's admirable analysis of his own policy rather than the caricatures of it which appear day by day in the interested columns of our "sea-green, incorruptible" contemporary, the *Westminster Gazette*, which realises that the future of that disorganised hypocrisy which calls itself the Liberal Party depends on the perpetuation of dissensions in the Unionist ranks, and which, accordingly, persists in pretending that the Opposition is still a divided house long after it has become a united house. Nor need we see Mr. Balfour's policy through the prejudiced eyes of our isolated and unique contemporary in Wellington Street, whose fiscal fanaticism attained such a point of frenzy that, though calling itself a Unionist organ, and professing to be attached to nine causes out of ten for which Unionism stands, it did not scruple at the last General Election to summon its readers to cast in their lot with Radicals, Socialists, Little Englanders, Home Rulers, and Pro-Boers, specifically urging them to eject Mr. Balfour from Manchester, and, *horribile dictu*, to transfer their allegiance to that political adventurer and renegade Mr. Winston Churchill. The *Spectator* was not ashamed to claim credit for its part in placing the Campbell-Bannerman Government in power, though it speedily repented its rashness, reverted to Unionism, and took to lecturing Tariff Reformers on their disloyalty to the Unionist Leader, whom *ex hypothesi* the *Spectator* had expelled from Parliament! Our versatile contemporary has recently made another tack, and now threatens to run Free Trade Unionists against Tariff Reform Unionists, in order, presumably, to split the Unionist vote and to let in the Radicals and Socialists, whose policies it professes to abhor. It is altogether amazing. We only wish the Cobdenite coterie had the courage to place a few candidates in the field who, judging by the speeches of Lord Cromer, would tell the British elector that he must not alter his fiscal policy because it is so advantageous to the German, that the German would be seriously annoyed by Tariff Reform, though we should have gathered from many excellent articles in the *Spectator* that Germany could hardly love us less than she does already. Cobdenite candidates might poll 100 votes in some constituencies if they were lucky.

THE Unionist policy of Fiscal Reform, which claims the allegiance of every Unionist who prefers the principles of Unionism to the anti-Imperial, anti-national, separatist, Socialistic principles of the present Government, was thus lucidly summarised by Mr. Balfour at Birmingham (November 14): "Broadening

Mr. Balfour's
Lucidity.

the basis of taxation, safeguarding our great productive industries from unfair competition, strengthening our position for the purpose of negotiation in foreign markets, and establishing preferential commercial arrangements with the Colonies, and securing for British producers and workmen a further advantage over foreign competitors in the Colonial markets." He explained that these four propositions, which, as we have said, are quite incompatible with Cobdenism, though seeming separate and isolated, were, as a matter of fact, intimately connected, and that from whichever point of view the question were approached they would arrive at the same practical result, and the future Unionist fiscal policy would not consist of a series of independent efforts to deal with one or other of those principles, "but a comprehensive scheme by which all four of those causes might be equally advanced." Mr. Balfour did not, however, confine himself to generalities, as he laid down the practical principles which would guide the future Unionist Government in carrying out this policy.

There are four principles which may be laid down as practically incontrovertible, or, at all events, which I am prepared to support by arguments if necessary. The first is that your duties should be widespread. The second is that they should be small. The third is that they should not touch raw material. The fourth is that they should not alter the proportion in which the working classes are asked to contribute to the cost of government. They should be small because small duties do not interfere with the natural course either of production or consumption. They should be numerous because if you require revenue and your duties are small you must have many articles of consumption subject to those duties.

Mr. Balfour has been repeatedly taunted by Mr. Asquith for his inability to give plain answers to plain questions, and the *Westminster Gazette*, more *suo*, has always treated the Birmingham pronouncement as a further mystification. But we doubt whether it would be possible in our whole Parliamentary history to find any instance in which a leader of the Opposition has defined the future action of his Party in terms so plain and so precise as Mr. Balfour, who also declared that while those four conditions should govern Fiscal Reform, "it would be folly for us to go beyond that, and to exclude from any redistribution or any alteration which, subject to those conditions, it might be necessary to make in our fiscal system any articles of import whatever," and he would never bind himself or suggest to any political friend "that he should bind himself to exclude from this redistribution, this alteration of taxation, any article of import whatever, provided, firstly, that

it is not raw material, and, secondly, that the tax put upon it is not a tax which would augment the proportion made by the working man."

IN another passage of the same speech Mr. Balfour made it clear that a registration duty on corn was part of his policy. The whole theory of the classic economists as regards the incidence of corn duties, which was based on the law of diminishing returns, or, in other words, that as a community increased in numbers the pressure upon its means of subsistence also increased, from which various consequences ensued was "no longer the law governing wheat. The enormous strides which the growth of wheat had made in Canada, the Argentine, and elsewhere, and the enormous improvements in transport, however unfortunate for the farming class, to which I belong, have absolutely destroyed the whole basis of the economic argument familiar to our forefathers." To understand its significance this passage must be coupled with Mr. Balfour's frank admission that upon one point he had changed his mind, as prior to the last Imperial Conference, while warmly sympathising with the policy of Imperial Preference, he had doubted as to its practicability, but these doubts had been removed by the attitude of the Premiers of Greater Britain, and he now regarded Preference as a practical as well as a desirable policy, adding, "If by the wave of some magician's wand a Unionist Government were installed in office to-morrow, our first duty would be to summon again that Conference which was so hastily dissolved, and open that door which was so rashly closed," with the object, as we have already seen, of "establishing preferential commercial arrangements with the Colonies." Three weeks later Mr. Balfour was equally explicit and emphatic at Devonport (December 9), where he told a great mass meeting :

If I read aright the signs of the times, there is not merely a growing conviction, but a conviction which has already grown, on the subject of Fiscal Reform, which is no longer, or in a few months will no longer be, as I am well convinced, the subject of dissension in any section of the Party, but will rather be an animating motive, a deep-rooted and patriotic national conviction, which, inspiring alike leaders and followers, is predestined to make the next Unionist Administration memorable in the history of this country.

Never has any political party been more definitely pledged than is the Unionist Party by these great and memorable declarations, which have had an electrical effect in stimulating the enthusiasm of the rank and file in every constituency, and have contributed in no small degree to the Cobdenite Austerlitz

in Mid-Devon, and it is simply insulting to the intelligence of the Unionist Party and its Leader to pretend that there is any room for doubt as to the Unionist policy of Fiscal Reform.

LORD LANSDOWNE, who has frequently been claimed by the Mugwumps, and who it must be admitted has somewhat economised his eloquence on Tariff Reform during the interval since the General Election, expressed himself no less clearly at Sheffield (December 6) than had Mr. Balfour at Birmingham. Lord Lansdowne wisely recognised that "the day had long passed

Lord
Lansdowne's
Speech.

for anything which could properly be called Imperial Free Trade," as "the great Dominions oversea were building up great industries which must be protected against outside competition, British as well as foreign." But, as he added—and this is the kernel of the whole question, which many persons who ought to know better persist in misunderstanding—

the Colonies could not get on without imports. The more populous they became, the richer they became, the larger their import trade must be, and they were prepared upon reasonable terms to secure to us the privilege of a larger share of that trade. . . . The position of the Colonies was perfectly distinct. They were ready to give us at once, gratis, a small amount of preference; they were ready to give us a much larger one if we would give them something in return.

Lord Lansdowne expressed his unreserved satisfaction with Mr. Balfour's pronouncement, which had done so much to bring the party together, and he rejoiced at the declaration that the first duty of a Unionist Government would be to convoke an Imperial Conference "to endeavour to arrive at a mutually advantageous solution of the problem." He (Lord Lansdowne) "strongly believed that the feeling of the country was growing enormously in favour of the policy of Fiscal Reform," and he concluded an unexceptionable speech with the categorical statement that besides the pressing and immediate duties of upholding the Union, resisting Socialism, and retaining the Constitution,

they would be right in constantly keeping before them the fact that, when the time came for their side once again to direct the policy of the country, they would require from the electors a mandate not to bolster up exoteric and artificial industries in this island, but to endeavour to secure for our own indigenous industries a fair treatment both at home and abroad.

From the Reformer's point of view, Lord Lansdowne's Sheffield speech was entirely satisfactory, and although our opponents have endeavoured to distort a somewhat obscure sentence in a highly condensed report of one of his subsequent utterances in

Glasgow into an admission that two General Elections must precede the reform of our fiscal system (which Lord Balfour of Burleigh grasped at, just as a drowning man clutches at a straw), nothing, we may be sure, was further from the mind of such a cautious statesman as Lord Lansdowne than to make the grotesque suggestion that the Unionist Party should undertake to commit political suicide by plunging the country into another General Election the moment it got into power with a mandate to carry out "the first constructive work," as defined by Mr. Balfour. The notion that we should promise to commit the happy despatch in order to please Lord Balfour of Burleigh, who used his influence at the last election on behalf of the Radical Party, is an excellent practical joke.

ONE other reference to Mr. Balfour. At Glasgow, on January 17, he spoke of

"Extremists." a growing agreement among the moderate members of the Party. I see a vast and solid body of opinion ready and prepared to work together to bring us back to the place which we ought to occupy in the councils of the country, but I see also—and I do not complain, for it is inevitable—I see also on the one wing and on the other a not unimportant section of Unionist opinion which finds a difficulty in working with the main body of which they are members,

and who, he pointed out,

would find it easier to co-operate in that common action without which no Party can do the least good, if they would look, each of them, more to the great body of opinion, and be less occupied in looking suspiciously and angrily at each other. I am sure the great body of the Party is clear, moderate, sound, resolute in carrying out their policy of Fiscal Reform.

But they would never carry it out unless these "two extreme sections of the Party would consent to work . . . with the great central body of opinion which alone can support a Party in carrying out any great scheme of the kind." There was a time when the Front Benches were entitled to look askance at "extreme" Tariff Reformers, and Tariff Reformers returned their suspicions with interest. But the hatchet was buried at Birmingham, and Tariff Reformers can no longer be charged with creating difficulties within the Party. They have one and all, without a single exception that we know of in a single constituency, expressed their emphatic and enthusiastic approval of the policy of Fiscal Reform, as he prefers to call it, advocated by Mr. Balfour, and they are working everywhere with the utmost zeal to convert the country, and to obtain a national mandate for that policy. Tariff Reformers constitute "the great central body of opinion" of

the Unionist Party, and it is extravagant to label them as "extremists" in order to set them off against the Cobdenite coterie who are the only extremists and the only dissentient Unionists. What more can Tariff Reformers do than advocate in the Press and on the platform, as well as on every other available occasion, the declared policy of the Party?

IN this connection it is useful to recall the admirable speech delivered by Mr. Bonar Law, in the name of the entire Tariff Reform Party, at the Hotel Cecil on November 26 (reported *verbatim* in the *Morning Post*), describing the effect of the Birmingham pronouncement :

The Position of Tariff Reformers.

If Mr. Balfour is still on the fence after his Birmingham speech then, so am I. I listened to that speech with the closest attention and the greatest delight, and I can say in most absolute sincerity that there was not a word in it with which I did not agree. What is the ground for suggesting that he shows hesitation? Is it because he said that he proposed small duties? Do we not all agree with that? We are Tariff Reformers, but we are also Conservatives, and we would always desire that any change for which we are responsible should be as little revolutionary as possible. Is it because he said that he wished to avoid court-martials and driving men out of the Party? Who of us does not agree with that also? The age of miracles has passed. We do not desire to adopt the method of Gideon and drive from our camp every one who will not pronounce the shibboleth in precisely our way. We desire, on the contrary, to keep, if we possibly can, every one who agrees with us on all other questions, to make it as easy as possible for him to be with us and not against us on this great question also.

But Mr. Bonar Law was careful to add, and here also he spoke for all of us,

But I don't wish to be misunderstood in what I have just said. That does not mean, as I rather gather that Lord George Hamilton tries to imagine that it means, that the fiscal question is to be an open question with us, and that constituencies in selecting candidates will take no account of their views on this question. Think what that would imply. As a Party we are looking forward to victory. When our Party is returned to power it is committed, Leader and Party alike, to a change in our fiscal system. The first constructive work of the Government must be to make that change, and any one who would vote against this proposal, no matter in what quarter of the House he sits, would give a vote, which, if successful, would turn out the Unionist Government. We have been called the "Stupid Party." . . . We may be stupid, but we are not quite so stupid as to return as our representatives men who will oppose our policy. This problem is one which is solving itself, and which need not worry us. Mr. Balfour at Birmingham left, as every leader must leave, the selection of candidates to the individual constituencies. We can certainly trust the constituencies not to return as their representatives men who will oppose the policy in which they themselves believe, and which is the clearly accepted policy of their Party and of their Party's Leader.

It is because Tariff Reformers are all heartily in favour of the policy which, in Mr. Balfour's own words, is to make the next Unionist Government "memorable," that they resist the adoption of Unionist candidates who reject that policy, and who, if elected, would make it their business to prevent the next Unionist Government from being "memorable" except as a political *fiasco*. Parties to be of any national use must be founded on principles in which they believe, and Fiscal Reform is now an integral part of Unionist policy, and every Unionist member and every Unionist candidate should and must be asked, "Will you support the policy outlined by Mr. Balfour at Birmingham?" If he says No he should be encouraged to make way for some one who will. There are lots of good fish in the sea.

THE result of the by-election in Mid-Devon is universally recognised as a political portent. Never in their most depressed moments did the Liberals conceive the possibility of losing a seat which had remained staunch to their Party through good report and through ill report for more than twenty years; which had alike resisted the tremendous reaction against Home Rule in the late 'eighties, and was equally unaffected by the Khaki wave of 1900. Never in their most elated moments did Unionists contemplate capturing such a constituency, though with an ideal candidate like Captain Morrison Bell they counted on one of those "moral victories" which, while providing plentiful "copy" for the Press, substantially leave things very much where they were. Our candidate has, however, attained the unattainable in converting a minority of 1200 into a majority of nearly 600, and the result is pre-eminently a personal triumph in this sense, that immediately after his defeat during the general *débâcle* of 1906 Captain Morrison Bell set to work with dogged perseverance to convert the constituency to his views, which may be summarised in the words "Tariff Reform." Thanks to him, the election was fought on this issue, and though, as is only human, various sections and subsections, not excluding the Suffragettes, are putting in belated claims to the triumph, it has been candidly recognised throughout the Cobdenite Press that it is, above all, a smashing defeat for Cobdenism. To Tariff Reformers "Mid-Devon" is an immense encouragement, while it is an abundant vindication of those who have steadily advised Unionist candidates to take their courage in both hands and "go the whole hog." We cordially echo Mr. Balfour's eloquent eulogium on the winner, whose success should help our Front

Benches to realise that "Extremists" have their uses, because Captain Morrison Bell was an "Extremist," if ever there was one, to accept the disparaging epithet with which politicians without faith label those who have faith. In season and out of season he hammered the elementary truths of Tariff Reform into the heads of his audiences, and in so doing hammered out the "terminological inexactitudes" which form the intellectual basis of Free Imports. Had he been "snowed under," as, according to wobblers, mugwumps, and mandarins, every man must be who expounds such gospel in a rural constituency, it would have been a sinister omen for our cause, just as his victory is a red-letter day in the annals of Tariff Reform, which cannot fail to have far-reaching effects. It will still further weaken the influence of the "two men and a boy" who call themselves Free Trade Unionists (one of the most active of whom, Mr. Arthur Elliot, has not been ashamed to appear on the same political platform as Mr. Winston Churchill), it will "binge up" the wobblers in the way they should go, and it will encourage every Unionist candidate to imitate the example of Captain Morrison Bell. Nor will it be without influence on the Parliamentary situation. It is a delightful New Year's present to his Majesty's Ministers, whom it has reduced to a state of moral pulp, and as a comment on their inane crusade against the House of Lords it is simply perfect.

WE observe that the *Westminster Gazette* and other enraged Cobdenite organs, which resent the handwriting on the wall, Tit for Tat. are furious with Tariff Reformers for debiting the Ministerial account with the serious rise in the price of food, which is causing considerable concern throughout the humbler households of the country, that has followed the advent of a Free Trade Government to power; while Mr. Asquith has completely lost his temper and manners, and accuses his opponents of deliberate lying. These outbursts are most edifying. Our opponents have always endeavoured to treat the fiscal question as a food question, and they glory in having carried the country at the last election by means of the Big and Little Loaf bogey. They certainly frightened a considerable section of the more ignorant electorate into believing that Preference meant dear food, while Cobdenism ensured cheap food. Now that their prophecies and promises have as usual been falsified, and Free Imports is seen to afford no guarantee of the Big Loaf, while other articles of necessity are rising in price, such as coal (for which, according to the impartial testimony of Mr. Snowden, a Free Trader,

Mr. Asquith is responsible, owing to his fatuous repeal of the coal duty), it is only natural that the Opposition should turn the tables and hold the Government responsible for the Little Loaf. It is a legitimate tit for tat. Mr. Chamberlain warned the British people that there was no security for the continuance of cheap food under a fiscal system which left their sustenance so largely at the mercy of the foreigner and he declared that we could only guarantee cheap food by developing our own food-supplies under our own flag, a view which, be it remembered, was corroborated by the attitude of his opponents in appealing to English and Scottish farmers to vote against Preference because it would flood this country with cheap food. Three weeks after the opening of the fiscal controversy, Lord Rosebery, the Liberal ex-Premier, addressed an audience of Essex farmers (June 9, 1903), whom he told that Mr. Chamberlain's policy "would stimulate the wheat-growing capacity of Canada and Australia to such an extent that I think it would be very difficult to keep up prices in this country, and that is the general effect it would have in the Empire as against you." Seven months later in endeavouring to excite a meeting of Scotch farmers against Preference (Empire Theatre in Edinburgh December 9, 1903), Lord Rosebery did not scruple to say :

Surely that must make some of our agricultural friends think of the policy they are supporting, which is to stimulate wheat growing—already profitable in Canada and already unprofitable here—to stimulate wheat growing in Canada over 350 million acres of virgin land, to be brought in competition with wheat grown here. I say, then, that the effect of this 2s. duty (the amount proposed by Mr. Chamberlain), *which I do not think is likely to be increased* [our italics], is first inadequate to benefit the British farmer ; and secondly would only stimulate an illimitable area of competition ;

and later on the Liberal ex-Prime Minister added: "I say that this gloomy factor in our agriculture, *though not gloomy factor in our food consumption* [our italics], would be incalculably increased in the near future."

SURELY it is legitimate for Tariff Reformers to take the speeches which Lord Rosebery addressed to producers as their texts when addressing consumers, and to point out that Effect of the adoption of Mr. Chamberlain's programme Preference. would, according to its opponents, have brought "an illimitable area" of wheat fields under cultivation, which must necessarily have cheapened the food of the people, as *ex hypothesi* it was to ruin the British farmer. On the Rosebery assumption, had Mr. Chamberlain's policy been adopted four years ago, the expansion of the wheat area in Canada—"this

gloomy factor in our agriculture, though not gloomy factor in our food consumption"—would by this time have exercised an appreciable effect in arresting the rise in the price of wheat, to the immense advantage of our poorer consumers. We would suggest to speakers on our side that they should always arm themselves with these two priceless passages from Lord Rosebery, and invite their audiences to draw the obvious inferences. We are not among those who entertain the belief, or have encouraged it in others, that the British farmer would derive any substantial benefit from the imposition of a 2s. registration duty on foreign wheat, save in so far as the further revenue might relieve him as a taxpayer, though we can imagine any sensible farmer saying, "I would rather see a 2s. Import Duty on American wheat than nothing at all." We trust that Tariff Reformers will avoid imitating the tactics of those Free Importers who tell producers that they will be ruined by the cheapness producible by Preference, and consumers that they will be starved by scarcity and high prices. Let us at any rate avoid speaking in two conflicting voices. There is no shadow of an excuse for telling British farmers that Preference means Protection and high prices, while we are telling the towns that it means low prices and cheap food. Cobdenites are welcome to monopolise such methods of controversy.

THERE has been a certain amount of gossip during the last few months concerning the *Times* which was generally discredited. The *Times*. in quarters likely to be well informed, as it was argued that the King was no more likely to part with his Throne than the Walter family to relinquish control over the greatest newspaper in the world. People recalled the dignified disclaimer from Mr. Arthur Walter in the *Times* some years ago, when similar rumours were afloat.*

* In a letter dated June 10, 1904, and published in the *Times*, Mr. Arthur Walter said:—"Such rumours are so absurd in themselves, and so utterly baseless in point of fact, that it might seem unnecessary to pay any attention to them; and hitherto I have acted in accordance with that view.

"It may be, however, that the moment has arrived when it is desirable to contradict once for all the idle talk to which you refer, and to state for the benefit of all concerned that there is not, and never has been, one word of truth in it. The control of the *Times* has been in my hands for a good many years past, it is there now, and there it will remain until events over which mortals have no control shall place it in the hands of my successor. Until that happens, you may rest assured that no outside influence of any kind or of any origin will ever be permitted to affect the character of the great institution which was founded by my great-grandfather one hundred and twenty years ago, which has never for a moment passed from under the control of his lineal successors, and which I, in my turn, have the honour and the responsibility of conducting to-day."

On January 5, the *Observer* was able to make a positive announcement about an impending change in the *Times* which arrested attention, though it was contemptuously scouted by those engaged in the transaction. Two days later the *Times* itself published this curious paragraph :

Negotiations are in progress whereby it is contemplated that the *Times* newspaper shall be formed into a Limited Company under the proposed Chairmanship of Mr. Walter.

The newspaper, as heretofore, will be published at Printing House Square.

The business management will be reorganised by Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, the proposed Managing Director.

The editorial character of the paper will remain unchanged, and will be conducted as in the past on lines independent of Party politics.

The contemplated arrangement will in all probability require the sanction of the Court before becoming definitive.

This announcement was followed some days later (January 18) by a second paragraph, which is said to have been inserted by order of the Court in consequence of the protests of dissentient proprietors of the *Times*.

As some misapprehension would appear to have arisen in reference to the statement as to the future conduct of the *Times* inserted in our issue of the 7th instant, we desire to call attention to the fact that such statement referred only to certain negotiations as being then in progress, and further to state, as the fact is, that no sale of the *Times* has yet been effected, nor has any decision been arrived at as to the mode or terms of any such sale.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the effect produced by the authoritative announcement of some radical modification in the government of the *Times*, and it is a "War Whoop," remarkable tribute to the prestige of our leading journal that abroad the episode was regarded as being hardly less important than a change of Ministry. Concern and indeed consternation are expressed in many quarters lest the time-honoured traditions of a great national institution should suffer in the rearrangement, and at the moment of writing the air is thick with assurances and reassurances, and the names of a long list of distinguished persons who have taken up preference shares in the new company—who will have little more influence over the conduct and policy of the paper than over the course of the planet Mars—are being freely bandied about in order to allay apprehension. Unionists and Tariff Reformers are soothed by the knowledge that Sir Alexander Henderson, Lord Strathcona, and several other Imperialists are prominent in the combination, while Free Traders are gratified to learn that Lord Rothschild, Lord Brassey, &c., are also involved. The proposed new Board of the *Times* is said to consist of three

members of the Walter family; Mr. Pearson, the managing director, who is alleged to have been appointed a Director for life, and managing director for twenty years; a relative of Mr. Pearson's; and Sir Edward Tennant, but a strenuous though so far abortive attempt has been made to strengthen this none too powerful combination by the addition of some eminent outsider, whose presence on the board would be interpreted by the public as some guarantee that the *Times* will continue to enjoy the reputation of Cæsar's wife. But no man who values his own reputation cares to buy a pig in a poke, and a directorship in a concern which has practically surrendered control to an individual is not an enviable position. A wild war whoop of delight has gone up from the German press over "the downfall of the *Times*," and the hope is openly expressed that its splendid Foreign Department—which is one of the greatest of British assets—will become disorganised under the pressure of the new journalism, and that its steadfast foreign policy will be reversed.

It is not pleasant for Englishmen to read in the demi-semi-official *Lokal Anzeiger* of Berlin that "Mr. C. Arthur Pearson has been the one Englishman friendly to Germany. Mr. Pearson. The alteration of the proprietorship of the *Times* can but be useful to Germany." So far as we know there is no shadow of a ground for the suggestion that Mr. Pearson is a traitor to his country, as he would be if he placed the *Times* at the service of the Wilhelmstrasse. We believe, on the contrary, that he is a public-spirited and honest man of good intentions who means to do his best in his new sphere, where he will not be unmindful of national interests. But we cannot help feeling and fearing that, in spite of the best intentions and undoubted business capacity (which has never been shown to greater advantage than in effecting this wonderful coup, which abundantly justifies Mr. Chamberlain's eulogy of the "champion hustler"), Mr. Pearson has not the necessary knowledge, the experience, or the political acumen required to direct the policy of the *Times*, and that he would be completely outwitted by the astute international intriguers who are moving heaven and earth to capture the British Press—portions of which have already succumbed to their blandishments—with the object of preventing the British nation from taking the German menace seriously, and from making the necessary counter-preparations while there is yet time to meet the armed attack which Germany is planning by night and by day. It would be hypocritical in us to affect enthusiasm over every

branch of the *Times* policy during the past year. It has wobbled miserably on the Fiscal question, while its apologetics for the Admiralty have been deplorable. But its Foreign Department has consistently maintained the great traditions which make the *Times* unique among the world's newspapers, and if that were impaired under the new *régime* the Germans would be entitled to gloat over its "downfall," for the glory of the *Times* would have departed. Hitherto its foreign correspondents, and its staff generally, have not only enjoyed security, but also that sense of security which has differentiated their position from that of other journalists, and has enabled them to work in complete freedom from any pressure whatsoever, even the pressure of the political bias of the *Times*. Let us hope that the new managing director, who has acquired control of the editorial as well as of the managerial department, may realise the vital necessity of maintaining those traditions which have made the *Times* what it is and without which it might sink to the level of *Tit-Bits* without being so profitable.

ALTHOUGH Lord Curzon's admirers could hardly repress their surprise on learning that he was prepared to accept a peerage Lord Curzon. from Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, it was churlish of the latter to refuse such a request. Lord Curzon's Indian Viceroyalty was a historic event, and that it should never have received any public recognition is a serious reflection upon the Home Government. It may presumably be regarded as another instance of the insane jealousy with which the little men who run the Parliamentary machine regard the greater men who govern the Empire. Although we were not in accord with Lord Curzon on the merits of his controversy with Lord Kitchener which brought about his retirement, we always recognised that his treatment by his Unionist colleagues was scandalous, and it is now acknowledged that Mr. Brodrick's public humiliation of the man who personified the British Raj has been one of the contributory causes to the present Indian unrest, the agitators being not unnaturally encouraged to believe that everything can be squeezed out of his Majesty's Ministers. Whether Lord Curzon was offered a peerage by the late Government, which he refused in the expectation of entering the House of Commons, an honourable ambition which the state of his health has compelled him to relinquish, whether no actual offer was made simply because it was known he would refuse it, or whether he was merely ignored, we have no means of knowing. The action of the late Government is in any case no excuse for the contemptible

attempt of the present Government to shut out such an eminent statesman as Lord Curzon from public life, as without any violation of Radical principles, or without any permanent increase of the hereditary peerage, he could have been called up to the House of Lords, as many eldest sons have been, during the lifetime of his father. The Premier's meanness has not even had the excuse of success, as a vacancy among the Irish representative peers caused by the recent death of Lord Kilmaine has given Lord Curzon the opportunity of presenting himself, and although his action was canvassed in some quarters, and various minor objections were raised, the Irish Peers have had the good sense and the patriotism to rise above all pettier considerations by electing a really distinguished man who can speak on many Imperial questions with an authority second to none. We observe that Lord Curzon is pitted against Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University, which should afford the electors a welcome opportunity of putting the Premier in his proper place at the bottom of the poll.

WE need not set forth in any detail the startling programme adopted by the Labour Party Conference at Hull—not inaptly nicknamed the Parliament of Mad Hatters—as every other item has been completely overshadowed by the unconditional surrender to Mr. Hyndman and the Social Democratic Federation. This colossal folly was made all the more incomprehensible by the inconsistency of the Mad Hatters, who only the day before (January 21) appeared to have rejected the Red Flag in the shape of a Resolution pledging the Labour Party to overthrow the present competitive system of capitalism, and to institute “a public ownership and control of all the means of life,” by the overwhelming majority of 951,000 votes against 91,000 votes. This demonstration greatly elated the Ministerial Press, which proceeded to declare that it was a wicked Tory lie to describe the Labour Party as a Socialist party—they were still a substantial *bourgeois* party, who would not allow themselves to be run away with by Mr. Victor Grayson and the “Broken Bottles” brigade. The words had hardly slipped from Liberal pens before there was a complete *volte face* at Hull, where a resolution was carried by 514,000 votes against 469,000 in favour of committing the Labour Party to “the Socialisation of the means of production, distribution, and exchange, to be controlled by a Democratic State in the interests of the entire community, and the complete emancipa-

tion of Labour from the domination of Capitalism and Landlordism, with the establishment of social and economic equality between the sexes." This was carried in defiance of a sturdy protest from Mr. Shackleton, M.P. It excites anxiety among the more sober members of the Labour Party, while the rich trade unions are alarmed at the prospect of their property being administered by Messrs. Keir Hardie and Grayson. On the other hand, Mr. Hyndman is beside himself with joy, as he now secures the reward of his strenuous labours, and whereas terrified Ministerial newspapers seek to minimise the vote, Mr. Hyndman vociferously acclaims it as "the brigading of the organised workers of Great Britain under the red flag of International Social Democracy." We confess to being delighted at this development, as we now know where we are.

To praise Mr. Garvin is almost like praising the *National Review*, to which he has contributed a splendid succession of illuminating articles. We feel sure, however, that our Mr. Garvin and readers will join with us in congratulating the *Observer*. him on his appointment to the Editorship of the *Observer*, which under his inspiration may be expected to fill the place occupied for a brief but brilliant spell by the *Outlook* during the Garvin régime, which was a memorable episode in English journalism. Hitherto the *Observer* has remained the raw material of a great newspaper. Now at last it has a prospect of becoming absolutely indispensable to all serious students of public affairs. Although published on Sunday, the *Observer* will henceforward be equally interesting on Monday, and we feel sure that all readers of the *National Review*—at any rate all those living in the United Kingdom—will hasten to enrol themselves among its readers. Mr. Garvin's Editorship began with the issue of January 26.

THE Morocco crisis is explained with such luminous amplitude by our distinguished contributor, M. Jules Delafosse, one of the most respected members of the French Chamber of Deputies, who may be regarded as the spokesman of the Right on foreign affairs, that we need not review the position here. Unluckily M. Delcassé's great speech, which has made such an immense impression throughout Europe, comes just as we are going to press, but we would strongly urge our readers to read the verbatim report in the *Morning Post* of January 27. It has had a remarkable effect in at once arousing the patriotism of France, and in showing

the world the essentially defensive character of the much misrepresented Delcassé policy. We cannot help wishing that some British statesman were capable of making such a speech as that of M. Delcassé, or as that brilliant vindication of patriotism which M. Clemenceau delivered on the unveiling of the Goblet Memorial some months ago. * * * Another subject that is happily taken out of our hands is the condition to which Ireland has been reduced by the administration of a literary cheapjack. The article by the ex-Attorney-General for Ireland, Mr. J. H. Campbell, K.C., M.P., cannot fail to open the eyes and to stir the hearts of people on this side of St. George's Channel. It should incidentally serve to still the Congo agitation, as until we have put our own house in order, it is preposterous to lecture other people on the disorder of their domiciles. * * * Among the sensations of the month we may note the mystery of the lost Crown Jewels in Dublin—if they are really lost—which, needless to say, has been deepened by the inconceivable ineptitude of Mr. Birrell, whose conduct conveys the impression that he is trying to hush up something, and the interminable Druce case, which has now received its quietus by the commonplace discovery that the coffin which bore the name of Mr. T. C. Druce was not filled with lead, as the public were given to understand, but contained the remains of an aged man with a beard. Mr. Herbert Druce is one of the very few people who come well out of a miserable affair, which should lead to a plentiful crop of prosecutions for perjury and conspiracy. Finally we have had the great achievement of Mr. Henry Farman in making a considerable flight in an ingenious machine of his own invention. * * * The series of interesting speeches delivered by Lord Milner in the autumn have been published from this office during the past month in volume form, price rs. net.

THE PROBLEM OF MOROCCO

ON April 8, 1904, France and Great Britain signed an Agreement, by the first article of which the latter Power pledged herself not to alter the political status of Egypt, while the former undertook not to hamper the action of England in that country by asking her to fix a term to the British occupation, or in any other manner. By the second article France declared that she had no intention of changing the political status of Morocco, while the British Government on its side recognised that it devolved upon the Republic, as the Power marching with Morocco along an immense frontier, to watch over its tranquillity, and to carry out all necessary financial, administrative, and military reforms. On October 3 of the same year, France and Spain, the Powers respectively interested in Algeria and Morocco (Spain having formally expressed her adherence to the Anglo-French Agreement concerning Egypt and Morocco), declared themselves in favour of the integrity of the Moroccan Empire under the sovereignty of the Sultan.

There were several interpellations in the French Parliament that autumn upon these two international Agreements, as also upon the Convention concerning Newfoundland and French possessions in West and Central Africa. During these debates, and to some extent ever since, there has been a confusion of issues, and a legend has grown up that France was duped (*fit un marché de dupe*) in exchanging such valuable and solid assets as Egypt and Newfoundland for such a mere mirage as Morocco. Although it seems hardly worth while to confute such nonsense, it may be as well to clear up the doubts of those who sincerely desire to know the facts. In conceding full liberty of action to the British Government in Egypt, France surrendered absolutely nothing. We simply recognised a *fait accompli*, which neither we nor any other Power were in a position to alter. Our eviction from Egypt was admittedly one of the greatest misfortunes ever sustained by French diplomacy, but it dates from nearly thirty years before the Anglo-French Agreement of 1904. We

began to lose Egypt in 1875, when our Government refused to buy, and thus enabled the British to acquire, the 196,000 Suez Canal shares offered us by the Khedive; secondly, when Gambetta agreed to that partition of influence and administration with England known as the Condominium; thirdly, when later on, at the instigation of England, M. Waddington caused the Khedive Ismail to be deposed; and, finally, when, on July 11, 1882, France stood aside and allowed the English to land troops at Alexandria unaccompanied by our troops. Ever since those fateful blunders the British conquest of Egypt has progressed year by year until events had passed beyond our control, and all we could do was to remind Great Britain of her undertaking to evacuate that country at a given date. But even had this obligation been politically practicable, France would have gained nothing from its fulfilment, because, even had England evacuated Egypt, Europe would not have allowed us to resume our former privileged position. Egypt would have been neutralised, and in all likelihood Germany and Italy would have become its chief exploiters. Our traditional diplomatic claims, together with the rights pertaining to the *Caisse de la Dette*, were admittedly of appreciable value to England, upon whom they were an incubus, but they were of no value to France, and in relinquishing them we simply abandoned what was not worth preserving.

Newfoundland is another story. There undoubtedly we had definite and valuable privileges, dating from the Treaty of Utrecht, which we relinquished in 1904, not to England, however, but to the Newfoundlanders, simply because it was becoming increasingly difficult to maintain them. When France signed the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, Newfoundland contained some two or three thousand inhabitants, whose interests were in no way injured by the rights acquired by our fishermen on a vast shore where the scattered local population was scarcely visible. But during the last two hundred years the population of Newfoundland has risen to 250,000 people, who wish to be masters of their shores and their waters, just as we are masters of ours. There always comes a time when natural law replaces written law. In refusing to accede to the legitimate and urgent claims of the Newfoundlanders, France would inevitably have provoked a conflict, not only with England, but also with the United States, who would have invoked the Monroe Doctrine against us. Written law was on our side, but justice was on the side of Newfoundland, and we have no alternative but to approve a solution which satisfied

the Newfoundlanders without inflicting serious damage on the French cod-fishers.

What sacrifices, it may be asked, did England make in exchange for our sacrifices, and what advantages did France derive from the transaction? In the first place, England conceded to us a similar liberty of action in Morocco as we had conceded to her in Egypt, and though the sacrifice on either side was slight, there was both a distinction and a difference. As I have already explained, we surrendered nothing worth keeping in Egypt, whereas in Morocco England abandoned an assured position of considerable potentiality. At the moment she possessed greater influence than any other Power in Morocco. Her diplomacy dominated the Sultan and his Government, while Englishmen held the principal confidential posts in the military and civil administration, and England might have exploited the situation to our disadvantage. But under the Agreement of April 8, 1904, she withdrew in our favour, and has loyally accomplished her voluntary undertaking.

Many Frenchmen do not and will not understand French policy in Morocco, which they regard as an inaccessible, impenetrable, forbidding country, inhabited by an impossible people, whose energies are absorbed in domestic strife, save when they are united by their common hatred of the foreigner. Such critics regard it as an inconceivable folly on our part to have put our hand into such a hornet's nest. They should remember, however, that the Morocco problem has been with us ever since our conquest of Algeria made us the neighbours of that turbulent community along a frontier of 1200 kilometres, and forced upon France the double obligation of watching over the peace of Morocco and of seeing that it did not become the prey of any third party. Sixty years' experience has taught us the close similarity between these adjoining populations and their mutual interdependence. When Morocco is disturbed, Algeria is restless; and the chronic anarchy in which the Sherifian Empire has been plunged for many years, especially since the accession of the new Sultan, constitutes a daily danger to our Colony, which, be it remembered, contains about 360,000 Frenchmen to 4,000,000 natives, who are of the same race and the same religion as the Moroccan people, with the same tastes, the same customs, and the same gifts as neighbours whose happiness consists in perpetual insurrection. We might at any moment learn that under the impulse of a holy war, starting over the border and spreading over the border, the entire French population of

Algeria, as well as the work, sacrifices, and the progress of two generations, had been swept away.

These are contingencies to be guarded against at all costs, and it was, above all, to prevent them that France undertook, under the Anglo-French Agreement of 1904, to become responsible for the peace of Morocco, which involved the right to police the common frontier; but it did not involve, as has been mischievously suggested, any military conquest, nor was it any usurpation of the sovereignty of the Sultan. In order to colour their suspicions, the Germans invented the notion that France intended to "Tunisify" Morocco. That was a gross misrepresentation. No Frenchman contemplates any such adventure, for the simple reason that the game would not be worth the candle.

But our maintenance of law and order necessarily promotes French credit and French commerce. It is not for nothing that we are the nearest neighbours of Morocco. According to the statistics recently given to the Chamber of Deputies by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, in 1905, out of the total trade of Morocco, 78,642,293 francs, France had 46 per cent., whereas Germany only held 9 per cent. In 1906 the total trade of Morocco had risen to 84,526,964 francs, French trade having risen to 50 per cent., while German trade had sunk to 8 per cent. These figures afford eloquent evidence of our preponderant and privileged position, which even Germany has not disputed. It is only logical and fair that the French Government should promote our moral and material interests by every legitimate endeavour. We undertook the police duties with this very object, which was epigrammatically described as "peaceful penetration," a consummation devoutly to be wished for; and be it remembered such pacification, under the auspices of France, would be equally advantageous to other nations, who enjoy equality of opportunity at the ports and on the railways. It is not less important for a German merchant in Morocco than for a French merchant to live in peace and security. Something more, however, was required than the defence of our Algerian dominions against the contagion of adjoining anarchy. It was equally necessary to uphold the territorial integrity of Morocco against the ambitions and usurpations of third parties. The Sherifian Empire is one of the most enviable countries in the world, owing to its incomparable geographical position and to its marvellous opulence. It is a hundred times more valuable than Egypt or Algeria, and it was a particularly desirable object, to which Great Britain, *e.g.*, might fairly entertain pretensions on

account of her acquired position. But, as we have seen, she abandoned them under her Agreement with us. Italy, who at one time cast longing eyes upon Morocco, had been induced to divert her ambitions towards Tripoli. German designs were more formidable, as she possesses the essential attributes of a great colonising Power, viz., overflowing industrial abundance, and a prolific people requiring outlets. But unfortunately for her, she started late in the colonial race, and found that the choicest places on the planet had been already appropriated.

One alone remained, viz., Morocco, and Morocco consequently became the objective of her intrigues, which, however, were in the first instance so discreet as to escape notice in France, in spite of the fact that a constant stream of geographers, travellers, bagmen, and professors had been strenuously educating their countrymen to look upon Morocco as a future German colony, while divers active associations urged the Imperial Government to embark on a forward policy. On this point we find significant evidence in the Yellow Book (*i.e.*, the French Blue Book) published in 1905, in two communications sent by the French Ambassador in Berlin, M. Bihourd, to the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, which happened to synchronise with Anglo-French negotiations concerning Morocco. The first was an address from a Pan-German gathering held at Esslingen, appealing to the Imperial Government to turn the existing situation to the economic advantage of Germany in Morocco, which was described as not only a colonisable country, but also as affording "an invaluable *point d'appui* for our fleet on one of the greatest ocean highways"; the petitioners pleaded that their Government should create a German sphere of influence in Western Morocco, indicating, various places which might be profitably occupied, on the useful precedent of Kiao-chau in China. M. Bihourd also forwarded a report of a meeting of the German Colonial Society at Stettin, which called upon the Government *inter alia* to insist that, in the event of any change in the *status quo* in Morocco in favour of France, Germany should receive compensations at least equal to any increase of French power, "compensations corresponding at once to the importance of her [*i.e.*, Germany's] economic interests, to the needs of her fleet for coaling-stations, and to the necessity of her people to expand." At this gathering Count Pfeill declared that the German Empire had still an opportunity of laying hands on a country where the German settler could prosper, and he emphasised the desirability of diverting to Morocco the thirty-two thousand emigrants who now annually sought their fortunes

in the United States, while, like every other Colonial "stalwart," he dwelt on the importance of Morocco from the German maritime standpoint. A few days later there was a similar demonstration at Lübeck. Such addresses and exhortations were not lost upon the Berlin Government (if it had not prompted them), which had repeatedly endeavoured to extort a coaling-station from Morocco, unsuccessfully, however, as the Maghzen had steadily set its face against foreign encroachment. Germany would have been only too delighted to repeat the episode of Kiaochau by seizing what was denied her, had not the refusal of Morocco been backed by the support of England, for very intelligible reasons. What was not, however, feasible at the moment might become more feasible later on. If Germany could once succeed in securing a footing in Morocco, and in directing her emigrants to that country, she might hope in less than twenty years to create a formidable German colony alongside of Algeria.

Against this alarming possibility a solid bulwark was erected by the Anglo-French and Franco-Spanish Agreements of 1904, which were negotiated between the three Powers without reference to other Governments. The Yellow Book barely mentions the conversation between the German Ambassador in Paris, Prince Radolin, and M. Delcassé. The Agreement of April 8 was published a few days later in the *Journal Officiel*, without formal notification to other Powers, a proceeding for which there was no necessity, as it exclusively concerned the interests and rights of the high contracting parties; but, as we shall see, Germany made this omission a pretext for ignoring the whole transaction, and for reopening the problems disposed of in the two Agreements. At the moment, however, she did nothing. On April 12, 1904, four days after the signature of the Agreement, our Ambassador in Berlin wrote: "The principal organs of the German Press are favourable towards the recently concluded Anglo-French Agreement." On the same day the German Chancellor, Count Bülow, in reply to Count Reventlow, declared: "We have no reason to suppose that this Agreement is directed against any other Power whatsoever, and from the German standpoint we have no objections to offer." Two days later Count Reventlow returned to the charge, declaring that the Agreement had been received in Germany with a feeling of bewilderment and discouragement, to which the Chancellor replied: "Count Reventlow thinks that we ought to have prevented other Powers from acquiring a greater position in Morocco than ourselves. That can only mean that we ought to have insisted on securing a slice of Morocco, upon which I would ask

the Count one simple question, What would he have advised if a demand of that nature had been resisted? Would he have urged me to draw the sword?"

This was a highly significant dialogue, showing as it did that Germany did not deem the moment opportune for an adventurous policy; and she would doubtless have maintained this attitude had the existing balance of European power been maintained. Nearly a year passed without any exchange of views concerning Morocco between Paris and Berlin. On February 4, 1905, our Foreign Minister learnt that the German *chargé d'affaires* at Tangier had been told by Count Bülow that the Imperial Government had no cognisance of the Anglo-French or the Franco-Spanish Agreements. M. Delcassé was amazed. He instructed the French Ambassador in Berlin to recall his conversation with Prince Radolin, the German Ambassador in Paris, his communication to the Imperial Chancery, as also the trouble that he had taken to acquaint the German Government with the terms of the Anglo-French Agreement before publication, and the satisfactory assurances he had then received. M. Bihourd replied in a long telegram containing an accurate conspectus of the diplomatic position. Germany intended to ignore the Agreement because it had not been formally notified. She would not take the trouble either to contest or to discuss it. It was more convenient to ignore French views of Morocco in order to give effect to her own. Already the German Emperor had resolved on his journey to Tangier. Let me quote M. Bihourd, who fully appreciated the position:

It appears to me beyond all doubt that the Imperial Government intends to take advantage of present circumstances in order to further the interests and to gratify the *amour propre* of Germany. Circumstances are especially favourable to her. For about a year public opinion has been aroused on the subject of Morocco. German merchants have set forth their grievances in highly coloured terms, and the Chancellor has been reproached by various political parties with the effacement of Germany; the difficulties and reverses of Russia have stimulated German aspirations, as the Press openly declares that the Dual Alliance has received a deep wound during the Manchurian campaign. . . . In such circumstances German diplomacy may hope to secure some advantages in the Moroccan question.

Our Ambassador spoke to the point. The defeat of Russia gave wings to German diplomacy. A year before, our ally, although already involved in her terrible war with Japan, was still a Power to be reckoned with. Now she was little better than a battered ruin, and Wilhelm II. could beat the big drum at Tangier without any fear of the Tsar's veto. As all the world knows, he went there, and France remained stupefied during several months.

His actual speech at Tangier, of which there is no official text, is of small importance. He proclaimed commercial liberty, the independence of the Sultan, and the territorial integrity of Morocco—superfluous declarations, as all these principles were already categorically assured by the Anglo-French Agreement. The real significance of the demonstration lay in the demeanour of the Emperor, who wished the world to know that Germany paid no attention to what had been done by other Powers, and that she intended to deal directly with a Sultan completely emancipated from foreign tutelage, without regard to any anterior arrangements, which were all the more negligible from her standpoint as they had not been formally brought to her notice. Such was the meaning of this demonstration, the success of which must have exceeded the most sanguine expectations. Great Britain was seriously perturbed, and British newspapers published indignant articles. But the Jupiter of Tangier was not considering the susceptibilities of British public opinion so much as the wishes of his own people, upon whom his “pilgrimage of passion” produced, as might have been expected, an explosive and electrifying effect. The German, as a general rule, lacks both moderation and tact. The Imperial adventure opened the floodgates of jeers, insults, and provocation. France was flabbergasted. For thirty years our politics had run in the narrowest Parliamentary, provincial, and parochial grooves. Scarcely one Frenchman in a hundred knew that there was a Morocco question, while to the majority of our people Morocco was an unknown land which they could hardly have located on the map. They were amazed to learn that the German Emperor was threatening us because we had not dealt with the Moroccan question according to his views. The Chamber of Deputies was no less startled, and public agitation found expression in the vehement and reproachful inquiries addressed to the Foreign Minister. M. Delcassé might have said that had he invited Germany to discuss the subject of our recent agreement with Great Britain he would thereby have invited her to claim her share, and it was the intrusion of Germany into Morocco which was above all things desirable to avoid. His prescience may have been at fault, as he had not foreseen the annihilation of Russia by Japan. But who had had an inkling of it? And if Russia had preserved her strength who would have reproached him? He abstained from saying this because it was impossible to say it. The Prime Minister, M. Rouvier, it is true, hazarded a reference to Mukden, which was almost as soon withdrawn. M. Delcassé was content to point out that

he had given in Paris, and had caused to be given in Berlin, all the explanations required on the Moroccan Agreement, and if in spite of these precautions any misunderstandings existed he was prepared to dissipate them, and he left the tribune with this sentence, "I can add nothing useful to these explanations. A Foreign Minister has not the privilege of speaking unreservedly in Parliament," without evoking a single cheer. He was obviously condemned by a panic-stricken House. It was only, however, two months later that M. Delcassé was executed. In the interval the Moroccan controversy had assumed, especially in Germany, a menacing bitterness. German diplomacy, which in 1904 had found nothing to complain of in the Agreement of April 8, devoted itself to discovering grievances which had not been previously perceived, and which were thus summarised by Count Bülow in the Reichstag :

(1) The Anglo-French Agreement had injured or menaced the rights recognised by the International Conference of Madrid in 1880, and the treaty between Germany and Morocco of July 2, 1891.

(2) France had never communicated the Agreement "in a serious or sufficient manner."

(3) That France desired to lay hands on Morocco surreptitiously was proved by the language of the French Minister, who had represented to the Sultan that France had a mandate from Europe.

These accusations will not bear scrutiny. There was no connection whatsoever between the questions dealt with at the International Conference of Madrid in 1880 and the Agreements of 1904. Every guarantee, collective or individual, sanctioned at this Conference remained unaffected by the Agreement, as did all treaties between Morocco and other countries. Germany retained every right and interest unimpaired, in exactly the same way as France and England retained their rights, neither more nor less.

It is true that France did not communicate the Agreements of 1904 to the German Government, any more than England or Spain did, against whom Germany made no complaint. Why should she ? France, England, and Spain had special local rights in Morocco, long-standing, and of a definite character. They were fully justified in concluding a mutual arrangement with regard to those rights among themselves and for themselves ; and so long as the rights of Germany were unaffected there were no reasons to inform Germany. If France desired to make an agreement, *e.g.*, with the Negus of Abyssinia, would she be obliged to inform

Germany first? The case of Morocco is similar. France's agreements with England and Spain were notified to none of the Great Powers (although the latter had commercial interests in Morocco), neither to Russia, Austria, Italy, nor the United States, not one of whom complained of this neglect. France had, however, made one single exception, and that was in Germany's favour. In a conversation with the German Ambassador on the subject of Morocco M. Delcassé had described the general course of the negotiations and of their object, and the French Ambassador at Berlin had been instructed to communicate the substance of this conversation direct to the German Chancellor. Alone of all the Powers Germany had been informed by France of the scope of the agreements, and Germany was the only one to complain! If ever the expression *querelle d'Allemand* was justifiable it was in this case.

I will now deal with the third complaint, based on an invention of the Moroccan Sultan, and perfidiously exploited by German diplomacy. M. Saint-René Taillandier, the representative of France, had been sent to Fez in order to elaborate, in concert with the Mahkzen, the reforms referred to in Article 2 of the Agreement of April 8. The Sultan entered into these negotiations with the greatest reluctance. After the demonstration at Tangier he threw himself into the arms of Germany, and cynically accused the French Minister of having stated that France was the *mandataire* of Europe, and that it was in that capacity that she proposed certain reforms. The French Government immediately published a categorical denial. But the Sultan's accusation was too useful to the German Government to be cast aside, and the German White-Book mentions it in a highly characteristic manner. The Chancellor informed Prince Radolin of the German point of view, and had the effrontery to say :

M. Delcassé denies having given such instructions, or that these instructions were carried out by the Minister. The contrary allegation, viz., that M. Saint-René Taillandier had openly and expressly declared himself to be the *mandataire* of the European Powers, seems, however, to rest on such a solid foundation that it is impossible to "pass to the order of the day" without further remarks.

It is unusual to publish a despatch containing a direct insult to the French Government. It is as inexcusable as it is unexampled.

But Germany despised all precautions. Her demands became more pressing as France retreated. In order to defend himself against the reproach of intentional omission which Germany was using against him, M. Delcassé instructed the French Ambassador

in Berlin to communicate a note of his conversation with Prince Radolin ; but the German Under-Secretary of State, Herr von Mühlberg, refused to receive it. Negotiations were practically broken off. M. Bihourd became alarmed by this persistent silence, and wrote as follows to his Government on April 28, 1905 :

The Imperial Government shows no anxiety to answer the question which your Excellency at Paris and I at Berlin have both clearly presented to him. This silence is in complete accord with the policy proclaimed by the Chancellor to the Reichstag and by the Emperor at Tangier. The object of adopting this attitude is to afford complete satisfaction to the national *amour propre*, and to meet the complaints of German merchants and manufacturers, who declare that their interests have been sacrificed. . . . The *entourage* of the Sovereign contains warlike elements, who point out that the Dual Alliance has received a severe blow in Manchuria. Under these circumstances it is not difficult to show that the present moment is propitious for an armed attack upon France.

As the Ambassador said in another despatch, direct negotiations were rendered impossible by Germany's refusal to listen. The French Government had asked the German Government what they desired and what they complained of. The German Government made no reply ; but this enigmatic silence served its purpose. Germany desired a Conference, and in order to have a Conference it was necessary to expel M. Delcassé, who held firm to his position, and showed no intention of yielding. Six weeks after the Imperial tour to Tangier he sent the following instructions to the French Minister at Fez :

You will make a categorical declaration to Ben Sliman [the Foreign Minister of the Mahkzen] that there can no more be a Power intermediary between the French and the Moroccan Government than there is a district intermediary between Morocco and the French dominion of Algeria. France is the only country which has a common frontier with Morocco. The Moorish Government knows the obligations imposed upon it by this fact—obligations which it has not fulfilled.

This language does honour to its author under circumstances so unfavourable to a heroic attitude. But he stood alone. His colleagues, depressed by the dread of "an adventurous policy," lived in a state of moral trepidation, which disposed them to make every conceivable concession.

Germany did her best to foment this panic. A distinguished emissary, Prince Henckel of Donnersmarck, a former intimate of Bismarck, and a depositary of the Bismarckian tradition, arrived in Paris, and went from *salon* to *salon*, from newspaper to newspaper, saying everywhere, "Take care ; the situation is horribly critical. You have not a moment to lose. Germany has decided on war. If you resist her demands, German troops

will cross the frontier before you receive the slightest warning." It was untrue. Germany had no more intention of making war than we had, and, as we shall see, she had excellent reasons for avoiding war. But it paid her to bluff us out of the game.

Our panic-stricken Cabinet resolved to sacrifice M. Delcassé to the German Moloch. This surrender of a French Minister on the demand of a foreign Government is a fact unprecedented in our history, and of all our mortifications it is perhaps the most disgraceful. France has suffered more terrible disasters, but we must distinguish between misfortune and disgrace. The expulsion of M. Delcassé was a base and degrading action of which France will never think without a blush.

In Germany the episode was hailed as a triumph. The Emperor, to mark his delight at this diplomatic victory, raised the Chancellor (Count Bülow) to the rank of prince. The Emperor's grandfather had given the same reward to Bismarck for creating the German Empire! In France the humiliation was forgotten in the ensuing crisis. Most people believed in the imminence of war, and for several days the corridors of the Chamber were the scene of much emotion. Frenchmen were misinformed as to the intentions of Germany. She had no intention of attacking us. But the expulsion of M. Delcassé had enabled her to gauge the lengths to which she might go. Instead of resting satisfied with her victory, she increased her demands and raised her tone. She had suggested to the Sultan of Morocco the idea of an international Conference, and the Sultan, who was then entirely devoted to her, at once issued the invitation. M. Rouvier, who was Foreign Minister as well as Premier, objected. He told the German Ambassador, "I gather from all your declarations that you wish to oppose all our proposals. How can we go to the Conference knowing that all our proposals will be opposed by Germany? Therefore before going further I should like to know what are Germany's views as to the reforms;" to which the Ambassador replied, without a further word of explanation, "We insist on the Conference. If it does not take place, things remain *in statu quo*, and please understand that we stand behind Morocco." M. Rouvier defended himself as well as he could. Before assenting to the Conference he asked for the programme. Germany refused to listen. "You must first agree to the Conference, and we will discuss the programme afterwards." This was the only answer vouchsafed to our Foreign Office. The communications which the Chancellor made to the German Ambassador at Paris are more explicit. At this point the German White-book becomes more instructive than

the French Yellow-book. Here, for example, is a truly astonishing passage taken from a despatch of Count Bülow to Prince Radolin, June 12, 1905 :

This task, the organisation of the police, so far as concerns the districts on the Algerian boundary, would naturally be confided to France alone. On the other hand, there is no reason why France alone should be entrusted with the task in distant districts, especially in territories on the Atlantic coast. In these regions it would seem more natural that the police reforms considered necessary should be confided to several Powers.

Germany desired the Conference in order to secure her double object, viz., to establish herself on the Atlantic coast of Morocco and to oblige France to break her agreement with England. The latter goal is clearly revealed in M. Bihourd's account of his interview with the Chancellor.

Prince Bülow has long expressed his desire to re-establish the best relations with France. He has explained to me how the Conference would promote this object. Without wishing to make any personal attack, he declared to me that Germany could not do to-day what she might certainly have done a year ago, and, he added, smiling, what she might do perhaps in a year.

That meant, in other words, "As long as you go hand in hand with England, expect nothing from us, but the moment you leave them we are prepared to be your best friends." The French Government accepted some of Germany's demands, but refused to abandon the *entente* with England, for which our Government deserves some credit.

We could no doubt have prevented the Conference. England had at the outset returned a dry refusal to the Sultan's invitation. If we had wished it, Russia, the United States, Italy, Spain, and several other Powers would likewise have refused, and the Conference would never have met, but in that event we should have resumed our *tête-à-tête* with Germany, irritated, disappointed, vindictive, and rendered all the more formidable by having captured the Moroccan Government. At that juncture it appeared wiser to assent to the Conference (which we agreed to with all the more confidence as we were assured of the support of a considerable majority of the Powers), after coming to a previous agreement with Germany as to a preparatory programme, which gave rise to no objection in principle, but was destined to give rise to many difficulties on points of detail.

It might have been expected that the relations between the two Governments would now become less strained, and that they would act cordially together. Nothing of the kind. The German is naturally immoderate in success. The more you yield to him the more insolent he becomes. In the communication which

followed hard upon the Agreement of September 28, 1905, Prince Bülow made this statement :

There are two aspects to the Moroccan question—first, Morocco ; second, general politics. We have considerable commercial interests in Morocco. We have always insisted, and still insist, on their maintenance. In the domain of general politics we have been confronted by a policy working for our isolation of a distinctly hostile character. The Moroccan affair was the most recent and most characteristic manifestation of this policy, and it has given us an occasion for making the proper reply.

This very clear avowal meant that Germany went to the Algeiras Conference with intentions frankly hostile to France, with the object of securing a double revenge, viz., her own intrusion in Morocco and the confusion of France before the great Powers. This hostility was still more pronounced in the inspired German Press—*vide* Dr. Schiemann, the confidant of the Emperor William, in the *Kreuz Zeitung* :

The French imagine that everything is settled by Delcassé's departure. They think it very tactless of us to harp on old grievances, and consider that they have made us a great concession in consenting to the Algeiras Conference. On the contrary, it is we who have afforded them a means of escape. We could have obtained as many concessions as we wished direct from the Sultan of Morocco without French assistance. But we preferred not to accept them, and adhere to our former programme.

Herr Delbrück, on the other hand, threatened us with instant war if the Conference did not give Germany what she wanted.

In a few weeks [he wrote] we shall know if the Western Powers are firmly determined to act independently of Germany. If they are, then the decision rests with the sword. They may in the end concede to Germany what is due alike to her might and her right. If they do not the German people will understand that the struggle is no longer over Morocco, but for the future of Germany.

It was under such auspices that the Conference opened on January 16, 1906. Germany had appointed two of her most arrogant and violent diplomatists, viz., Herr von Radowitz, German Ambassador at Madrid, and Count Tattenbach. But although, like their foreign colleagues, invested with full powers, they were mere interpreters and mouthpieces of the Emperor, who was, in fact, the real representative of Germany. His presence was felt at every deliberation. As the Conference originated in a German plot, he wished to lead it along the path which he had prescribed. But his hopes were cruelly disappointed.

He had counted on attracting into his orbit Russia, Italy, Spain, Austria, and the United States, who, together with Belgium, Holland, and Sweden, on whom he thought he could rely,

would have constituted a large German majority producing the most satisfactory results. It was a wonderful piece of self-deception. The Tangier explosion had been very severely condemned by every State in Europe, as was shown by the selection of delegates, Russia, Italy, and the United States, *inter alia*, being represented at the Conference by avowed opponents of the German pretensions. It is needless to say that England was from the beginning pledged to support the views of France. Sir Arthur Nicolson made so little concealment of his instructions that he told the German delegate, Herr von Radowitz, who had asked for his support, "My policy is too closely bound up with that of France to enable me to act as the mouthpiece of your proposals to her." As for Spain, she was linked to the cause of France by the community of interests in Morocco, and by previous agreements. Austria-Hungary was the solitary supporter of Germany, and even she was so conciliatory as to irritate Germany.

I cannot enter upon a detailed account of the Algeciras Conference. It is enough to say that German diplomacy, grievously disconcerted by the unsuspected disposition of the delegates, fell much below expectations. It had counted on a diplomatic court of justice before which France and her policy would be brought up for judgment. It might have been expected that Germany would take the initiative and propose subjects for discussion. She did nothing of the kind. For two months she prompted other Powers to bring forward propositions, but produced nothing on her own account. On the other hand, she was continually raising objections to other people's suggestions. Her attitude was evasive, negative, and artificial. She made free use of false news and of insidious proposals. The German official Wolff Agency was guilty of such an impudent falsification of the account of one of the sittings as to revolt the diplomatic body for a whole week. She sought to detach Spain from France by offering her the preponderant rôle in Morocco, but Spain would not listen. With us she made use alternately of intimidation and deceit. She tried to induce the French plenipotentiaries to come to a previous agreement as to the agenda. Our plenipotentiaries were somewhat too ready to countenance this dangerous manœuvre, although they steadily sustained our interests and our rights. It is only just to say that MM. Revoil and Regnault presented and maintained the French point of view with admirable tact, firmness, and skill. There are grounds for asserting that had France wished to take advantage of the favourable disposition of England, Russia, Italy, Spain, and the United

States, she could easily have induced the Conference to ratify purely and simply the Agreements of 1904. But this diplomatic victory would have been more dangerous than a defeat. The decisions of a Congress or a Conference are only valuable so far as they are accepted unanimously by all the conferring States. Germany would have dissented, and her dissent would have *ipso facto* broken up the Conference, and a most dangerous situation would have ensued. It was therefore necessary to find a solution which, while granting nothing to Germany, "saved her face" by affording her the appearance of obtaining satisfaction, and thus enabled her to affix her signature to the Agreement known as the Act of Algeciras. It gave Germany no share in Morocco, no zone of influence, nor the sphere which she had reserved for herself on the Atlantic. It did not even accord her a place in the organisation of the police; but, on the other hand, it "internationalised" Morocco and deprived France of her previous preponderant and privileged situation. Neither side could congratulate themselves on the result.

As we have seen, German policy in Morocco was not only inspired by a desire to secure a sphere of influence in Morocco, as the main object of her campaign was the destruction of the Anglo-French *entente*. The *rapprochement* between these two nations was admittedly the severest check sustained by the German Emperor since he came to the throne. For many years he had openly and ostentatiously overwhelmed France with courtesies of all kinds. He was interested in our art and in our industry, and when any eminent Frenchman died he hastened to share the general grief. He was undoubtedly seeking a *rapprochement* with France which at the opportune moment could be transformed into an alliance—a policy which was all the more plausible because we were in acute antagonism with England in almost every part of the globe, and Anglophobia was so widespread as to justify the German Emperor's belief in his ability to organise a European coalition against England.

Wilhelm II. had inherited a mighty empire founded on "methods of barbarism," or, in the Bismarckian phrase, on blood and iron. He desired to enlarge its destiny, and while maintaining his great military machine at concert pitch, he did everything to stimulate the economic activity of Germany, and under his inspiration her trade and industry gradually spread over the world. He was in a sense the second founder of the German Empire, and he embodied his policy in the famous phrase "world-policy." If the French democracy, which has exhausted itself in miserable squabbles during thirty years, were capable of

observation, it would learn a great lesson by contrasting the fruitfulness of this great Imperialist with its own sterility. Millions and millions of German workmen live and thrive on the viaticum provided by the Emperor, whose historic *mol*, "Our future lies upon the water," gave birth to the German mercantile marine and the German navy, whose marvellous growth has been among the wonders of the world. It encourages Germans to dream already of the day when their battleships will dispute the Empire of the Seas with the British.

There is some risk in giving such hostages to fortune. The simultaneous industrial and maritime development of Germany must inevitably lead to a conflict with England, because Germany has grown at the expense of England, and British trade has paid the piper. The difference in wages enables German industry to produce more cheaply and to sell more cheaply than their British rivals, and thus German commerce is steadily encroaching on British commerce in all the markets of the world, and the hated and ubiquitous trade-mark "Made in Germany" arouses the commercial and patriotic indignation of Englishmen. The two Powers have been frequently on the verge of rupture during recent years, and then for a time the clouds have been dissipated and the horizon has cleared. But these are only temporary phases in a problem which can hardly be solved peacefully. Superficial observers regard the recent visit of the German Emperor to England and the cordial reception which he received as opening an era of better feeling between the two countries, while simpletons have gone so far as to speak of an Anglo-German alliance, without, however, specifying its objects. Such fancies are not worth considering. It is an inflexible law that every nation is governed by its interests. Powers cannot be turned from those interests either by gushing newspaper articles, the personal friendship of Sovereigns, or the superficial amiabilities of politicians. If England does not crush Germany she will be devoured by Germany. This "irrepressible conflict" explains Wilhelm II.'s desperate efforts to provide Germany with a formidable fleet which in ten years will be the equal of the British Navy. But in order to succeed in his gigantic enterprise he must range against England something beyond the strength of Germany, and that something is the support of French arms by land and sea. Consequently the Anglo-French Agreement was a very bitter pill. But it is as well to bear in mind that the Kaiser's irritation did not change his policy towards France, but only his tactics. He had tried unsuccessfully to win our

country by excessive amiability. He now endeavoured to intimidate us, and it was with this object that he threatened us at Tangier, and that German diplomacy and the German Press took the offensive. That he succeeded in some measure is proved by the enforced resignation of M. Delcassé and subsequent concessions. But to the reiterated demand that we should break with England our Prime Minister, M. Rouvier, offered a resolute resistance. For the moment Franco-German relations wore a critical complexion, and it has been freely stated that we were within an ace of war during the Morocco crisis. I do not believe this, though I understand those who do believe it, as it is *vraisemblable*.

But although there may have been no serious danger of war, French policy in Morocco has throughout been pursued by the preconceived and systematic hostility of Germany. The Sultan did not realise the mortifications sustained by Teutonic diplomacy. He had grasped but one fact, viz., that the German Emperor had proclaimed himself the protector of his independence, and from that moment he and his Government regarded themselves as absolved from any restraint towards us. After the Imperial pilgrimage to Tangier, and still more after the Algeciras Conference, which in the eyes of the Moorish Government had destroyed the Anglo-French and Franco-Spanish Agreements, Morocco, feeling that Germany stood by her side, adopted a callous indifference towards France, whom there was no further necessity to consider, as she was *ex hypothesi* bridled by her German neighbour. Needless to say, the insolence of the central Government was reflected in the attitude of the local Governors, and in that of the tribal chiefs, who one and all treated France as an enemy to be insulted and defied with impunity. Then ensued the lamentable series of aggressions and outrages, finally culminating in the massacre of Casablanca. There have been few more painful incidents than M. Pichon's narration in the Chamber of Deputies of the circumstances attending the murder of Dr. Mauchamp, and the many insolent and humiliating refusals of the Moorish authorities to make reparation, while on the attempted assassination of another French subject, M. Lassalles, our demand for the dismissal of the responsible officials was contemptuously refused in the most public manner. This constant and growing hostility coincided with clandestine appeals for the assistance of Germany, and German inspiration may be detected in many of the most hostile acts from which we have suffered. In this connection there is a very interesting document in the official Yellow Book, viz., a letter from a Sheik summoning one of the

more tranquil tribes to rise, saying "*l'habitude au Maroc est que l'Empereur charge toujours une nation de ses affaires. . . . Le Sultan a comme amis depuis l'année dernière les Allemands, qui sont très puissants.*" (It is the custom of the Sultan to entrust his affairs to some other Power. . . . For the last year the Sultan has enjoyed the friendship of the Germans, who are very powerful.) It was a certain sinister German who excited the local fanatics against Dr. Mauchamp at Marakesh, and it was another German, called Oppenheim,* who made it his business to distribute incendiary appeals among the Algerian tribes. Had Germany been reproached with these occurrences, she would doubtless have answered, It is nothing to do with me—a statement which might have been technically correct, though fundamentally false.

Our painful experiences have not proved an unmixed evil, because they finally compelled the French Government to take the necessary measures to open the eyes of the Moors to the truth. Hitherto we had met provocation and outrage by diplomatic representations and derisory demonstrations, such as the despatch of two or three cruisers to Tangier and the occupation of Oudja—inoffensive measures which merely excited the ridicule of the tribes, who only understand one argument—*i.e.*, force. Every injury should be followed by a sharp, strong blow. Although our punitive expeditions to Casablanca and across the Algerian frontier cannot be regarded as miracles of military energy, they have nevertheless served to dissipate the mirage which has cost us so many insults. The hostility of the Maghzen reposed on its faith in external assistance, which has been found wanting. The anticipated support of Germany was not forthcoming. Germany has made no sign. Moreover, in reply to our notification of our military movements, Germany said, "So be it." Her attitude has been a bitter and illuminating disappointment to the Sultan. It has cured the Moroccans of their illusions, and has given them a juster appreciation of actualities.

I do not propose to consider the claims and prospects of the competing Sultans now engaged in a fraternal fight for the sovereignty, because our course of action will be determined by subsequent events. But in any case we shall continue the work of pacification. Critics of our policy affirm and reaffirm that we shall never be able to do anything with an irreconcilable and fanatical people. This may be so as regards the minority, who abhor all

* It would be interesting to know whether this individual is the same as the agent employed by the German Consul-General at Cairo on similar work in Egypt, or whether it is only a namesake.—EDITOR *N. R.*

foreigners ; but it is not extravagant to hope that as the majority realise that they have far more to gain from the establishment of a reasonable amount of peace and order, they will ultimately regard the policy of pacific penetration with different eyes to what they do at present. We have one great asset on our side in the shape of native avarice, and the development of desires of all kinds, which can only be satisfied by foreign trade.

Morocco will eventually become what nature has always intended that she should become—an extension of Algeria. French trade, which, in spite of our lamentable position of recent years, equals and even surpasses the total trade of all foreign Powers, may anticipate continual expansion. Is this, it may be asked, the only benefit we shall derive from all our sacrifices ? Other advantages will no doubt come in time, but it may be wiser to allow time to accomplish its purpose before discussing them.

JULES DELAFOSSE, *Député du Calvados.*

THE TRUTH ABOUT IRELAND

THE rapid development of crime and lawlessness throughout many parts of Ireland during the last twelve months has now attained such alarming proportions that it is high time for a real and determined effort, not merely to arouse the conscience and intelligence of the people of Great Britain to a true sense of the situation, but also to force home the responsibility to the proper quarter. The present Chief Secretary for Ireland, in the course of the debate upon the Address in the House of Commons on February 13 last year, in the first speech delivered by him after his appointment, declared that he rejoiced to think at all events that when he came into this office Ireland was in a state of comparative peace and comparative crimelessness. This declaration was substantially accurate, and was at least free from the rhetorical exaggeration which characterised his subsequent assurance that Ireland was then in a more peaceful condition than it had ever been at any period during the last six hundred years. What is the position at this present moment? It was happily summarised by the Liberal Attorney-General for Ireland when in December last he publicly stated that the condition of things in certain parts of Ireland was worse than anything to be found amongst the savages of West Africa. It is no exaggeration to say that throughout the west and south the law of the land is paralysed, the King's Writ is suspended, and the law of the United Irish League reigns alone and supreme. Its courts have usurped the jurisdiction of the ordinary tribunals, their proceedings are daily chronicled in the local press, and their sentences and decrees enforced by open and flagrant boycotting and intimidation. Malicious injuries to person and property are of frequent occurrence, many attempts at assassination have taken place, and that peculiarly cowardly and cruel form of crime, the maiming of cattle, is again becoming prevalent. The use of firearms as a weapon for outrage and intimidation is general in many parts of the country, the malicious firing of hay-barns and hay-ricks is growing as common as cattle-driving, and what is perhaps the most suggestive and alarming

feature in the entire situation is the absolute impunity which the criminal and law-breaker seem to enjoy, as they pursue their task in the broad light of day, and without even the slightest semblance of disguise, because in the terrible category of agrarian crime which has disfigured the country within the last twelve months I can hardly recall one single instance in which the efforts of the Irish Executive and police have prosecuted to conviction any solitary person.

Upon Sunday, November 17 last, in broad daylight, and in the presence of a police patrol and a large congregation, a deliberate attempt was made to assassinate Mr. Blake White and his aged mother as they emerged from the gates of the chapel in which they had been attending public worship. Two months have elapsed since the perpetration of that cowardly and diabolical crime, and yet up to this very hour the police have been unable to make a single individual amenable to justice for an outrage in which several persons participated, and of which there was a host of eye-witnesses. Within the last few months two desperate attempts have been made by the use of explosives to sacrifice life and property, with the result that even yet the police apparently remain without the slightest clue to the perpetrators. As I write these lines I have before me the issue of the *Irish Times* of the day, in which are recorded some of the more serious crimes of the preceding few days, and I quote them here as a fair illustration of events now almost of daily occurrence. In the county of Clare a member of the county council was waylaid on the public highway by four ruffians, one of whom shot him in the breast at such close quarters that his clothing was actually singed. In Scariff, in the same county, the house of a district councillor was fired into, two gun-shots passing through the front window into the kitchen, where three inmates of the house were seated at the fire. At Gort, in the county of Galway, a man who was engaged with some others in felling some trees which he had purchased on Lord Gough's property was set on by an armed mob of nearly two hundred persons, who fired a volley at the workers, two of whom were, according to the report, wounded by the discharge. At Loughrea, in the same county, a place which has become a hot-bed of crime ever since the cowardly compromise of the law by the Irish Executive on the occasion of the notorious eviction of Ward, the house of a labourer was attacked and two shots fired through his window. At Geevagh, in the county of Sligo, a process-server, though guarded by an escort of six police, was compelled, with his escort, to retreat in the face of a large mob which had gathered

to resist him in the execution of his duty. The processes were next placed in registered letters and entrusted for delivery to the local postmen, who were likewise routed, despite the presence of an escort. A second attempt was then made by the postmen, and although upon this occasion they had the protection of a large force of police, both officers and men, the constabulary actually withdrew in the presence of a hostile crowd, and the King's writs remain as yet unserved.

One case of malicious injury, in which the sum of £900 compensation was awarded within the last few weeks at the Limerick Quarter Sessions for the alleged malicious firing of 300 tons of hay and the hay-barn, deserves more than a passing notice. The applicant was a Mr. Bentley, who claimed in his capacity as secretary and treasurer of the parochial vestry of the Protestant church of the parish of Cahirconlish, in the county of Limerick. A man named Bourke had been in the occupation of a small cottage, the property of the vestry, and had taken in a lodger to live with him, but when Bourke gave up possession the lodger refused to leave, with the result that the rector and the vestry of the parish were compelled to have recourse to the law, and ultimately recovered possession by legal process of ejection. The cottage, however, was found to have been wrecked, and workmen brought out from Limerick to repair it were hooted through the village and refused accommodation by the inhabitants. The rector, the Rev. Mr. Lynch, was examined, and swore that the feeling had been hostile to him since the law proceedings, and that at the moment he was giving his evidence his life was threatened. He also swore that his wife and himself were hooted through the village, and evidence to the same effect was given by the applicant Bentley in reference to his wife and himself. At the recent January Quarter Sessions held at Birr, in King's County, one applicant was awarded £10 compensation for malicious injury to a foal, the uncontradicted evidence being that its thigh-bone had been cut clean through and the leg left hanging by a single tendon. Another applicant was awarded a similar sum for injury to a mare, which had one knee slashed, a fetlock punctured, and its tail slit up. Twenty-four pounds was awarded to a third applicant upon proof that the tails had been cut off three of his cows, and that three others had had their tails slashed; while in a fourth case at the same court £6 was awarded to the owner of a bullock whose tail had been cut off.

These cases, which are only samples of the many similar cases which have occurred within the last few weeks, should supply to

persons resident out of Ireland some idea of the desperate and deplorable condition to which that unhappy country has been reduced within the last twelve months under the *régime* of the present Chief Secretary, but there are, in addition, certain criminal statistics which afford the most conclusive corroboration. Unfortunately the returns of agrarian crime which from the year 1881 down to 1906 were continuously and regularly presented to Parliament were in the early part of that year, as a sop to their Nationalist allies, discontinued by order of the present Government, but owing to the energy and persistency of the Ulster Unionist Members of Parliament some material and striking figures were elicited by questions in the House of Commons. Replying to a question on July 25, Mr. Birrell gave the following return of agrarian crimes in which firearms had been used for the year 1906, and the corresponding available period of 1907 :

For the quarter ending March 31, 1906	.	.	.	7 cases
" " " June 30, 1906	.	.	.	4 "
" " " Sept. 30, 1906	.	.	.	6 "
" " " Dec. 31, 1906	.	.	.	5 "
" " " March 31, 1907	.	.	.	13 "
" " " June 30, 1907	.	.	.	22 "

I have no access to the returns for the remaining two quarters of the year 1907, but I have no hesitation in stating, from actual knowledge of contemporary events in Ireland, that the figures when published will show an alarming and progressive increase. It will, however, be noted from the figures above quoted that under Mr. Birrell's administration the number of cases for the single quarter ending June 30, 1907, were exactly equal to the entire number for the whole year 1906. This startling increase in the number of crimes in which the effective weapons were firearms is a striking commentary upon the amazing and blind folly of the present Government in deliberately sacrificing the Peace Preservation Act, restricting the possession and use of firearms. Again, in answer to a further question, Mr. Birrell on August 6, 1907, stated that a comparison between the number of agrarian offences occurring in the six counties of King's, Galway, Leitrim, Sligo, Roscommon, and Tipperary for the three months ending March 31, 1906, and the similar period in 1907 showed that the number had increased from 17 to 38, and I am in a position to state, though of course I cannot quote the exact figures, that the returns for the subsequent quarters of the year 1907 establish a continuing and rapid progression, and especially in the graver and more serious forms of

crime. Similarly, in reply to a question on July 22, 1907, Mr. Birrell stated that the number of persons in Ireland under the constant protection of the police for the quarter ending June 30, 1906, was 44, and under special protection by patrols 158, while the corresponding number for the same quarter of 1907 was 50 and 167 respectively; and it is perfectly safe to predict that it is in this special matter that the returns for the balance of the year 1907 will, when published, show the largest percentage of increase. At the recent Winter Assizes held in the city of Limerick in December 1907 the presiding judge, Mr. Justice Andrews, said that in the case of County Clare there were 54 specially reported cases since July 1907, as compared with 30 for the corresponding period of 1906; 88 in the county of Galway, as compared with 55 for the same period; and in the county of Leitrim 20, as compared with 15. He further stated that he found with regret, from the returns before him, that the counties of Clare, Galway, Leitrim, Roscommon, and Sligo were not in a peaceful or satisfactory condition.

These returns which I have quoted, incomplete though they be, should afford food for reflection to those who may have been misled by the wholesale misrepresentations as to the present condition of Ireland, for which not only the Radical Press in England, but also several of his Majesty's Ministers, have been recently responsible, while they should at the same time earn for the Ulster Unionist Members the gratitude of the public, who are thus afforded a peep behind the curtain, and can now estimate at their proper value the unworthy gibes and sneers with which Members of Parliament, acting fearlessly in the discharge of their plainest duty, and in the exercise of their constitutional rights, were met at the lips of Mr. Birrell. It will be noted that this deplorable condition of things which I have endeavoured to lay bare is entirely independent of and apart from the existence of the criminal conspiracy of cattle-driving, and is a direct refutation of the deliberate misrepresentation that, apart from cattle-driving, Ireland is in a normal and peaceful condition as regards agrarian crime. Cattle-driving is but one of the many channels in which the recrudescient tyranny of the United Irish League has during the last twelve months been allowed with impunity to flow, though by its novelty and by the methods of its treatment by the Irish Government it has attracted special attention. Originated about the month of February 1907, it directly appealed to the most selfish instincts of an excitable and credulous peasantry, and spread like wildfire, until the number of cases in which this campaign of crime and intimidation has asserted itself has already

reached four hundred, though for the moment it would seem as if those directly responsible for its propagation—*i.e.*, the Irish Parliamentary Nationalist Party—were endeavouring to effect a truce in respect of it under circumstances and conditions of a most remarkable character, to which I shall presently allude.

There remains for consideration the question of responsibility for the existing condition of crime and lawlessness in Ireland, the entire burthen of which must be placed upon the shoulders of the present Irish Executive, especially the Chief Secretary—and for the proofs of my indictment I shall confine myself strictly to the speeches which he has recently delivered in his own defence. Mr. Birrell had two alternatives before him—either to cope with the situation by the prompt, courageous, and impartial administration and enforcement of the ordinary law, or by calling to its aid the special provisions which, under the authority of Parliament, were to be found in the Crimes Act. He deliberately abstained from adopting either one or the other. From the month of February 1907 until the present hour the criminal and illegal conspiracy of cattle-driving has been in full swing in Ireland; and not only did Mr. Birrell fail during all these months and until November 13 last to utter one word of public condemnation of this crime, but he has also throughout the entire period obstinately and wilfully refrained from enforcing the ordinary law against the persons who, by open and flagrant incitement of the most direct character, were primarily and directly responsible for its commission, while he acted with a semblance of fitful energy against the ignorant and humble peasants who allowed themselves to become the miserable dupes of the ringleaders in this criminal crusade.

One elementary principle which is the very essence and justification of the criminal law in every civilised community is that under its administration all men alike, without respect of person, are equally amenable and answerable to its jurisdiction; and it is also elementary that the man who incites to the commission of a crime is as guilty as the man who is incited by him to commit it. Yet in open defiance and violation of these principles, which have not their origin in the Crimes Act, but in the very earliest foundation of the common law, Mr. Birrell has for months allowed Members of Parliament and paid organisers of the United Irish League to march without let or hindrance throughout Ireland, proclaiming and disseminating from public platforms the criminal and illegal gospel of cattle-driving, while at the same time he was imposing upon the judges, magistrates, and jurors of the country the degrading and humiliating task of

sitting in judgment upon the wretched farm labourers who had weakly yielded to the incitements thus openly and with impunity addressed to them by Mr. Ginnell and others, who were allowed without challenge or contradiction to pledge their word to their hearers that in their advocacy of this criminal campaign they had the express sympathy and support of his Majesty's Ministers. So notorious had this scandal become that the Lord Chief Justice of Ireland in the early days of last November in open court directed the attention of the Chief Secretary's colleague, the Attorney-General for Ireland, to it when he was met with the amazing answer that the question of the prosecution of the inciters to this crime depended, not upon legal, but political considerations, an admission of which the true and far-reaching significance was only revealed when, speaking some weeks later upon the same platform with Mr. Birrell in Belfast, and pointing to that gentleman, he declared, "There is my dictator. I take dictation from the Prime Minister and from the Chief Secretary, but from no one else." Upon that same occasion the Chief Secretary by a transparent rhetorical artifice attempted to restrict his responsibility for this dereliction of his plain duty to enforce the ordinary law against all who had participated in its violation to the case of Mr. Ginnell, though it was notorious that Mr. Ginnell was only one of a number of Nationalist Members of Parliament and emissaries of the United Irish League who had enjoyed along with him the most absolute impunity for their campaign of criminal incitement. And what was the miserable plea that he advanced upon that occasion in answer to this charge even as affecting Mr. Ginnell? Why, forsooth, that he abstained from any prosecution of that gentleman as he did not wish to gratify his imaginary aspirations for political martyrdom—a novel proposition in a community which is accustomed even to see the wishes gratified of the starving ticket-of-leave man who, in order to return to the shelter of his prison, perpetrates some fresh crime.

In that same speech in Belfast Mr. Birrell sought to defend his inaction in the case of Mr. Ginnell by advancing a claim unknown to our constitution, and which, if once admitted, would prove fatal to all liberty—that of exercising his own judgment and discretion in suspending the operation of the law in favour of particular lawbreakers. Let me quote his exact words: "I am quite free to admit that some men may take other views, but we have formed the opinion that the prosecution of Mr. Ginnell would not forward the only object we have in view, the suppression of this offence. After all, I suppose the man who is Chief

Secretary must have some discretion and be allowed occasionally to exercise his own judgment." What an interesting and startling discovery in the suppression of crime! What an illustration of courage and statesmanship is to be found in this assertion of a right on the part of the Chief Secretary of the day to suspend the operation of the ordinary law of the land in favour of the ringleaders of a criminal conspiracy, while at the same time their miserable dupes are to be prosecuted with the utmost rigour! And, above all, what an astonishing assertion in the very face of the truism to which the same speaker committed himself but a few moments afterwards, when he asked "If I had control over the ordinary law of the land—that is, if I could suspend it or put it in operation just as I choose—where would your liberties be?"! Well may the owners and occupiers of the grass-lands of Ireland ask Mr. Birrell what has become or is likely to become of their liberties in the face of his persistent refusal to put in operation the ordinary law against Mr. Ginnell and his associates in crime.

The gravity of the situation thus created from a constitutional point of view by the open assertion by Mr. Birrell of this claim, unheard of as I believe it to have been in our previous political history, to administer the criminal law according to his own judgment and discretion, is emphasised by its repetition in the reply he gave to the deputation of Irish landowners who upon December 13 last presented before him so ably and so vigorously the existing paralysis of law in Ireland. These are his words: "I can say that the Government which I represent are animated by no consideration for any party whatsoever in Ireland, but that we are simply endeavouring to administer the law *in the best way we can in the permanent interest of the country.*" What is this but a reassertion in more insidious and therefore more dangerous language of a claim on behalf of the Government of the day to administer the law according to its own judgment and discretion? I know of no method, under our constitution, of the administration of the law except the one, which is, or ought to be, wholly independent of the particular politics of any Government, and that is its even-handed and impartial administration in accordance with fixed and elementary principles of justice.

There remained for Mr. Birrell only the other alternative of recourse to the provisions of the Crimes Act. I do not stop to criticise the distinction which he has always sought to draw between the Crimes Act and the ordinary law, although in one and perhaps the most important and useful of its provisions that

Act is as much part of the ordinary law, in every sense of the term, as any other Act upon the Statute Book, but I hasten to consider the excuse which he has advanced for his failure to apply it. Shortly stated, it amounts to a declaration that he would be guilty of an act of political inconsistency if he were now to enforce the provisions of an Act of Parliament which was originally limited in duration, and was only made permanent by a Unionist Government after a vehement opposition from the Liberal Party. Surely there is some great confusion here. Can Mr. Birrell seriously believe that Ministerial responsibility is the same as political partisanship, or that in a country where the system of party government prevails the Minister of State entrusted for the time being with the duty of enforcing the laws of the land as he finds them is entitled to suspend or brush aside every statute which in its passage through Parliament had been obstructed by the party to which he belongs? The Minister who thus makes his duty to the State as a whole subservient to party interests and political shibboleths betrays his trust and violates his oath of office. Nothing short of the blindest party fanaticism could have produced from Mr. Birrell the deliberate but dreadful declaration in his recent Belfast speech that never so long as he was Chief Secretary would he resort to special powers for the suppression of crime in Ireland, unless and until it was impossible to maintain law and order, and *unless and until crime, murder, and outrage were to be found on every side.*

Contrast the position thus taken up by Mr. Birrell with that adopted by his leader, the present Prime Minister, in a speech delivered by him at Stirling on October 17, 1885, within a few months after he had ceased to be Chief Secretary for Ireland, when he declared :

The key of the whole of this question is this, that in many parts of Ireland for certain classes of offences, especially offences of an agrarian character, they could not trust to the ordinary class of jurymen doing their duty, partly from ignorance, partly from prejudice, but mainly owing to the cruel and overpowering system of terror under the National League. They could not be sure, with the clearest evidence, of being able to get a verdict. Now he maintained that in order to uphold the arm of justice in Ireland it was not merely reasonable, but necessary, to provide some measures which would overcome that difficulty, and it might very well have been made *part of the permanent law.*

The Chief Secretary and his colleague, the Irish Attorney-General, have stated in the House of Commons that the application of the Crimes Act in former years had failed to check or eradicate boycotting or intimidation. I directly challenge this statement. What are the facts? In 1887, when a Unionist

Government under Mr. Balfour introduced and passed the Crimes Act, the number of boycotted persons in Ireland, according to the returns presented to Parliament, was 4835. In 1892, as the direct result of the application of the Crimes Act, the number had been reduced to 15.

This deliberate resolution on the part of Mr. Birrell to suspend, on the one hand, according to his own judgment and discretion, the operation of the ordinary law in favour of particular law-breakers, and to abrogate, upon the other hand, the special powers under the Crimes Act placed at his disposal by Parliament for the express purpose of enabling him to cope effectually with such an epidemic of lawlessness as that which now confronts him, has not only fostered and promoted crime in Ireland, but has also already permanently and irretrievably damaged the interests of justice in that country. In the first place it is responsible for the wholesale breakdown of the system of trial by jury in the case of agrarian offences. At the Summer Assizes of 1907 57 persons were put upon their trial, charged with various forms of agrarian crime, and of those 3 were convicted, 31 acquitted, while in the case of the remaining 23 the juries disagreed. At the recent sittings of the King's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice in Dublin 94 persons were put upon their trial in connection with agrarian offences alleged to have been committed in the early months of the previous summer. Of these 5 were convicted and 2 acquitted, while the Crown abandoned the proceedings against 15, and in the case of the remaining 72 the juries disagreed. At the Winter Assizes held in December 1907, 86 persons were indicted for riot, unlawful assembly, or conspiracy, in connection with cattle-criving, with the result that in no solitary instance was there a conviction, 23 being acquitted and the juries disagreeing as to the remaining 63.

In other words, out of a total of 287 persons indicted since July 1907 in connection with agrarian offences convictions were secured in the case of 8 persons only.

It is no exaggeration to say that the successful application of the ordinary law has become impossible in Ireland in the hands of a Chief Secretary who, by his violation of the elementary principle of our constitution, under which, in this as in every other civilised community, all men alike, without discrimination or selection, are held amenable to the criminal law, has alienated and disgusted judges, magistrates, jurors, and every other person in the country who has even the slightest element of respect for the fair and even-handed administration of justice. Not less serious,

though happily, I am convinced, much less enduring, has been the demoralising effect upon the zeal and efficiency of the Royal Irish Constabulary, who for the first time have shown signs of impatience under the unusual strain imposed upon them in the protection of the liberty and property of individuals from the cruel tyranny of the United Irish League, while at the same time they see the League itself, under the cowardly inactivity of the present Irish Executive, enjoying perfect impunity in its campaign of intimidation against all those who dare to question or resist its decrees. The police, both officers and men, are keenly alive to the situation created by the belief of the disorderly and law-breaking classes that they have the Government behind them, and by the fact that Mr. Ginnell and other Irish Nationalist Members of Parliament have frequently declared from public platforms that in their campaign of intimidation and crime they have the express sympathy and support of certain of his Majesty's Ministers. But above all they are familiar with the utterances as to cattle-driving of Lord Denman and of that agile politician Mr. T. W. Russell; they know that this illegal and criminal conspiracy was in full progress and effect for nine long months before one single word of condemnation escaped from the lips of Mr. Birrell or of any of his colleagues, while during all that period they were being harried and driven about all over the country, for no other apparent purpose than the degrading one of securing a quiet audience for Members of Parliament and United League organisers in the dissemination of the most flagrant incitements to crime and lawlessness. Of all the disastrous blots in the inglorious administration of Mr. Birrell, the most discreditable has been that he has been the first and only Chief Secretary who by his policy of inactivity has, so far as in him lay, undermined the integrity and efficiency of the most loyal and zealous body of public servants that it was ever the good fortune of king or country to possess.

I have already called attention to the fact that the incident of cattle driving, as Mr. Birrell has been pleased to call it, has apparently been closed for a season, but if hereafter an attempt is made to claim credit for this on behalf of the present Government it must not be forgotten that at the same time the other and more serious forms of agrarian crime are steadily increasing, while the means by which this closing of the incident have been brought about afford an instructive lesson in present Irish politics. The key to the solution is to be found in the speech delivered by the Chief Secretary at Southampton on November 12 last, when he declared that so long as this system of cattle-

driving continued *on the scale to which it had at that time attained* all his schemes and plans and purposes were endangered, and he doubted very much if he should be able to give effect to them. In other words, this was intended as a warning to the United Irish League that, however useful as a political asset cattle-driving might have been in its earlier stages, his English Radical supporters had become alarmed by its rapid development, and that if the League would be good enough to suspend the incident, at least for a season, a reward would be forthcoming in the introduction by him of an Irish University Bill and further proposals for the compulsory acquisition or confiscation of the property of Irish landowners. This warning was not thrown away, and Mr. Birrell in giving it found that he had at least learned, in his short and disastrous experience of Irish administration, that the valves of agrarian agitation in that country are controlled by the Roman Catholic hierarchy and the Irish Nationalist Parliamentary Party, and that while the latter can open the former can close them as easily as he could switch on or off an electric light.

Mark what followed. For nine months cattle-driving and other forms of lawlessness and intimidation had continued in Ireland without one word of reprobation from any Minister of the Crown, while the bishops of the Roman Catholic Church had remained absolutely dumb upon the subject. But within a few days after the Chief Secretary's Southampton speech the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam denounced from his pulpit cattle-driving as both immoral and illegal, and emphasised the risk to the Irish University scheme involved in the continuance of the agitation ; and it is difficult to refrain from the inquiry why, if cattle-driving was both immoral and illegal, and therefore a sin against the laws of God as well as of man, did the Roman Catholic hierarchy reserve their condemnation of it until they were informed upon the authority of the Chief Secretary that it would endanger his programme of intended legislation ? And is not a similar inquiry justified in the case of Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey, who required a period of nine months' gestation before they uttered a whisper of disapproval of an agitation which they have so recently denounced as transparently criminal and immoral ? The fact is that Mr. Birrell, in order to extricate himself from the ignominy of his position, and to be able to meet Parliament with a declaration that cattle-driving is a thing of the past, has given sureties for his future good behaviour to the bishops of the Roman Catholic Church and the leaders of the Irish Nationalist Party. He may, however, find that even the

Nonconformist conscience will revolt from an intrigue by which the temporary cessation of cattle-driving in Ireland has been secured, not by the courageous and impartial administration of the law, but by the sacrifice to the bishops of a particular religion of the interests of higher education in that country, and by the pledge to the Irish Nationalist Party of further measures of land confiscation in consideration of their gracious undertaking that the "blessed hazel" will be placed out of action—at least for a season. In the light of these events, and especially of the recent pilgrimage of Mr. Birrell to Cardinal Logue at Armagh, may we not justly say that the Chief Secretary, the champion of freedom of thought and the foe of clericalism in English primary education,

Is stolen away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave,
Has left the cause o' the King unhandled ; and
Is posted, as the agent of our Cardinal,
To second all his plot.

The pity of the whole situation is to be found in the effect that this display of cowardice and inefficiency upon the part of the Irish Executive has upon the social and economic condition of Ireland. I do not believe that the majority of my fellow countrymen, even in the most disturbed parts of the country, are in any real sympathy with the degrading and demoralising conspiracy of lawlessness and intimidation that now prevails. But when they find the Irish Government, with all the forces of the Crown and all the resources of civilisation at their command, shirking their plain and paramount duty to maintain the supremacy of the law, and to afford its protection to every number of the community in the enjoyment of his own property and the pursuit of his own calling, we can hardly wonder if the Irish people prefer to drift with the tide of agitation and disorder rather than by resistance expose themselves to the ruthless vengeance of the United Irish League, whose courts and decrees have been permitted to usurp the seat of justice and paralyse the law. The only other alternative open to them is to fly to other countries where they can breathe the atmosphere of civil and religious liberty ; and in this connection it is a significant fact that while in 1905, under the administration of Mr. Walter Long, the number of emigrants from Ireland was 30,676, being the lowest figure recorded since 1851, in 1906, under Mr. Bryce's administration, the figures mounted to 35,344, while in 1907, which I venture to predict will be for ever quoted as the year of Mr. Birrell's disastrous and ignominious failure, they reached the alarming total of 39,082.

JAMES H. CAMPBELL.

IS THE TWO-POWER STANDARD ABANDONED ?

THERE can be no doubt that in 1908 England stands at the parting of the ways. The Navy Estimates of the present year will try the British Government and the British Admiralty decisively. They will show whether the policy of "cutting down the Navy for the Socialists" has been abandoned in the face of the enormous programme now before the German Reichstag; whether the Government and the House of Commons understand the danger which menaces this country, and whether they are prepared to take steps to meet the greatest peril that has threatened the British Empire since the days when Napoleon was making ready to invade these islands. For now on the farther shore of the North Sea a fleet is being created of such size and strength as to constitute an open challenge to British aspirations to command the sea. It is not only what is to be actually done in the year 1908 by Germany that is full of menace; her plans are laid far ahead, and we now know that the great programme of 1908 will be succeeded by as great programmes in 1909 and 1910, while in the last-named year a fresh Navy Bill is officially foreshadowed yet further augmenting the Kaiser's fleet. The general outlines of that measure are already being discussed in Germany. It will involve, among other proposals, the speedy replacement of the eight smaller armoured cruisers and the older battleships of the *Kaiser* class now on the German effective list by huge 20,000-ton battleships and armoured cruisers of the improved *Invincible* class—vessels which our semi-official Press quite correctly describes as battleships. It will put up the annual programme from four large armoured ships to five.

Thus any hesitation or delay on England's part in meeting the new German programme will be infinitely disastrous, because it will inevitably encourage Germany to greater efforts, will diminish the British superiority in the most powerful ships of

modern construction, already none too great, and will accumulate enormous liabilities for the future. It will grow more difficult, with each year that the British Admiralty waits and hesitates, to recover lost ground. Already very heavy liabilities have been piled up which call for urgent and immediate discharge. I have never ceased calling attention in this Review to the altogether insufficient programmes of small cruisers and destroyers laid down by this country in the last three years. The nemesis of such misplaced economy is now seen in the fact that the funds available for new construction this year will be largely mortgaged—required for the construction of smaller cruisers and destroyers, which ought to have been provided in instalments in former years. Thus, at the very moment when a great expansion in the battleship programme is vital to British prestige and security, the Admiralty finds that millions will be wanted for other and less important types of ship, to make good the inexorable effects of wear and tear. It finds, too, that other millions will be needed to build the new docks in the North Sea without which the British fleet will be handicapped in its work. The four years which have passed since the site of Rosyth was acquired have been wasted in wretched squabbles between the Admiralty and Treasury; the money which should have been devoted to the creation of a great base there has been turned to other and less important uses; and now the Admiralty is confronted by the fact that it must set to work with desperate haste, and pour out millions, if this country is not going to be completely out-distanced by its rivals. The seven German docks now built or building on the North Sea, and the eighth projected, must be faced by at least eight British docks; and even eight are not enough. This means that six docks for *Dreadnoughts* must be constructed in the immediate future.

The manner in which the new German programme has been received by the nation and its politicians is startling and disquieting. Scarcely a single political speaker of the first rank, with the exception of Mr. Haldane at Hanley, has attempted to deal with it comprehensively, and those who have alluded to it have been content to allege that there is no special need for the country to exert itself this year. One hundred and thirty-six Liberal members, since its proposals were known, have clamoured for further reductions in the outlay on the Navy and Army. The *Daily News* allows scarcely a week to pass without demanding that millions shall be lopped off the expenditure on national defence and applied to old age pensions. A great part of the Liberal Press continues to prostrate itself before the Kaiser and to do the work

of the German Admiralty in England. With some brilliant exceptions, the Unionist Press has not faced the emergency boldly. Mr. Stead alone in this great crisis has come forward with the only sound and patriotic plan, calling for the commencement of two *Dreadnoughts* for each one that Germany begins. He has reminded the nation that its independence and its existence depend upon its fleet, and has declared that, come what will, the British supremacy at sea must be unflinchingly maintained by increased effort.

Before turning to Mr. Haldane's Hanley speech it will be well to note the attitude of what has been called the "Admiralty Press." One great newspaper suggested the abandonment of the two-Power standard by declaring, without examination of the real meaning of that standard, that the United States Navy is not included in it. The *Naval and Military Record*, which has the reputation of being edited from Whitehall, at first alleged that the new German programme was a "paper one," of no very great importance, and thus has enabled Admiral Tirpitz to say in the Reichstag that the German proposals are regarded in England as being of a very mild nature. It has professed to believe that Germany cannot build large ships, though even in its own columns one of the tamest of pro-German journalists has pointed out that

One must not be under an illusion that Germany cannot build the great ships that she desires to have. There may and there probably will be considerable difficulties within two or three years in the German shipbuilding yards . . . but on the other hand the introduction and universal adoption of the modern *Dreadnought* type of battleships gives Germany some advantages that cannot be ignored—namely, that she thereby obtains a better start for the future than she had in 1900.

The same organ has directed insinuations against the "patriots who contend that we should maintain the two-Power standard at any cost," and carried joy into the heart of every German by affirming that British finance will not permit of the expenditure of more than £8,000,000 on new construction annually, "and this sum may easily be exceeded by Germany and America combined without unduly crippling either nation." Yet in 1904 England spent on new construction £11,263,000, and the danger from Germany, though then existent, had not become what it is at the present moment. So that the organ of the Admiralty, while bidding Englishmen sleep in their beds, will surrender the two-Power standard, will defend an insufficient and perilously small vote for new construction, will condemn those who fight for a great and adequate Navy because they know that the

future of the British Empire depends on such a Navy, and will argue that England is too poor to defend herself. If this is the attitude of the Admiralty—and I hope and pray that for once this mischievous journal is not inspired—then an agitation is needed, if only to wake the slumberers of Whitehall, to stir them to meet the German programme with something else than “bounce,” and to overcome the parsimony and shortsightedness of the Treasury and the ignorant and unpatriotic demands of the extreme Radicals and the Labour Party.

There is no hope of disarmament, as the Hague Conference has proved ; indeed, Germany's attitude at that Conference was such as inevitably to suggest that she meditates war at no very distant date with a Power situated exactly as is England. This is a point which cannot be discussed here, but with which I propose to deal on some future occasion, since it sheds an instructive light upon German policy. But for England to cast away her armour when other Powers refuse to disarm would be simply national suicide. Do even the Peace Society men and the advanced Socialists wish to see the defeat of the British fleets at sea, the invasion of British soil, the total ruin of British industry, starvation for the multitude of poor, the exodus of capital, the imposition of a gigantic indemnity, and the end in fire and blood of all the great ideals which the British Empire of old represented ? The complete collapse of the disarmament movement therefore involves the most vigorous prosecution of a policy of strengthening the national defences, repairing the damage done to the regular Army, and making good the impolitic and dangerous economies on the Navy.

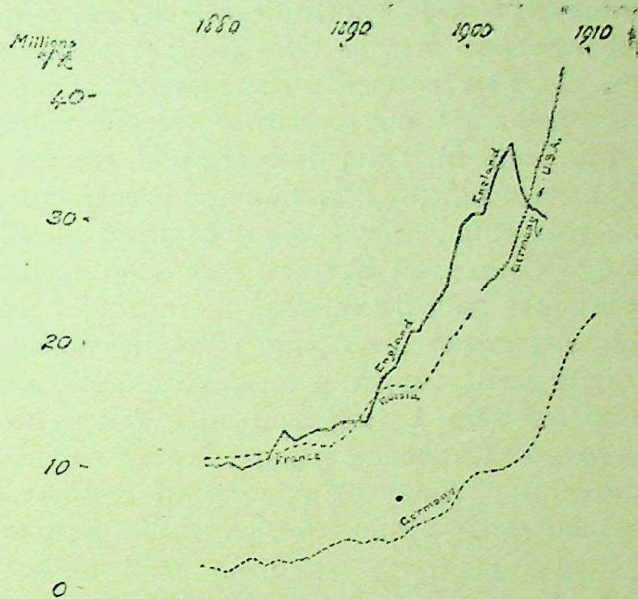
It is something to Mr. Haldane's credit that he does not, with the journals which profess to represent the interests of the Navy, tuck his head in the sand like the proverbial ostrich. He sees the danger, but he emits only a shrill cry of despair. The time may come, he said at Hanley, when England with 44,000,000 people will not be able to maintain her two-Power Navy against the 100,000,000 of the United States and the 60,000,000 of German population. The population of Germany, by the way, is already 62,000,000, and by the end of another decade will exceed 70,000,000. Has Mr. Haldane become a Tariff Reformer, for this retardation of the expansion of England's population and this rapid growth in the population of her protected rivals has always been one of the strongest arguments of those who follow Mr. Chamberlain ? But it speedily appears that Mr. Haldane is not a Tariff Reformer. He only states the results of the existing British fiscal policy, which levies tribute on the

children, not on the stranger. He has no policy to meet the danger, and is content to wring his hands and utter the modern equivalent of *φεῦ, φεῦ!* Even so, he forgets that in the past England with a scanty population made head against terrific odds. In the seventeenth century, with a population of only 9,000,000, she defeated France and Spain with populations of 30,000,000 or more, though her revenue was only £5,000,000 to their £35,000,000. In Napoleon's day she survived a struggle with an empire directed and controlled by the greatest military genius the world has ever seen. Then, too, the odds against her were great, despite the deplorable condition of French finances, and despite the ruin of the French Navy by the Pelletans of the Revolution. With a population of 45,000,000 and a treasury poorly filled, Japan met and defeated the might of the greatest state in Europe, Russia; and with a revenue none too large, indeed, pitifully small according to Western ideas, she is now building ship for ship against the United States, because her people are prepared to make any sacrifice for national security and independence. Thus the position of the British people is far from hopeless if they can unite the Empire, if they can carry out a far-seeing policy of reform such as Mr. Chamberlain conceived, and if they will face the sacrifices involved in maintaining a great fleet with a calm and brave heart, paying no attention to the counsels of the friends of the enemy.

What is the policy that will meet our needs? Mr. Haldane tells us that we shall have to be ready to meet an invading force on British shores, thereby throwing over bag and baggage the extreme theories of the Blue Water school. But his way of preparing to encounter this peril, which must inevitably arise if the fleet is weakened, is the most singular that man can conceive. It consists in cutting down the regular infantry available by over 40,000 men, in reducing the artillery by a large number of batteries (by how many is still uncertain); in trusting for defence to a mass of men without modern artillery, equipped with obsolete guns, who will not be ready to take the field till six months after the invading force has landed; in withdrawing the British garrisons from numerous naval bases, and weakening the garrisons in other bases, on the sole supposition that the British Navy is of such overwhelming force that it can command the sea to all time, and prevent attacks which even the British Navy of 1803-14 with its much greater relative superiority was not able to avert. While he abandons the old theory, he continues to act upon it. Is there a more striking example of

the want of clear thought and resolute action which is conducting the British Empire to the verge of an abyss ?

Behind Mr. Haldane's cloud of words is, however, the undoubted fact that England is going to be financially pressed to the very utmost to maintain a fleet equal to the two-Power



Total Naval Expenditure: (1) England, (2) Germany, (3) next two Powers. Naval works not included in English figures, or pensions in the German.

The American figure for 1908 is the estimated one, not yet sanctioned.

standard. It is here necessary to digress, in view of the extraordinary pronouncement of a leading journal, and to call attention to what the two-Power standard really is. It was thus defined by Lord George Hamilton in his speech introducing the Naval Defence Act of 1889 (the italics are ours) :

I have endeavoured . . . to study the speeches of those who in previous years have held my position and that of Prime Minister, so as to ascertain what was the paramount idea underlying their utterances when they spoke of the standard of strength on which our naval establishment should be maintained. I think I am correct in saying that that idea has been that our establishment should be on such a scale that it should *at least be equal to the naval strength of any two other countries*. . . For the purpose of meeting . . . unexpected blows we should have a considerable margin of reserve.

He added that these were "incontrovertible conclusions." A few weeks later Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman accepted this standard in his speech of April 1, 1889 :

I accept in the fullest and most complete form the doctrine that it is necessary for this country to hold the command of the sea. I accept the

doctrine that the test and standard of this supremacy is that our fleet should be as strong as the combined strength of any two other fleets in the world.

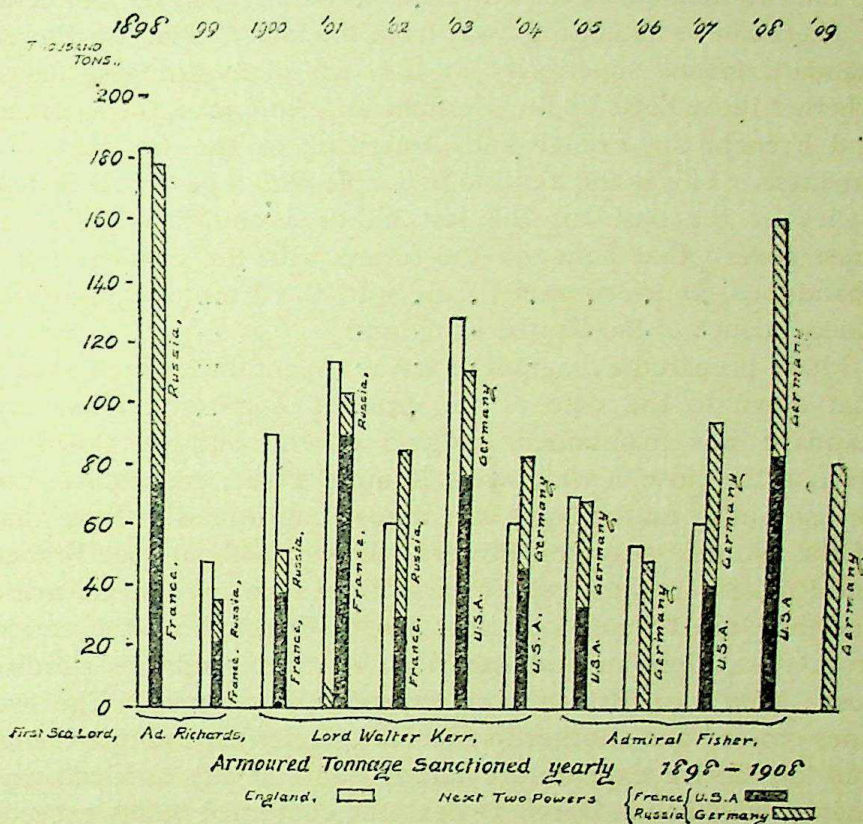
Mr. Balfour supplemented this in 1906 by pointing out that the Unionist Government maintained the fleet on a basis of equality to the two next strongest Powers, plus a margin of ten per cent.

There can be no getting away from the facts. The two-Power standard means superiority to the two next strongest fleets, whether those fleets be the German and American, the German and French, the French and American, or the German and Japanese. This is the historic principle which governed British policy in the past for the last hundred and fifty years; it must govern that policy in the future, with the penalty, if it is abandoned, of ever-present danger to the Empire and to the independence of the United Kingdom.

I have prepared a diagram of naval expenditure which shows that down to the date of the present Admiralty *régime* the standard was maintained, judging by the outlay. Down to 1904, at the close of which year Admiral Fisher took office, the British outlay on the Navy was almost continuously above that of the two next strongest Powers. Down to about 1902 France and Russia were those two Powers; from 1902 onwards Germany and the United States took their place. Throughout the period from 1902, German and American naval expenditure steadily rose; from 1904, British naval expenditure declined. The two lines crossed one another in 1906, the foreign expenditure rising, and the British expenditure falling; and in the financial year 1907-8, which ends March 31 next, the combined outlay exceeds our own by about £6,000,000, or by £3,000,000 if allowance is made for British outlay on naval works. For the year 1908-9 the combined outlay will probably be about £44,000,000, though the American and German estimates have not yet been voted.

A second diagram shows graphically year by year the armoured tonnage sanctioned for the British Navy and the next two navies. It will be seen that down to 1906 the British superiority in displacement was maintained, but that in 1907 England fell enormously below the standard, and barely kept pace with Germany alone. The programmes of the foreign combination for 1908 are shown, and will indicate the gravity of the task before the nation. To hold its own, if all the German and American ships are sanctioned, it must lay down eight *Dreadnoughts*, which, by the way, is precisely the number required by Mr. Stead's standard of two keels to the German one. But a programme of eight *Dreadnoughts* per annum involves an outlay on new construction of about £17,000,000 per annum, when

allowance is made for other ships, which cannot be omitted ; it involves estimates of £45,000,000 or even £50,000,000, and these not for one single exceptional year, but for a long continuance of years, until Germany abandons the contest with England.



This diagram shows that since 1904 the two-Power standard has not been maintained against Germany and U.S.A.

And it must be remembered that with compulsory service Germany can always do more with each pound than England, and that, despite the alleged impediments of protection, which, our professors tell us, makes everything dear in the protected country, ships in Germany do not cost more than in England. Where is the money to be found, and how can it be raised without fatally injuring British trade and industry ?

The hope that Germany will not be able to find the funds for her policy of naval expansion rests on very insecure foundations. The fact is not generally understood that what may be called the Imperial expenditure of Germany is even now much less than that of England. The following figures, taken from the German Statistisches Jahrbuch for 1894 and 1907, show the advance in German Imperial expenditure :

	1890. £ millions.	1907. £ millions.
Army*	37.7	44.9
Navy*	3.6	14.8
National debt interest.	2.4	6.8
Total	43.7	66.5

In the interval the German revenue has risen from £62,000,000 in 1890 to £116,000,000 in 1907. When we turn to England, we find that the Imperial expenditure was as follows—largely through British military inefficiency in the past, which has burdened the nation with an enormous debt :

	1890. £ millions.	1907. £ millions.
Army	17.4	27.7
Navy	16.0	31.4
National debt charge	25.2	31.1
Total	58.6	90.2

In the period the revenue has increased from £89,000,000 to £142,000,000. It is thus a fact that the taxation for Imperial and defence purposes is already heavier in England than it is in Germany, and Germany might vote another £24,000,000 to her navy before the German level reached our own. These figures convey the gravest possible warning to the country, since they demonstrate the need of a policy of financial concentration which shall husband the resources of the country and apply them first and foremost to the most imperative need—a strong Navy. To hold our own at sea, quite apart from social reforms and old age pensions, new methods of taxation will be required. The only alternative is for the nation to throw up the sponge and emulate, not the Japan of 1908, but the China of 1860.

We have, too, to face the prospect of a decline in trade with a falling instead of an expanding revenue. All the indirect taxes have been diminished or removed, with one or two exceptions which are marked down to go, and the burden of maintaining the Empire has been shifted to the shoulders of a single class, with the result that the income tax no longer remains a resource upon which to draw for emergency expenditure. The death duties have been raised to a point where they are unquestionably affecting the growth of capital, so that they are making capital scarce in this country and sending up the rate of interest, which is in itself a disaster to a mercantile community. Further to increase them would be at once foolish and dangerous, though it will probably be done. If in this situation, with the certainty of

* Pensions included.

enormously increased demands for the Navy in the next ten years, the Government commits itself to a huge outlay on old age pensions, the consequence must be that the fleet will be starved and the pensions will speedily vanish, since sooner or later either England will be defeated and deprived of her wealth, or else she will be compelled by her evident and terrible danger to spend money profusely—perhaps too late—in an hour of panic. Yet it is a sinister fact that the *Radical Nation*, so called, I presume, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, because it espouses the cause of every country but its own,* has urged the necessity of a great pension scheme, precisely because such a scheme would cripple British armaments. This is the reasoning of a M. Jaurès or a M. Hervé, and it has no doubt led the German naval authorities to strain every nerve to obtain an advantage against this country while a Government whose journals advocate such a suicidal policy as this is in power.

Those who know the history of France will be struck by the singular and sinister parallel between that country in 1868 and England in 1908. The King of Prussia had visited Paris in 1867, and Moltke and Bismarck had carefully reconnoitred the ground round the French capital for future eventualities. The German Emperor has visited England during 1907, so timing his visit that it exactly coincided with the production of the new German naval programme, and has thus silenced the sycophantic portion of the British Press. The evident needs of national defence led Napoleon III. in 1868 to attempt the strengthening of his army, just as the evident needs of the British Navy in 1908 must lead those "agitators" who care for their king and country to exert themselves to the utmost for a British Naval Act which shall decree that each year two keels are laid down for each German one.

After Sadowa [says Professor Denis, in his masterly *Fondation de l'Empire Allemand*] France felt at her heart that her peace and safety had been suddenly endangered. . . . In these miserable years, when the destiny of France was settled for a generation, all parties were equally at fault. . . . Thiers and the middle class . . . had not the courage to resign themselves to the sacrifices necessary to assure the defence of the country. The Imperial Government on its side did not dare to demand these sacrifices. . . . The only means of averting war would have been to develop our armaments and to reform our military system. . . . But everything was limited to plans of

* It now supports Germany, who is persecuting the Poles, and attacks the Tsar, whose hostility to the Poles, if really existent, is inspired from Berlin. The only possible inference is that it is right for a Power hostile to England to do that which it is wrong for a Power friendly to England to do.

reform; nothing was done. The discussions in the Corps Legislatif, where the demands of Marshal Niel (the War Minister) conflicted with the prejudices and selfishness of the deputies, produced on spectators the impression of military conferences held in a lunatic asylum, and shed the most lamentable light on the spirit of the representatives. The Ministers were false to the most elementary sense of duty in giving way before this ignoble coalition of dishonest interests or open cowardice. Niel himself never grasped the immense resources of Prussia. His first proposals were altogether insufficient.

And he did not obtain even these. His successor, the notorious Lebœuf, was a "sort of Calonne turned soldier, whose attitudinising as a blustering good fellow delighted his sovereign and the majority who only asked to be deceived, so as to be freed from exertions which the people of France would but reluctantly have supported. His wild assertions were welcomed without criticism." These generals dragged down Napoleon to his doom, aided and abetted by Thiers, who, in a speech afterwards suppressed by him, ridiculing the forces of Prussia, declared that France must not be terrified by "chimerical figures," and that she should be pacified by words, not armed by deeds. Nor can the conduct of the French Radical Party be overlooked which denounced all armaments and affected to believe that no one would attack France. The tragic pages of M. Ollivier's great History of the Empire are full of the false assurances given by the French generals to their unhappy master. The Emperor was at this stage a mere lay figure, without the courage or energy to enforce his will or to serve his country faithfully. The army, which was "ready to the last gaiter-button," according to its staff, collapsed in such defeat as the military world had never before known in the face of the force which it had disparaged and ridiculed as a mere "militia." So overweening was the French generals' confidence that on the very eve of the war the French Government, in a mad attempt to secure general disarmament, had cut down its regular army by 10,000 men, thus anticipating Mr. Haldane's policy, and this though Bismarck had contemptuously kicked aside the French invitation to disarm.

Will this sinister parallel be repeated? Will the British Government of to-day be so infatuated as to repeat the mistake of Napoleon III., and fail to strengthen adequately the British naval forces? Will Admiral Fisher prove himself a Moltke, or be likened hereafter to a Lebœuf? And will the House of Commons repeat the craven and unpatriotic behaviour of the Corps Legislatif of 1868, or imitate its own precedents of the early nineteenth century? Let no one think that it is safe to postpone expenditure and "wait and see" what the Germans are going to

do. The German votes for the four large *Dreadnoughts* to be laid down in 1908 are so heavy that it is clear these ships are going to be completed with unusual speed.* And there is this further fact which should not be omitted from a study of the situation. Any sign of weakness or faltering on England's part will stimulate Germany to yet greater exertions, and will shake the position of the British Empire throughout the world.

Yet it must be admitted with sorrow that there is no sign of a great awakening to the danger. When Napoleon, with a fleet one-third that of England's, menaced the British people in 1803, the British Press performed its duty nobly. It sounded the cry of alarm and aroused the nation by its efforts. To-day it is for the most part content to pretend that there is no need for any special exertion. The public, confused by the assurances and misleading comparisons of the Admiralty scribes, who are wont to contrast the British Navy of 1908 with the British Navy of 1888 or 1898, forgetting that the real test is the comparison of the British predominance as against two Powers in 1888 or 1898 with the predominance as against two Powers in 1908, imagines that the command of the sea is British by a law of nature as eternal as the great principle of gravitation. It must be remorselessly reminded that invasion remains a perpetual danger while the North Sea is ill guarded by the British squadrons, while for weeks, as this last Christmastide, not a single organised fleet has remained available to meet a sudden blow, and while the Home Fleet for a whole month has only mustered five of the twelve armoured ships which are supposed to be always "practically ready for war." In Germany the nation is steadily being educated to take an intelligent interest in the Navy, and the German Navy League, which is in all but words a department of the German Admiralty, exists perpetually to agitate for more ships and more men. In England the people neither know nor care about the fleet: the subject is almost boycotted in the Press; there is no professional journal of the standing of the *Marine Rundschau*, and what naval journals exist are ready to consider the surrender of British supremacy. The fate of the Empire has been committed to voters who "know not what they ask," and to whose wishes both parties pander. Yet nothing is more certain than that if the nation will make no sacrifices for national defence

* Counting these four ships, Germany will this year have ten *Dreadnoughts* and *Invincibles* building to the British one complete and nine building or completing. Allowing that the two British *Nelsons* are equal to *Dreadnoughts*, we shall have twelve of the new types to the German ten. The need for a large British battleship programme in 1908 is therefore obvious.

to-day, it will hereafter be condemned to see its wealth taken from it by force of the mailed fist, leaving for it ruin and starvation. The moral of Athens is there for all to see. Because the Athenian people, disregarding the entreaties and warnings of their great orator, would not face the sacrifice of arming to withstand Macedon, but expended on the ancient equivalent of old age pensions the money needed for their navy, at the bidding of a party in the Macedonian interest, they lost their independence, and the Athenian poor were killed or banished. Without security there can be no national prosperity, no great industry, no healthy life. And the claims of security demand that at whatever cost England shall year by year lay down two keels to the Kaiser's one, and shall not flinch from the sacrifices which such a course must involve.

H. W. WILSON.

SARAH BERNHARDT'S MEMOIRS

I.—PROVIDENCE seems to be generous, and at the same time economical in the matter of providing men and women of genius to a gaping world. Economical, because such *Erscheinungen* are rare; generous, because every human being, to whatever generation he belongs, will probably have the good fortune during the span of his years to watch a portion of the transit of some great comet.

In the matter of actors and actresses of genius this is especially true. Their visits to the earth, like those of the spirit of Delight, are rare, and yet our forefathers had the privilege of seeing Mrs. Siddons and Garrick, our fathers beheld Rachel and Talma, and we shall be able to irritate our children, when they wax enthusiastic over their new idol, with reminiscences of Sarah Bernhardt.

Sometimes, of course, the *Erscheinung* lasts for several generations, and I have talked with persons who have seen Rachel and Sarah Bernhardt, and with some who, so far from fulfilling the conventional duties of *laudatores temporis acti*, declare that in the first two acts of *Phèdre* Sarah Bernhardt surpassed Rachel. Such was also the opinion of that eminently conservative critic, Francisque Sarcey.

The actor's art dies with him, but the rumour of it, when it is very great, lives on the tongue and sometimes in the soul of man, forming a part of his dreams and of his visions. The great of old still rule, as Byron says, our spirits from their urns; and we who never saw Rachel have an idea of her genius owing to accounts of her contemporaries, and chiefly thanks to the pen of Charlotte Brontë. Her genius is a fact in the dreams of mankind, just as the beauty of Helen of Troy and the charm of Mary Stuart, with whom it may be said that many generations of men fell in love. So shall it be with Sarah Bernhardt. There will, it is to be hoped, be great actresses in the future—actresses filled with the Muses' madness, and constrained to enlarge rather than to interpret the masterpieces of the

world; but Providence, with that admirable economy to which I have alluded, never repeats its effects, and there will never be another Sarah Bernhardt; just in the same way as there will never be another Heinrich Heine. Yet when the incredible moment comes for her to leave us, in a duller and greyer world, her name and the memory of her fame shall endure for ever in the indestructible temple of the dreams of mankind.

II.—Sarah Bernhardt has delighted several generations, and there was a time when some of our leading English critics, in the "first fine careless rapture" of their discovery of Eleonora Duse (whom by the way the English public was exceedingly slow in discovering), followed the advice which the Archbishop of Rheims gave to Clovis and set to work to burn what they had adored; Duse was lauded to the skies, Sarah, it was said, had been matched and beaten on her own ground. This was but the old story of asking grapes of fig-trees and figs of the vine. And the critics who said that Sarah did not give them what only Duse's personality could afford, did not seem to reflect that they might just as well, but for the accident of time, be finding fault with Duse for not being Sarah Bernhardt. I am not finding fault with the critics for having drawn comparisons, but for the manner in which the comparisons were drawn. Duse has her own province in which she is supreme and unapproachable. Nobody can ever play *La Locondiera* as Duse has played it; but this does not affect the question of Sarah's supremacy in her own field, and to ask Sarah for Duse's unique way of dealing with Fabrizio, or for her Tolstoi-like reality and sense of truth would be like asking Duse to give us Sarah's intonation in the speeches of *Phèdre*. Both actresses have played the same parts, and triumphed in the same parts, and here, of course, comparison is inevitable. But surely preference in this case is a matter of taste. When Duse first played *Magda* in London, the critics raved over the performance and said that Sarah was annihilated, but I was present one night at a performance of *Magda* in Paris at the Renaissance Theatre by Sarah; in her own phrase, *le Dieu était là*, and I shall never forget the tumultuous thrill that passed through the audience when *Magda*, at the thoughts of being separated from her child, let loose a flood of passion, charged with the elemental love of a mother defending her child. Here the *advocatus Diaboli* will chuckle and say something about "tearing a passion to pieces." This was just what it was not. The tirade was concentrated and subdued, and it culminated in a whisper which had the vehemence of a whirlwind. The scene was interrupted by a spontaneous cry of applause, the like

of which I have indeed witnessed before, and since, when Sarah has played, but which I have never seen called forth by the art of any other actor or actress. I have mentioned this question of comparison for one reason only—to point out its fundamental unfairness. It is unfair for this reason. People compare the whole of Duse's art with Sarah Bernhardt in one or two parts, without taking into consideration the whole of Sarah Bernhardt's achievement, the glory of her past, the width of her range, the whole service she has rendered to art by the way she has interpreted the French classics, Victor Hugo and Shakespeare, and Edmond Rostand, whom she almost created. To be just, one should compare the whole of Duse's art with the whole of Sarah Bernhardt's. The reason this is not done is because it is absurd. It would be like comparing Keats' poetry with Tolstoi's novels or Burne-Jones with George Sand.

Now that we have the first volume of her *Mémoires* before us, we are brought face to face with the fact that Sarah's achievement is not a matter of a few star parts; it is a series of long and difficult campaigns, a prolonged wrestle with the angel of art, in which the angel has been defeated by an inflexible will and an inspired ambition.

III.—There are two fundamental key-notes which sound all through the *Mémoires* of this marvellous woman. One is "*Faire ce qu'on veut*," and the other "*Je m'en fiche*." It is the first note which inspires the woman to grapple with and overcome all difficulties and to arrive at the summit for which she set out. It is the second which enabled her on the dizzy heights to retain a salutary sense of proportion, to estimate the triumphs of the world, however great, at their proper value, and not to be led into exaggerating them. It is likewise the second which arms her against the weapons of envy, hatred and malice, falsehood and calumny.

It was on the day on which she was received as a pupil into the Conservatoire, Madame Bernhardt tells us, that the awakening of her will took place. "*Être quelqu'un je voulais cela*." The story of her apprenticeship is full of interest for all artists, and should be studied by young actors and actresses.

Carlyle was right in saying that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains; and Baudelaire was right in saying that "*l'inspiration est de travailler tous les jours*," since as a rule only people who possess genius have that infinite capacity, and that unassuageable thirst for incessant work. The capacity of taking pains which is displayed by the mechanical *routinier* is one of the most finite things in the world. For the man who works merely

according to mechanical routine accomplishes the exact amount of work required of him and no more ; whereas the genius does six times as much work as is required of him. Sarah Bernhardt had this infinite capacity. From the time when in her convent she learned her comrade's part in *Atalie* up to the present day, her whole life has been a record of the labour and the recreation of genius—change of work. Emerson says that Napoleon enlarged the known capacity of man for business. The same thing might have been said about Sarah Bernhardt. There is much that is Napoleonic in her ; her belief in her star (which led her for instance to insist on crossing the bay of St. Louis on a bridge of boats which was on the verge of being destroyed, and was destroyed immediately after her passage) ; her power of being able to go to sleep whenever she wishes and for however long she wishes, and her power of being able to do two things at once ; but unlike Napoleon, owing to her fundamental indifference, she never lets her head be turned by success.

Sarah Bernhardt made her *début* at the Théâtre Français in 1862, in *Iphigénie* of Racine. Sarcey, writing of her performance, says : "Elle se tient bien et prononce avec une netteté parfaite. C'est tout ce qu'on peut dire en ce moment." It was not until nearly ten years afterwards that she achieved her first notable success in *Le Passant*, by François Coppée, and not until January 26, 1872, that she was hailed by the general public as a rising star, as the Queen in *Ruy Blas* at the Odéon, and became, in her own words, something more than "la petite fée des étudiants, l'Elue du Public."

It was during this year she left the Odéon for the Théâtre Français and made her reappearance in *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle* without success. In writing of this performance, Sarcey expresses scepticism as to whether Sarah Bernhardt will ever achieve power as well as grace, and strength as well as charm. "Je doute," he writes, "que Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt trouve jamais dans son délicieux organe ces notes éclatantes et profondes, pour exprimer le paroxysme des passions violentes, qui transportent une salle. Si la nature lui avait donné ce don, elle serait une artiste complète, et il n'y en a pas de telles au théâtre."

It was during a performance of *Zaire* on a stifling August night in 1873 that Sarah Bernhardt discovered that she had vast stores of energy and electric force at her immediate disposal and under absolute control. She had rebelled against acting during the summer months. Perrin, the director of the Théâtre Français, had insisted. When the night of the performance of *Zaire* arrived (August 6) Sarah determined to exhaust all the force that

was in her, and as she was at that time extremely delicate and used to spit blood, she decided to spite Perrin by dying. She strained every nerve, she cried in earnest, she suffered in earnest ; she gave a cry of real pain when struck by the stage dagger, and when it was all over and she felt convinced that her last hour must have come ; she then discovered to her amazement that she was perfectly fresh and ready to begin the performance all over again. She realised on this day that her intellect and will could draw when they pleased on her physical resources, and that she could do what she liked with her vocal chords. This explains a mystery that has often puzzled the spectator of her art—her power of letting herself go, of bursting into a terrific explosion, and then when you think her voice must be for ever broken by the effort, of opening, as it were, another stop, and letting flow a ripple as from a flute of the purest gold.

It was in her performance of *Phèdre* that Sarah Bernhardt showed that she possessed not only grace but power, and her performance of *Doña Sol* in *Hernani* (November 21, 1877) definitely sealed her reputation not only as a tragedian but as the incarnation of something new and exotic, of something "rich and strange," and as an actress with an incomparable faculty of speaking verse.

In 1879, the Comédie Française visited London, and all London went mad about Sarah Bernhardt. The play-bills of the Comédie Française of those days make one's mouth water. Was there ever in the history of the world a more perfect cast ? Coquelin, Got, Delaunay, Mounet Sully, Worms, Maubant, Febvre among the men, Croizette, Baretta, Madeleine Brohan, Sarah Bernhardt among the women. A faultless *ensemble* for tragedy and comedy, with a large sprinkling of individual geniuses. Such a combination seems too good to be true. Fortunate was the generation which had the privilege of seeing these performances ! In 1880, the glory of this theatrical age of gold was eclipsed and diminished, by the flight of Sarah Bernhardt, who, after a quarrel arising out of the performance of *L'Aventurière*, suddenly sent in her resignation, and, after a short season in London, in May 1880 started for America.

IV.—Her rupture with the Théâtre Français was a momentous turning-point in the career of Sarah Bernhardt. When it occurred the whole artistic world deplored the fact. And there are many eminent critics in France and in England who have never ceased to deplore it to this day ; when one, however, reviews the whole career of Sarah Bernhardt, one is forced to the conclusion that it could not have been otherwise. The Théâtre

Français at that time seemed indeed an ideal temple of art for such an inspired priestess ; but Sarah Bernhardt was more than a priestess of art ; she was a personality, a force, a power, which had to find its full expression, its utmost development, and when one weighs the pros and cons of the matter, I do not think we have been the losers ; her art may at times have suffered from her travels and her freedom ; on the other hand, had she remained in the narrower confines of the Théâtre Français we might perhaps have never realised her full capacities. In fact, had she remained at the Théâtre Français she would not have been Sarah Bernhardt. Moreover, we should have lost probably quite as much as we should have gained. It is true we should never have seen her in plays that were utterly unworthy of her ; on the other hand we should probably never have witnessed her *Lorenzaccio*, her *Hamlet*, her *L'Aiglon*. It can safely be said that we should never have had the series of plays Sardou wrote for her : *Fédora*, *Théodora*, *La Tosca*, &c. Some people will contend that this would have been an advantage. Many people despise Sardou, and talk of his machine-made plays. But the fact remains it needs a man of genius to write these machine-made plays, and not only a woman of genius, but Sarah Bernhardt, and none other, to play them. Eleonora Duse, for instance, in *Fédora* does not reach the audience at all. Had these "machine-made" plays never been written, we should never have known one side of Sarah Bernhardt's genius. I do not say it is the noblest side ; but I do say that what we should have missed, and what Sardou's plays revealed, is a manifestation of vital power and electric energy the like of which the world had never seen before ; and to see Sarah Bernhardt play *La Tosca*, when she is inspired, when in her own phrase "le Dieu est là" is to enlarge one's conception of the dæmonic power of human personality.

The high-water mark of Sarah's poetical and intellectual achievements were probably reached in her *Phèdre* and her *Hamlet*.* But the utmost limits of the strength of her

* Some of the best-known French critics consider *Lorenzaccio* to be her finest part. With regard to this point it is interesting to compare the verdict of a French and an English critic. Mr. Bernard Shaw wrote about her performance of *Lorenzaccio* as follows ; "Certainly the *Lorenzaccio* of De Musset, the filthy wretch who is a demon and an angel, with his fierce, serpent-tongued repartees, his subtle blasphemies, his cynical levity playing over a passion of horror at the wickedness and cowardice of the world that tolerates him, is a conception which Madame Bernhardt has failed to gather from the text—if she has troubled herself to gather any original imaginative conception from it, which I cannot help doubting."

Let us turn now to the verdict of one of the most fastidious of French

personality were revealed in Sardou's plays ; for Sardou had the intuition to guess what forces lay in the deeps of Sarah's personality, and the power and skill to make plays which, like subtle engines, should cause these forces to reveal themselves at their highest power, to find full expression, and to burst in a glory of storm and flame. There is, to my mind, something more than cleverness in this. To hear people talk one would think it was child's-play to write plays like Sardou's ; but if this is the case, one wonders why more people do not do it and thereby become enormously rich.

There is another thing to be said with regard to Sarah Bernhardt's emancipation from the Théâtre Français. Had she never been independent, had she never been her own master and her own stage manager, she would never have realised for us a whole series of poetical visions and pictures which have had a deep and lasting influence on contemporary art. We should never have seen Théodora walk like one of Burne Jones' dreams come to life amidst the splendours of the Byzantine Court,

Tenendo un giglio ne le ceree dita.

We should never have seen La Princesse Lointaine crowned with lilies, sumptuous and sad, like one of Swinburne's early poems ; nor La Samaritaine evoke the spices, the fire and the vehemence of the Song of Solomon ; nor Gismonda, with chrysanthemums in her hair, amidst the jewelled glow of the Middle Ages, and against the background of the Acropolis ; nor Izéil incarnating the soul and dreams of India. Eliminate these things and you eliminate one of the sources of inspiration of

critics, M. J. de Tillet, in the *Revue Bleue* of December 1896 : " Cette fois ç'a été le vrai triomphe, sans restrictions et sans réserves. Je vous ai dit la semaine dernière qu'elle avait atteint, et presque dépassé le sommet de l'art. Je viens de relire *Lorenzaccio*, et ç'a été une joie nouvelle, plus rassise et plus convaincue, de retrouver et d'évoquer ses intonations et ses gestes. Elle a donné la vie à ce personnage de Lorenzo, que personne n'avait osé aborder avant elle ; elle a maintenu, à travers toute la pièce, ce caractère complexe et hésitant ; elle en a rendu toutes les nuances avec une vérité et une profondeur singulières. Admirable d'un bout à l'autre, sans procédés et sans " déblayage," sans excès et sans cris, elle nous a émus jusqu'au fond de l'âme, par la simplicité et la justesse de sa diction, par l'art souverain des attitudes et des gestes. Et, j'insiste sur ce point, elle a donné au rôle tout entier, sans faiblesse et sans arrêt, une inoubliable physionomie. Qu'elle parle ou qu'elle se taise, elle est *Lorenzaccio* des pieds à la tête, corps et âme ; elle 'vit' son personnage, et elle le fait vivre pour nous. Le talent de Mme. Sarah Bernhardt m'a parfois plus inquiété que charmé. C'est une raison de plus pour que je répète aujourd'hui qu'elle a atteint le sublime. Jamais, je n'ai rien vu, au théâtre, qui égalât ce qu'elle a donné dans *Lorenzaccio*."

modern art ; you take away something from D'Annunzio's poetry, from Maeterlinck's prose ; you destroy one of the mainsprings of Rostand's work ; you annihilate some of the colours of modern painting, and you stifle some of the notes of modern music ; for in all these things you can trace in various degrees the subtle influence of Sarah Bernhardt.

V.—In what does the magic, the secret of Sarah Bernhardt consist ? As far as her life and her career are concerned we have seen that the mainsprings of it were indomitable determination, blent with a fine indifference to the opinion of the crowd, and a saving sense of proportion enabling her to keep a cool head and a just estimate of worldly fame amidst a tornado of praise, and sometimes in face of volleys of abuse. But as to the secret of her art, when one has said that Sarah Bernhardt worked like a slave until she attained a perfect mastery over the means at her disposal, when one has said that her attitudes and gestures are a poem in themselves and that if she played Phèdre in dumb-show it would be worth while going to see, and that if she played Doña Sol in the dark it would be worth a pilgrimage to hear, when one has said this one has said nearly all that can be put into words, and one has said nothing ; one has left out the most important part, and in fact everything that matters, because one has omitted the whole effect of her personality, which depends on gestures, look, voice, movement, intonation combined, and something else which one cannot define, the charm, the witchery, the spell which defy analysis.

When as Cleopatra she approached Antony, saying "Je suis la reine d'Égypte," one felt that the fate of empires, the dominion of the world, the lordship of Rome, would have no chance in the balance against five silver words and a smile, and that the world would be well lost ; and one envied Antony his ruin and his doom.

But this magic, this undefinable charm, is a thing about which it is useless to write. One must state its existence, and with a thought of pity for those who have not had the opportunity of feeling it and still more for those who are unable to feel it, one passes on. There is no more to be said. It is likewise impossible to define the peculiar thrill that has convulsed a whole audience when Sarah rises to an inspired height of passion, from the days when she defied Don Ruy Gomez in *Hernani* until those when she defied the Inquisition in *La Sorcière*. When the spark falls in these Heaven-sent moments, she seems to be carried away and to carry us with her in a whirlwind from a crumbling world. It is fruitless to dwell at

length on this theme, but one can perhaps be permitted to recall some minor occasions on which the genius of Sarah Bernhardt worked miracles.

I remember one such occasion in the autumn of 1899. The South African War had been declared, and a concert was being held at the Ritz Hotel in aid of the British wounded. It was a raw and dark November afternoon. In the dining-room of the Ritz Hotel there was gathered together a well-dressed and singularly uninspiring crowd, which was not only depressed by the gloomy news from the front, but suffering from anticipated boredom at the thoughts of a tedious entertainment in the afternoon. Sarah Bernhardt walked on to the platform dressed in furs, and prepared to recite *La Chanson d'Evrardus*, by Victor Hugo, and an accompanist sat down before the piano to accompany the recitation with music. I remember my heart sinking. I felt that a recitation to music of a love-song in that Ritz drawing-room on that gloomy afternoon, before a crowd of depressed people, mostly stolid Britishers, was inappropriate; I wished the whole entertainment would vanish, and I felt extremely uncomfortable and pitied Sarah from the bottom of my heart. Then Sarah opened her lips and began to speak the wonderful lyric (I quote for the pleasure of writing the words):

Si tu veux faisons un rêve.
Montons sur deux palefrois;
Tu m'emmènes, je t'enlève.
L'oiseau chante dans les bois.

Je suis ton maître et ta proie;
Partons, c'est la fin du jour;
Mon cheval sera la joie,
Ton cheval sera l'amour.

Ritz and the well-dressed crowd, and the raw November air, and the gloom of the war, the depression and the tedium all disappeared.

Nous ferons toucher leurs têtes;
Les voyages sont aisés;
Nous donnerons à ses bêtes
Une avoine de baisers.

Viens! nos doux chevaux mensonges
Frappent du pied tous les deux,
Le mien au fond des songes
Et le tien au fond des cieux.

Un bagage est nécessaire;
Nous emporterons nos vœux,
Nos bonheurs, notre misère,
Et la fleur de tes cheveux.

One heard the champing of the steeds in an enchanted forest, the song of the calling bird, and the laughter of adventurous lovers.

Viens, le soir brunit les chênes
Le moineau rit ; ce moqueur
Entend le doux bruit des chaînes
Que tu m'as mises au cœur.

Ce ne sera point ma faute
Si les forêts et les monts,
En nous voyons côte à côte,
Ne murmurent pas : Aimons !

Viens, sois tendre, je suis ivre.
O les verts taillis mouillés !
Ton souffle te fera suivre
Des papillons réveillés.

In the second line of the last stanza quoted:

O les verts taillis mouillés !

her voice suddenly changed its key and passed, as it were, from a minor of tenderness to an abrupt major of childlike wonder or delighted awe, it half broke into something between a sob of joy and a tearful smile ; one saw the dew-drenched grasses and the gleaming thickets, and then as she said the two next lines the surprise died in mystery and infinite homage,

Was it love or praise ?
Speech half asleep or song half awake ?

And when further on in the poem she said :

Allons nous en par l'Autriche !
Nous aurons l'aube à nos fronts ;
Je serai grand, et toi riche,
Puisque nous nous aimerons,

one heard the call of youth, the soaring note of first love, the spirit of adventure, of romance and of spring. When she came to the last stanza of all :

Tu sera dame, et moi comte ;
Viens, mon cœur s'épanouit,
Viens, nous conterons ce conte
Aux étoiles de la nuit,

she opened wide her raised arms, and one could have sworn a girl of eighteen, "April's lady," was calling to "the lord in May."

When she had done a great many people in the audience were crying ; the frantic applause continued until she consented to say the whole poem over a second time, which she did, with the same effect on the audience.

Another occasion which I shall never forget was the first night that Sarah played Hamlet in Paris. The audience was a brilliant and hypercritical one, and the play was received coldly until the scene between Polonius and Hamlet. When Hamlet answers Polonius' question: "What do you read, my lord?" with his "Words, words, words"—Sarah played it like this. Hamlet was half lying on a chair reading a book. The first "Des mots" he said with absent-minded indifference, just like any one speaks when he is interrupted by a bore: in the second "des mots" his answer seemed to catch his own attention, and the third "des mots" was accompanied by a look, and charged with an intense but fugitive and swift intonation that clearly said: "Yes, it is words, words, words, and all books and everything else in the world are only words, words, words." This delicate *nuance* of expression was instantly seized by the audience, and the whole house cried: "Bravo, bravo." I have always thought this to be a remarkable instance of the extraordinary receptivity, flair and intelligence of a good French audience.

VI.—The greatest thing an actor can do is to create a poet. It has sometimes been said that Sarah Bernhardt failed to do this. Yet the only really first-class dramatic poet of modern times, Edmond Rostand, is the creation of Sarah Bernhardt. The younger generation, and men of letters in general in France, despise the verse of Edmond Rostand. They say it is *du caoutchouc*. But whatever they can say about the literary value of his work, there is no doubt as to its dramatic value. Rostand may or may not be a great versifier, but that he is a great poetical dramatist has been proved by the only possible test—that of the rapturous enthusiasm of the public. The public may like bad plays sometimes, but they do not fill a theatre night after night and year after year to listen to plays in verse unless there is something in them. And Rostand's plays, when each one was produced, received not only popular applause but the praise of the most fastidious theatrical critics. If Rostand's verse is judged by the same measure as that of Leconte de Lisle, or that of Hérédia, it is easy to find fault with it; and those who cry out for art for art's sake will probably never be able to tolerate it; but those who do not—those who can forgive Byron his slovenliness and Musset his carelessness on account of the splendour of their inspiration and the sincerity of their passion—will find room for Rostand, and no mean place for him among the many mansions of the temple of poetry. In any case, since Victor Hugo, he is the one writer of our time and the unique writer in this century in the whole of Europe, who has

made a direct and successful appeal to the public, and stirred and delighted them to the depths of their being through the medium of dramatic poetry. Surely this is no mean achievement; besides this, even among French critics, there are many who are broad-minded enough to see that he is a genuine poet. Well, Sarah Bernhardt is responsible for this *Erscheinung*, for had there been no Sarah, there would have been no *Princesse Lointaine*, and no *Cyrano* (for it was Coquelin's delight in *La Princesse Lointaine* which made him ask Rostand for a play), no *Samaritaine*, and no *L'Aiglon*.

That is one of the achievements of Sarah Bernhardt. Another, and perhaps a more important achievement was accomplished before this—her resurrection of Racine. Let any one interested in this question get M. Emile Faguet's *Propos de Théâtre*. M. Faguet proves with great wealth of detail and abundance of contemporary evidence, that in the 'seventies, until Sarah Bernhardt played in *Andromaque* and *Phèdre*, Racine's plays were considered to be unsuited for dramatic representation. Even Sarcey maintained in those days that Racine was not *un homme de théâtre*. Sarah Bernhardt changed all this. She revealed the beauties of Racine to her contemporaries. She put new life into his plays, and by her incomparable delivery she showed off, as no one else can hope to do, the various and subtle secrets of Racine's verse.*

She did the same for Victor Hugo. No one who ever heard her say the lines in the last act of *Hernani*, beginning :

Tout s'est éteint, flambeaux et musique de fête.
Rien que la nuit et nous. Félicité parfaite !

can ever forget it. I myself was only nine years old when I saw Sarah Bernhardt act in *Hernani*, and I remember it as if it had been yesterday, and I hear the magic echo of the word "musique." Theodore de Banville, in his *Camées Parisiens*, says there could never be another Queen in *Ruy Blas* like Sarah, and that whenever the words

Elle avait un petit diadème en dentelle d'argent

is spoken the vision of Sarah Bernhardt will rise, as though it were that of a real person, frail, slender, with a small crown set in her wonderful hair.

Her third great achievement is, to my mind, her performance of Hamlet. Many people will, of course, disagree with this. I

* M. Faguet writes of "L'influence des deux grands tragédiens qui ont rendu à Racine la vie et l'ont transformé en le ranimant: Mounet Sully et Sarah Bernhardt."

think that most of our critics were not particularly enthusiastic over this performance ; but I speak in the name of no small clan of people who take an intense interest in the drama, and whose impressions are perhaps all the fresher from the fact that they have not to be expressed to order, nor dulled by constant attendance in a play-house. I know that there are many people who agree with me in thinking not only that Sarah Bernhardt's Hamlet was a wonderful thing, but, with the exception of Mr. Forbes Robertson's, the only intelligible Hamlet of our time. One of the greatest differences between Sarah Bernhardt's Hamlet and that of any other actors that I have seen is that whereas most Hamlets speak to the audience and seem isolated from the rest of the players, Sarah Bernhardt's Hamlet spoke to the other persons of the play. Her Hamlet was in Denmark and not, in splendid isolation, on the boards, in order to show how well he could recite, and how interesting a fellow he was.

Another point, her Hamlet is the only one I have seen in which there was any continuity ; in which one scene seemed to have any connection with the preceding scenes. For instance, when the play within the play is finished, and Hamlet causes the whole proceedings to break up by his behaviour, most players proceed with the ensuing interview with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern as though nothing had happened. Not so Sarah Bernhardt ; during the whole of this scene she plays in a manner which lets you see that Hamlet is still trembling with excitement on account of what has just happened, and this not only brings out the irony of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern's flat conventionality, but gives one a sharp sensation that one is witnessing something which is terribly and poignantly true. So is it throughout Sarah's Hamlet, every scene depends on all the others, and the various moods of the Dane succeed one another like the chasing clouds belonging to one sky, and not like separate slides of a magic lantern. Besides which, in my opinion, from the beginning to the end of the play Sarah Bernhardt, with the intuition of genius, guessed and interpreted the meaning of the author, and, rightly or wrongly, one felt : "Of course that is how this should be played ; what a pity Shakespeare is not present." Possibly Shakespeare meant something quite different. That is neither here nor there ; the important thing is that we who love Shakespeare should have had the absolute conviction that his meaning was for the first time being rightly interpreted.

How natural, for instance, Sarah made the fight with Laertes appear ; and the business of the changing of swords, and how terrible and unforgettable was the expression in Hamlet's eyes

when he realised and showed by his expression that he had realised that the sword was poisoned, and was now in his hands. How natural the whole play seemed, which in the hands of mediocre players becomes so preposterously extravagant; and how real the behaviour of Hamlet seemed; for Sarah's conception of the part was based on a quality, which the brilliant critic of the *Times* has pointed out runs through all Sarah Bernhardt's life—namely, common sense—only common sense of such an illuminating kind that its other names are genius and inspiration.

VII.—Yet when all is said and done Sarah Bernhardt's supreme achievement is her *Phèdre*. I do not think that any one will disagree with this. It is in *Phèdre* that she gives us the maximum of beauty, and exhibits the whole range of her highest artistic qualities. In *Phèdre* her movements and her gestures, her explosions of fury and her outbursts of passion are subservient to a commanding rhythm; from the moment *Phèdre* walks on to the stage trembling under the load of her unconfessed passion until the moment she descends into Hades "par un chemin plus lent," the spectator seems to have witnessed the building up of a miraculous piece of architecture, in time and not in space, and to have followed the progressions, the rise, the crisis, and the tranquil close of a mighty and mysterious symphony. Moreover, a window has been opened for him wide on to the enchanted land: the realm of beauty in which there are no conflicts of times and fashions, but in which all who bear the torch have an equal inheritance. He has seen a woman speaking the precise, stately, and infinitely musical language of the court of Louis XIV., who by her utterance, the plastic beauty of her attitudes, and the rhythm of her movements opens the gates of time, and beyond the veil of the seventeenth century evokes the vision of ancient Greece. Or rather, time is annihilated, seventeenth-century France and ancient Greece, Versailles and Trézène are merged into one; we are face to face with the elemental fact of involuntary passion and the unequal struggle between it and reluctant conscience.

There is the unwilling prey of the goddess, "a lily on her brow with anguish moist and fever dew"; but at the sound of her voice and the music of her grief, perhaps we forget all this, perhaps we forget the ancient tales of Greece, and Crete, we forget Racine and Versailles; perhaps we think only of the woman that is there before us, who surely is something more than human; is it she who plied the golden loom in the island of *Ææa* and made Ulysses swerve in mid-ocean from his goal? Or she who sailed down the *Cydnus* and revelled with Mark Antony?

Or she for whom Geoffroy Rudel sailed to Tripoli, and sang and died? Or she who haunted the vision but baffled the pencil of Leonardo da Vinci? Or she who "excels all women in the magic of her locks," and beckoned to Faust on the Brocken? She is something of all these things, an incarnation of the spirit that, in all times and in all countries, whether she be called Lilith or Lamia or La Gioconda, in the semblance of a "Belle Dame sans Merci," bewitches the heart and binds the brain of man with a spell, and makes the world seem a dark and empty place without her, and Death for her sake and in her sight a joyous thing.

So do we dream when we see those harmonious gestures and hear that matchless utterance. Then, the curtain falls, and we remember that it is only a play, and that even Sarah Bernhardt must

Fare as other empresses,
That, when this frail and transitory flesh
Hath sucked the measure of the vital air,
That feeds the body with his bated breath,
Wane with enforc'd and necessary change.

Nevertheless we give thanks; we that have lived in her day; for whatever the future may bring, there will never be another Sarah:

Yea, they shall say, earth's womb has borne in vain
New things, and never this best thing again.

MAURICE BARING.

SOME DEFICIENCIES OF THE MODERN STAGE

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW has lately published in book form his dramatic criticisms written for the *Saturday Review* between 1895 and 1898. To the unbiased reader they make absorbingly interesting reading, not only because of their intrinsic artistic value, but because of the consistent note therein exhibited. They are a smashing attack on a worn-out system ; an unanswerable argument directed against the policy and practice of English managers and playwrights ; an attempt to instil the notion that the Stage and the Drama are highly important factors in the life and civilisation of a people. Truth in writing, truth in representation, are the ideals for which Mr. Shaw has fought and for which he is fighting, and for which he will continue to fight until his dying day. What, then, has been the effect on the contemporary theatre which he has damned so unerringly and convincingly ? Very little. One admits the fact with sorrow, but so it is. The regular stage still continues in its old unblushing path—emasculated adaptations from the French, brainless farces, modern so-called comedies of manners untrue to life in their most salient features, a perfect swarm of American works, managerial editing of Shakespeare, over-mounted and over-scened, with great show of colour and effect and sometimes indifferent acting. Plays are still designed chiefly for the exploitation of stars, and a theatrical as opposed to a dramatic atmosphere surrounds nearly everything. Now comes the question, Who is responsible for this well-nigh hopeless state of things ?

There are four parties concerned. The Managers and Actor-Managers, the Actors, the Authors, and the Public. The first three of these groups will tell you that the public alone are responsible ; that they will only have what they want ; that it is of no use giving them anything else—"the

Drama's laws," &c., and a good deal more of the old conventional stuff. Let me, then, first deal with the public.

Only a born fool would imagine for one moment that the British and American public have any education or standards about the Drama. We all know quite well that they are ignorant and untrained in criticism and in judging the merit of real dramatic work. They run like a flock of sheep to a certain piece simply because some one else tells them it is the thing to see. Cheap and false sentiment and hysterical emotion so often appeal to them quickly. The tawdrily effective rather than the earnestly realistic is readily accepted. Time after time one may see them letting the most egregious mistakes in construction, the most flagrant violation of human nature and probability, go absolutely unnoticed for the sake of a taking personality in a play. And yet, with all their faults, with all their lack of education in true drama, they do sometimes evince a sort of innate sense which leads them to reject the bad. Otherwise how can one account for the extraordinary number of failures that occur nowadays in London, some comparative, others total! That these failures are nearly all of them bad plays goes without saying, and the public seem to recognise the fact and stay away. It comes to this—they reject ten bad plays out of twelve, and flock to the other two. Once in a way they equally flock to one good play and reject others that are promising but not perfect. The presence of a star is not of itself sufficient to ensure the success of a piece, and yet—so the managers say—audiences will not go to the theatre unless they see "names" on the bill. At one time the people baffle and depress one by their apparent inability to grasp a good and true work; at another they raise one's hopes by tumbling over one another to see the same sort of thing. The reasons that are quite apparent to a critic for their rejection of one play are, when applied to another of the same calibre, stultified by the acceptance of it with joy. There is just the same want of consistent judgment about acting. I have heard a great number of the public praise equally the clever, subtle, intellectual actress and the performer who relies on photographs in and out of motor cars, mannerisms, newspaper paragraphs, unnatural diction, and general staginess of style.

The case of the British public would, then, seem to be almost past praying for; but yet I do not feel quite hopeless. It must be remembered that until lately they have very rarely had a chance. They know very little because only one management has ever consistently tried to teach them. They have had to rely on an intuition which is sometimes right, more often

wrong. They are as sheep without shepherds. For generations, owing principally to the vanity which is the motive power of the actor-manager, and the purely shopkeeping policy of those who control our theatres, they have been fed on a false, unnatural food, until their taste has become so vitiated that it is difficult to put any other before them. Can anything be done to mend all this—to give hope for the future—and from whom is that help to come? Not from the managers and actor-managers of to-day. Most of these gentlemen are well within the confines of middle age, some have passed it. They are already crystallised, and no policy of reform, no new spirit, is likely to be inaugurated or take shape when men are slipping into old age, especially when their youth has been passed in fostering the old and the outworn. But is it too much to hope that the next race of managers may perhaps evince a new and more liberal spirit? It may be that the du Mauriers, the Ainleys, the Matheson Langs, when they come into their kingdom will endeavour to give us a new style of play—that they will accept works primarily for their dramatic value and truth to human nature, and not because they contain oceans of dialogue for themselves and their leading ladies; that, in fact, plays will be taken absolutely on their own merits, and not because the journeyman author has written them round Mr. C. or Miss D.; that the kingdom of Frohmania will disappear for ever. Perhaps—who knows?—we may see Mr. du Maurier and other lights occasionally playing a part where they are not of necessity on at the end. Perhaps Mr. Ainley may sometimes enact the unsympathetic brother who does *not* relent and become quite good and nice to the accompaniment of a Christmas carol (heard without) at 10.55 P.M. Possibly in these days to come our dramatists will have learnt how to write about the upper-class life they generally depict, and the dialogue put in the mouths of the aristocracy will smell more of reality than of the lamp. Possibly the managers in this happy period will insist on the said authors inventing situations and effects that lead to the development of the story by subtle and natural means instead of by the crude pieces of construction that one witnesses nowadays; the hinges on which the play turns towards its next development may ultimately be fashioned on the ordinary human things that people are likely to do under a given set of circumstances, and not dragged in crudely, theatrically, and unnaturally, simply because “that sort of thing doesn’t matter with the public.” Maybe that Nature will be studied at first hand, and not according to the vague imaginings of a dramatic author

in his den. In fact, a new spirit may take hold of our younger actors when their turn comes to wield power—a spirit that will be free from personal vanity, the insatiate desire for perpetual prominence, and a thought that as leaders of a great art it is their duty to encourage the younger and modern class of writers and to discourage claptrap and bunkum. Any such radical change in feeling and policy will entail another revolution—at any rate, until the public have become better educated. It will mean short runs, adequate but inexpensive scenery and mounting, smaller salaries, and much less spent on costume; because all reformers must face the fact that theatre rents, rates and taxes will not decrease.

I know perfectly well how the experienced manager will laugh at these ideas, and his argument in opposition will run pretty much as follows:

“My dear sir, you are new to all this; you have no actual practical experience. A theatre is a place for which an enormous rent and large rates and taxes have to be paid. Large salaries and wages and huge current expenses meet one every week. Do you expect me, under such circumstances, to treat it as anything but a big shop?” (He would not use these exact words.) “My first business is, therefore, to attract the public, to give them what they like, to rely on names, and not on writers. To carry out the policy you suggest would mean bankruptcy in a very short time!”

Whether a manager or actor-manager, he would probably add that no play could be produced in which the leading actor and actress had not the predominance, because it would mean bad business; the public would not come and pay. That, however, is non-proven, because it has never been tried. As for the rest of the argument, it is only fair to admit that if it could really and truly be shown that their present policy was successful there would be no more to say. But what are the actual facts? The public are not going to our comedy theatres: business is bad. If this could be attributed to bad times, war, &c., it might be explained; but in face of the fact that the general level of English plays produced over the last two or three years has been of the lowest, one is drawn to the inevitable conclusion that the public are gradually growing wiser, that they are tired of all the old, worn-out stuff, of the personal exaltation of certain favoured people, of this perpetual harping on my daughter.

There is another strong argument to put forward in proof of the belief that the old order is beginning to die. It lies in the gradual growth in public favour of the policy inaugurated

over two years ago by those courageous pioneers of the future Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker at the Court Theatre. Beginning as they did quietly, modestly, and tentatively, with a series of matinées of clever, original plays—mainly those of Mr. Bernard Shaw—they have in an incredibly short space of time developed into a power. They have most clearly shown that it is possible in London to present works that no ordinary manager would look at, with splendid all-round acting and perfectly adequate scenery, and to make them a success. No stars, no ridiculously twisted endings to suit particular people, perfectly balanced casts, actors and actresses playing small parts in one piece, big parts in another, and plays that are original, the product of really intellectual brains, with dialogue that cannot be matched elsewhere. Outside of Mr. Shaw's works, this enterprising management have already given us the most truly poetical play of modern days, *Prunella*, by Messrs. Granville Barker and L. Housman, Mr. Barker's admirable piece *The Voysey Inheritance*, Mr. Galsworthy's *Silver Box*, Mr. Gilbert Murray's splendid translations of the *Electra*, *Hippolytus* and *Trojan Women*, the *Rogues' Comedy*, and revivals of Ibsen's *Wild Duck* and *Hedda Gabler*, with many of Mr. Shaw's plays—a daring programme, but eminently justified by the results. There seems to be no doubt that more and more of the public are being attracted to a theatre where they can see high-class work given in a spirit so artistic and simple that it compels admiration even from those who know little about the stage. As for the acting, there is nothing in London to compare with it for all-round finish and completeness. No specialisation of actor and actress for one particular kind of part—one of the curses of the ordinary theatre; every rôle, from the lowest to the highest, played with a care and appreciation of its possibilities that are delightful to witness; no mincing of words on the part of the ladies, no trace of the suburban among the men. We believe that Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker have had to work hard for their success, but it appears to have come, as is shown by the migration to the Savoy Theatre, where they are in closer touch with the great stream of the moving public. That they may be highly successful there, that their power may grow, is the fervent prayer of all who are truly interested in the English stage, for they stand to-day as an example of what can be done by plucky men imbued with the idea that the theatre is not a shop for the display of persons and exploitation of merely stagily effective plays. To give one instance of the spirit that pervades this management, when *John Bull's Other Island* was

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produced the Irish spoken was real, not stage Irish—two very different things. Everywhere that one simple fact was commented on, quite apart from the general chorus of approval with which this brilliant work was received. What would have happened at an ordinary theatre with a play containing at least six Irish-speaking parts? Very likely they would have been allotted to two Scotchmen and four Englishmen, because they happened to look something like the characters, with an injunction “just to talk something that wasn’t English, and the audience would never know.” Possibly the only real Irishman in the cast would be given the part of an English Inland Revenue official, because he was always in the habit of acting civil servants. Another result of the shopkeeper’s method. Just enough, no more than is absolutely necessary, is put in the window and offered to the poor old Public—who we fancy are slowly but surely beginning to find out that they have not been getting their money’s worth.

Let me now turn for a while to notice the deficiencies of our modern actors and actresses. Side by side with a certain amount of real naturalness that has been developed of late years by a chosen few there still continues to exist a certain amount of artificiality and staginess. To this day the duchess and countess go on speaking in the resonant and haughty tones of tradition with their arms folded akimbo. The young sprig of the nobility, however correctly he may be attired, is wont to indulge in a peculiar affectation of pronunciation. Worst of all is the Society *ingénue* who untiringly adopts a peculiarly irritating and mincing style of delivery which, no doubt, she imagines is habitual in the highest circles. The tones are impossible to reproduce except by verbal imitation, but they are most trying to listen to, firstly as being ugly in themselves, and secondly as being entirely unlike those of the person she is supposed to represent. Many Society young ladies talk affectedly enough, heaven knows, but the affectation of refinement exhibited when the actress is representing one of these damsels not only beats the original hollow, but is not in the least like the real thing. Again, the pronunciation of words is often exceedingly bad. So many actors and actresses talk of “reel and ideel,” instead of “real and ideal”—a marked vulgarity. In a word such as “restless” an emphasis is always placed on the last syllable. As for French, it is nearly hopeless; *vide* “m’dāme” for “madame” nearly always. Is there no one to tell them that ladies and gentlemen do *not* talk in this way? Is there no one who can give a gentle hint to the majority of our dramatists that it might be better to try and learn something about

the characters, habits, and ways of the upper classes before they try to write about them? In Paris such things could never occur.

I have alluded earlier to the possibility of a new spirit arising among our younger men. If, happily, this should take shape and form, an enormous impetus could be given to it and to the education of the theatre-going public by a united determination on the part of those who control the large number of those cheaper newspapers that appeal to the great mass of the people to adopt a new form of dramatic criticism—one that would encourage the new and original and discredit the old and conventional. If the proprietors and editors of these papers would also publish weekly articles on the drama written by competent and educated men, unsteeped in reactionary tradition—articles that would tell their readers all about great plays and their writers, instruct them as to what is and what is not really good work, instil into them the desire for truth in portraiture that is at the same time dramatic, call attention to the better taste that is beginning slowly to show itself, laugh at staginess and false sentiment—in a word, teach the British public, who are as ignorant as small children, those standards and those truths of dramatic conception and representation that are instinctive in the Frenchman and German—then we should begin to see a marked change. But we can only hope for this from the younger men of the Press acting in conjunction with the younger actors. It is to them I appeal. In their hands lies the future of English dramatic art.

AN ACTOR.

NOTE.—Since the above was written, Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker's policy of leaving the Court for the Savoy has been carried out with apparently little success. It is always risky to change theatres in any class of dramatic work, and the result of moving plays which depend for their success on subtle portraiture and natural effect to a much larger house has proved as many admirers predicted—somewhat unhappy. The growing portion of the public that supported the Court *régime*, had not apparently arrived at such dimensions as to warrant their transplantation to a theatre which holds so many more people. The result is—as far as one knows—that after *Arms and the Man* finishes, the Kingsway, where Miss Ashwell has made such an auspicious start, will be the only progressive theatre in London; but it is impossible to believe that the good new note struck at the Court will be allowed to die out, and we must hope for a new combination—headed we trust by Mr. Barker—to continue the work. It is a very hopeful sign at any rate—as regards the public—that a play so naturally and humanly written as Mr. H. Davies' *Mollusc*, a play so free from the undue exploitation of any one particular character, is such a success at Sir Charles Wyndham's theatre. Mr. Oscar Asche also drew large audiences to see *Much Ado*. It was worthy of his reputation, which stands very high in artistic aim and achievement.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS

WASHINGTON, *Jan.* 14, 1908.

IN my letter last month I explained the dilemma of many Republicans in and out of Congress who dislike Mr. Roosevelt, and yet feared that he would be renominated by the Republican Convention in Chicago next June ; who were anxious to end his power, but were afraid openly to antagonise him. Doubts and fears have now been removed by Mr. Roosevelt's reaffirmation of his declaration made on the night of election a little more than three years ago, that under no circumstances would he again be a candidate for the Presidential nomination. On the evening of the 11th of last month the following official statement was given to the Press by the President :

On the night after election I made the following announcement :

"I am deeply sensible of the honour done me by the American people in thus expressing their confidence in what I have done and have tried to do. I appreciate to the full the solemn responsibility this confidence imposes upon me, and I shall do all that in my power lies not to forfeit it. On March 4 next I shall have served three and a half years, and this three and a half years constitutes my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form, and under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination."

I have not changed, and shall not change, the decision thus announced.

The newspapers read this statement by the light of prejudice or preconceived opinion. To some it was proof that Mr. Roosevelt, deeply impressed by the hostility of the National Committee, to which I referred last month, had reached the conclusion that it was useless for him again to attempt to secure the nomination, as that would result in his defeat and ingloriously terminate a career that hitherto had known no defeat. Other newspapers regarded it simply as the sincerity of an honest man, who was determined once and for all to prove to the country that he had no intention of swerving from his election night declaration not again to be a candidate. It is not necessary to look for motives, the effect is the more important thing.

Mr. Roosevelt by his own act is no longer to be considered a candidate. In the face of this declaration, it would be impossible for him under any circumstances to accept the nomination, not even if the Convention made it by acclamation and all the other candidates retired in his favour. Personally he is no longer interested in the deliberations of the Convention, but he is bending all his energies and using all his influence to bring about the nomination of Mr. Secretary Taft.

The friends of the Secretary of War considered that Mr. Roosevelt's effacement materially increased Mr. Taft's chances of success, and to a certain extent this is true. Politicians who were advocating the renomination of Mr. Roosevelt, now that he is no longer to be considered as a candidate turned to Mr. Taft as the candidate who more nearly resembled Mr. Roosevelt than any other. Mr. Taft now has a lead over all other competitors, but six months must elapse before the Convention is held, and the leader in the race does not always come first under the wire.

Mr. Taft is the "logical candidate" for the Republicans to nominate, if logic had the slightest influence upon the actions of politicians—which it seldom has. Logically Mr. Taft is the designated candidate, for his election means that Mr. Roosevelt's policies will be carried out, and Republicans are compelled to support them, whether or not they like them. Apart from that, Mr. Taft is a man of great ability and wide experience; on the bench and as a civil administrator he has conspicuously distinguished himself. These things make for his strength; his weakness comes from the curious temperamental idiosyncrasy of the American people that makes them resist the efforts of a President to dictate the choice of his successor. It is the one thing to which the American people heretofore have never tamely submitted. That Mr. Roosevelt should be openly using his influence, his patronage, and the vast power of the administration in behalf of Mr. Taft has in certain quarters done him great injury.

Another thing that has tended to weaken Mr. Taft is his reaffirmation of Mr. Roosevelt's policies without enunciating any policies of his own. The first speech that Mr. Taft delivered after his trip around the world was in Boston in the closing days of the year, when he elaborately defended the President's reform legislation, and asserted that he was in no wise responsible for the recent financial panic. The criticism made by many newspapers is that the public is less interested in hearing a defence of the President than it is in having the candidate for the Presidency explain what his own policies will be if power is entrusted to him. Yet these

criticisms are only partially justified. Mr. Taft is a member of the administration, and his responsibility for all that has been done is that of the President in only a lesser degree. So long as he remains a member of the Cabinet, it is presumptive evidence that he approves all that the President has done ; any vital difference of opinion would lead to his resignation. In defending the President Mr. Taft defends himself ; in approving the President's course he makes it plain that, given the same opportunity, he will pursue the same methods.

The average man, and perhaps more than a majority of the Republican newspapers, believe at this time that Mr. Taft will be nominated. Not deeming it necessary to express any opinion on that subject, I think it interesting to recall some history in connection with past Presidential nominations. It has been the rule and not the exception for the popular candidate to be nominee. Three of the earlier Presidents—Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams—were men who had no great popular following ; Harrison the elder defeated Clay, whose fiery eloquence had made him the idol of the people ; Polk came virtually “ out of the wilderness,” and defeated Martin Van Buren, on whom the mantle of Jackson's popularity had descended. Coming to later days, it is remarkable how the unknown man — “ the dark horse,” in American political terminology—has carried the Convention. In 1852 thirty-four ballots were taken in the Democratic Convention before Franklin Pierce's name was mentioned, who was nominated and elected. Abraham Lincoln was comparatively unknown when the Republicans nominated him for the first time ; the obscure country lawyer defeated Seward, the great city lawyer, who stood high in Republican councils. Blaine was a reincarnation of Clay, the dashing Rupert of debate, with a magnetic eloquence that swayed thousands ; yet Blaine, a national figure, was defeated for the nomination by Hayes, of whom few people had heard. Harrison the younger triumphed over much better known men. Bryan was the youngest candidate in the 1896 Convention, and in political service a mere boy compared with the veterans who opposed him, yet he swept them to one side and left the Convention crowned by democracy. If history engages in its favourite occupation of repeating itself, the Chicago Convention may bring out another “ dark horse.”

The New York *World* said recently that “ no continuous aspirant for the Presidency has ever attained that office.” In support of that assertion it cites the names of several “ perennial

candidates" who were denied their great ambition, and adds : "Neither will William J. Bryan. No man twice defeated for the Presidency ever won that office, or is ever likely to win it. Jefferson and Jackson each survived a single defeat, and the prestige of Cleveland's election in 1884 nominated him in 1892 in spite of the 1888 returns ; but a twice-beaten candidate is done for, and his nomination for a third term can only spell disaster." The *World* concludes that "in the circumstances in which the Democracy now finds itself a party would be stark crazy to allow a chronic candidate like Mr. Bryan to gain the nomination by default."

The New York *World* is not the only powerful newspaper to oppose Mr. Bryan's nomination, and to regard it as inevitable that if nominated he will for the third time be defeated. It is most extraordinary, this resignation to fate. Within the last month I have talked with practically every Democratic senator and representative in Congress, and I recall now only three men who sincerely believe that Mr. Bryan is the strongest candidate the party can nominate. All others say in confidence that they fear Mr. Bryan's nomination cannot be prevented, and that it again foreshadows defeat. There is a very widespread feeling that with any other candidate the Democrats have at least an even chance, but Mr. Bryan's nomination makes success impossible. Mr. Bryan is very well aware of this feeling, but he shows not the slightest disposition to be influenced by it, and there is a good deal of force in the argument used by some of the Bryan men. "Where is your candidate?" they ask. "Four years have elapsed since the last Democratic candidate was nominated and defeated, time enough for a new leader to come to the front ; but where is he ? Is there any other man who commands the following that Mr. Bryan does ? Is there any other man who so nearly represents the great mass ?"

No answer can be made to these questions. The New York *World* and other leading Democratic newspapers are searching the political highways and byways for the Messiah, but they find him not. It is easy enough to say that it is "inevitable" that Mr. Bryan will be defeated for the third time, but is there any certainty that another candidate will not suffer even worse defeat ? Judge Parker, nominated as a rebuke to Bryan and with the hope that it would be the death of what is known as "Bryanism," proved himself a weaker opponent than Bryan had on the two occasions when he entered the lists as the Democratic champion. Four years ago Bryan was set aside and Judge Parker elevated to his place. To-day no one even

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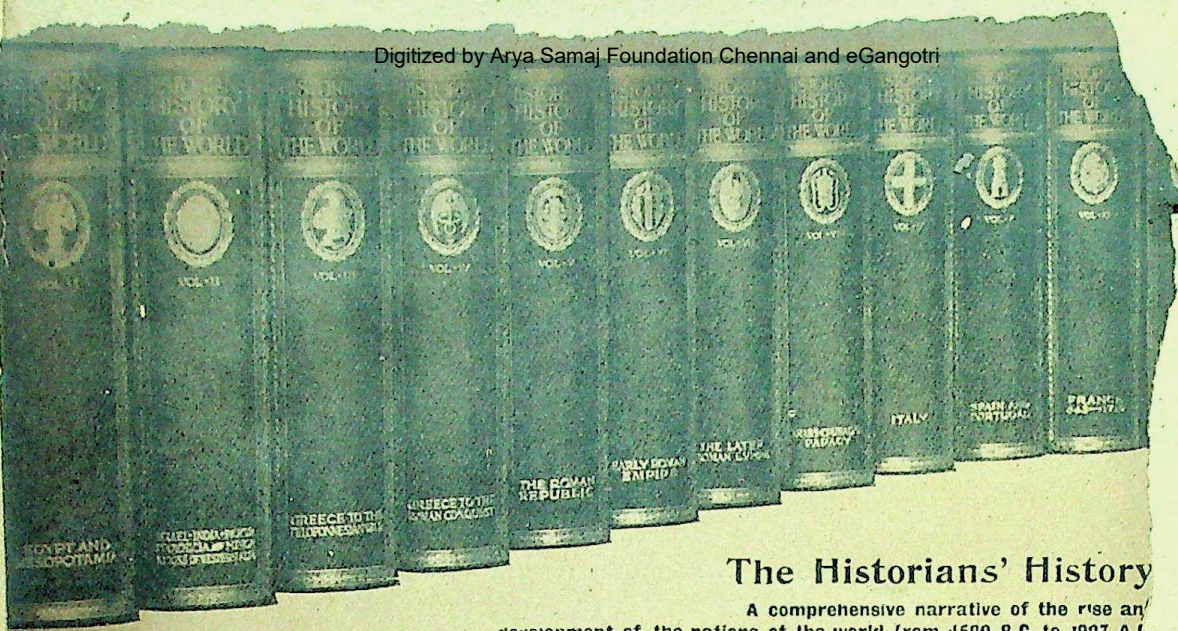
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mentions Judge Parker's name ; politically he is dead as if his voice was silenced in the tomb, while Bryan is a living, vital personality, he is a force to be reckoned with, even although it may be predestined that he is never to sit in the White House. In the history of politics there is perhaps nothing more remarkable than Mr. Bryan's control of his party and the almost idolatrous regard in which he is held by the masses.

Conceding Mr. Bryan's nomination, I think his election or defeat depends not upon the ordinary causes that influence elections, but upon the future industrial conditions. It is no disrespect to Mr. Bryan to call him the protagonist of discontent. He owes his fame to his Cassandrical prophecies, to his warning against the disasters that were bound to follow Republican rule. Unfortunately for him, his predictions proved false, and the Republicans could afford to mock him as a mendacious prophet; but if now events sustain his vaticinations, surely he will profit. It is easy enough to anticipate how the public will reason. "Mr. Bryan warned us what would happen if the Republicans were elected," his followers will say, "and see what has happened. Mr. Bryan was right. Now we must elect him, so that he can send the robbers to prison and give us full dinner-pails once more." It is a very simple and childlike process of reasoning, but far more effective with men who are not deeply subjective than profound argument advanced with all the skill of the finished rhetorician. Most men's emotions centre in their stomachs.

It is frankly recognised on both sides that the recent panic will be one of the great campaign issues. It is not so frankly admitted that conditions a great deal more serious than those of last October will have an important bearing on the result of the election. The newspapers in the Republican interest, knowing that nothing is so infectious as fear, say as little as possible about industrial depression, and try to persuade their readers that the worst is over and that the country is once again stepping bravely forward to the music of prosperity. I confess it is difficult to ascertain the facts if one's only sources of information are the newspapers. Nearly every day I read of factories resuming work, of the re-employment of men who were discharged a few weeks ago, of a scarcity of labour even in some places. On the other hand, when I talk with men who are in touch with the business world, bankers and great manufacturers, who know actual conditions, and who have no reason to make the situation appear worse than it really is, I gather quite a different impression. Only to-day I was talking with a member

of a large banking house, who said that he expected a great many men would be out of employment during the coming summer, that there would be a marked decrease in manufacturing, and railway earnings must decrease.

Despite the bold front assumed by the newspapers, it is obvious that there is a general feeling of nervousness, and, minimise industrial depression as much as they may, there are some things that the newspapers are bound to recognise. Thus, the Erie Railroad began the new year with a reduction of the salaries of the entire executive and clerical force ranging from 2 to 10 per cent. Other railways, it is reported, have been forced to resort to similar measures of retrenchment, and in some instances to cut down their force with the falling off of revenues caused partly by legislative reduction of passenger fares and partly by a general decline in the volume of freight traffic. Operating expenses are still high, and no railway company has yet reduced wages, fearing no doubt the threat made by Mr. Gompers, the president of the American Federation of Labour, that labour would resist any reduction of its wages. But this, in the opinion of well-informed men, is bound to come, and with a lessened demand for labour working men will not be in a position to fight for the maintenance of the present wage scale, which is higher than it has ever been.

If unfortunately these prognostications are verified, the Republicans will to a certain extent be placed on the defensive. It will be incumbent upon them to explain the cause of the panic and the resulting industrial depression, and to prove that it was not brought about by too much or too little legislation. If they fall back on "natural causes," the Democrats, if they have the sense to seize their opportunity, can retort that prosperity is also due to "natural causes," and the Republicans need claim no special merit for what they have always boasted was solely the result of their statesmanship and admirable policies.

That a drastic reform in the financial methods of railways and other corporations is imperative has again been forcibly brought to the attention of the public. The Western Union Telegraph Company, finding itself unable to pay its customary dividend in cash, declared a stock dividend, thus increasing the capitalisation, and pumping more water into an already badly water-logged concern. This increase of capital stock represents no investment, but is simply a device to escape the odium of passing a dividend, which would injuriously affect the market

price of the stock, or to avoid the necessity of borrowing money to meet the dividend. But the creation of additional capital is a burden upon the public, as it justifies the maintenance of high telegraph tariffs to pay a nominally fair rate of interest on the capital, the bulk of which does not represent investment in property. A similar device has been resorted to by the Missouri Pacific Railway, which also paid its dividend in new stock in lieu of cash. "To the sin of bad financiering," the *Springfield Republican* says, "the Missouri Pacific directors add that of stock-watering, which in the case of public service corporations no longer has the approval of the country, and will not much longer have the toleration of the law." The action of the Missouri Pacific directors, and that of their fellow directors of the Erie, in paying a dividend on the preferred stock in notes, has seriously shaken public confidence in the stability of the great transportation companies. According to their reports, they are financially strong, yet a minor panic, the effect of which on industry has only been slightly felt, is sufficient to make two companies resort to these questionable financial methods, and to put two other companies in the hands of receivers.

As might have been expected, the ingenious scheme of the Kaiser in exchanging German and American university professors is bearing its fruit. Professor Burgess, who has recently been lecturing in Germany, returns to this country impressed with the necessity of a German alliance, which he has extolled at length in the newspapers. The mission of Germany, as it is revealed to him, probably through the medium of the Wilhelmstrasse, is to rejuvenate Europe and colonise Africa; the mission of the United States is to dominate the Pacific and civilise Asia. As the American attempts to spread the benefits of civilisation in Asia would probably meet with the objection of Japan, supported by England, Professor Burgess is modest enough to admit that his own country is not quite equal to the job single-handed, and for that reason an alliance with Germany is necessary.

Although the newspapers have discussed the suggestion at some length, the majority reject it as chimerical, as the tradition of no entangling alliance is still virile enough to restrain newspaper writers from advocating what is opposed to the cardinal principles of American policy. But the mere fact that the suggestion can be advanced, and is considered important enough to be discussed by serious newspapers in a dignified manner, is indicative of a trend of thought that may not be

without its consequences in the future. Only a few years ago for any man with an established reputation to suggest an alliance would have been to invite ridicule and destroy whatever influence he possessed ; to-day argument, and not abuse, is the weapon employed.

The United States is subject to the same laws and responsive to the same influences that govern other nations. My study of the development of political thought in America and her increasing participation in the politics of both Europe and Asia during the last few years has convinced me that the United States would not reject an alliance when vital necessity required her to seek assistance, and that only the emergency is needed to prove what little weight traditions have with a progressive people, to whom tradition acts as a brake but does not impede advancement. And when that time comes, as I believe it will some day, the United States will not be influenced by sentiment, but will be swayed solely by self-interest, by that "intelligent selfishness" which is the most enlightened national policy. Circumstances may drive the United States into an alliance with England, just as they may with Germany or France or Russia. Ten years ago such a suggestion would have been scouted, to-day even it is looked upon as something fanciful ; but next year or the year after, who knows how far public opinion may have advanced and the necessity of an alliance become so obvious that its wisdom no one will question ?

In this connection, because it is significant of the broadening of American views, the suggestion made by Mr. Cleveland, that ex-Presidents on retiring from office should receive a national pension, is interesting. Mr. Cleveland's argument is that it has become part of the unwritten law that an ex-President must conduct himself with the dignity due to the office he has occupied, and that requirement restricts him in the choice of occupation. This, as he says, "suggests without argument a reciprocal connection between the curtailment of opportunities of livelihood on one side and a reasonable obligation of indemnification on the other. . . . The American nation cannot well afford to disregard entirely the conditions that confront its retired Presidents, nor longer allow itself to be accessory to the pitiful incidents that have frequently resulted from such conditions." Mr. Cleveland adds that he is perfectly sincere in making this plea, as he is the only living ex-President, and he is "not in need of aid from the public treasury."

Whatever Mr. Cleveland says or writes commands respect ;

and his article was read and commented on sympathetically. As most of my readers know, there is no such thing as a civil pension list in the United States, and every attempt to provide for the pensioning of civil servants and other persons serving the Government in a civil capacity has been vigorously opposed, because of the fear that it will create a "privileged class," which is the first step to an aristocracy. But Mr. Cleveland's suggestion arouses no such adverse comment; on the contrary, it is regarded as perfectly proper, and in keeping with the respect that is due to the exalted office of the Presidency. Senator Allison, the *doyen* of the Senate, has publicly expressed himself as approving the suggestion and believing that Congress will take some action upon it.

Events in connection with the Navy have monopolised public attention for some weeks. On the 16th of last month the battleship fleet sailed for the Pacific, "for a fight or a frolic," as Rear-Admiral Evans, its commander-in-chief, alliteratively expressed it, and the man in the street is still unconvinced that it is to be a frolic and not a fight, although the war scare in the newspapers of a month or two ago is no longer paraded, and the arm-chair strategists are taking a much-needed rest. No sooner had the fleet sailed than one of the magazines published an article severely criticising the construction of some of the new battleships, and pointing out defects of which the general public was in ignorance. An administrative system in the Navy Department, by which the construction and equipment of vessels is subdivided between several bureaus and responsibility is difficult to place, is, in the opinion of the writer of the magazine article, the chief reason why naval construction is unduly high and the results disappointing.

While some of the newspapers were attacking the Navy Department with great vigour, and others were repelling the assault with equal determination, an internal explosion did far more damage than the frontal assault. Rear-Admiral Brownson, the chief of the Bureau of Navigation, which has charge of the *personnel* and the movement of ships, suddenly resigned because the President, acting on the advice of the Surgeon-General of the Navy, who is also his family physician, decided to place a surgeon in command of a hospital ship, which Admiral Brownson opposed, on the ground that it was incongruous for a surgeon to be given command, and also because the law prohibits a surgeon from exercising command except over the subordinates of his own corps. Rather than sanction what he considered to be detrimental to the best interests of the service, and for

which he could find no warrant in law, Admiral Brownson retired from the Navy Department.

The newspapers and public men at once took sides, as they always do. Both the President and Admiral Brownson had their partisans, and Congress, in deference to the wishes of the country, was preparing to ask the President for the reasons that induced him to accept Admiral Brownson's resignation, when Mr. Roosevelt made public the correspondence bearing on the matter. In a somewhat lengthy letter to the Secretary of the Navy, the President squares his action with the law by regarding a hospital ship as a floating hospital, and therefore properly to be placed under command of a medical officer, with a sailing-master in control of the navigation.

In another letter to the Secretary, after having received Admiral Brownson's letter of resignation, the President severely castigates him. He describes his course as "unseemly and improper," and says there can be

no room for difference of opinion as to the gross impropriety of the Admiral's conduct in resigning sooner than carry out the orders of his superior officers in such a matter. The officers of the Navy must remember that it is not merely childish, but in the highest degree reprehensible, to permit either personal pique, wounded vanity, or factional feeling on behalf of some particular bureau or organisation to render them disloyal to the interests of the Navy, and therefore to the country as a whole.

Admiral Brownson, who has forty-six years of service to his credit, is lectured for several pages more.

In marked contrast is Admiral Brownson's letter of resignation, in which he reminds the President that the chief of the Bureau of Navigation "is charged with matters relating to *personnel*, the discipline, and the efficiency of the fleet." In respectful language he points out that the order placing a medical officer in command of a hospital ship is "clearly opposed to the intent of the law, is a radical departure from established naval usage, and is fraught with danger to the efficiency of the fleet"; and as the President shows "a want of confidence in my advice regarding a matter so vital to the best interests of the service," his only alternative is to tender his resignation. On the same day the President accepted his resignation in this curt language: "I accept your resignation, to take effect immediately. You will this afternoon turn over your office to your assistant, Capt. Winslow, informing him that he is to act until such time as your successor is appointed and qualifies."

Many newspapers regret that the President should treat a gallant officer high in the service as if he was one of "the criminal rich" or "a rich malefactor," and they point out that

he has not exactly played the game. While Admiral Brownson has resigned as chief of the Bureau of Navigation and goes on the retired list, he is still subject to the naval regulations ; and any officer who criticises the act of a superior, or who by word or in writing expresses any opinion on the naval service or its administration, or criticises a brother officer, unless with the permission of the Secretary of the Navy, renders himself liable to court martial, and may be dismissed the service. The President of the United States is *ex officio* commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy. Mr. Roosevelt therefore can with impunity say what he pleases about Admiral Brownson : he can term his conduct unseemly and improper ; he can regard his actions as childish, disloyal, and opposed to the best interests of the service, but Admiral Brownson may not utter a single word of protest or complaint. The *Baltimore News*, which has heretofore strongly supported the President and his policies, voices the general feeling that Mr. Roosevelt has from behind cover struck a blow at a defenceless man when it says :

Those qualities which have given an unenviable notoriety to Mr. Roosevelt's habitual defamation of everybody who differs with him upon a matter of fact are conspicuously present in the language of the present out-giving. To brand not only as "unseemly and improper," but as "childish," the action of Admiral Brownson in resigning his post rather than remain at the head of the Bureau of Navigation and put in effect a system which, justly or unjustly, he regards as vitally wrong would not help the President's case in any event ; and when its small face value is subjected to the discount due to the President's known proclivities its value becomes microscopic indeed.

There must be a barbaric strain in the *nouveau riche* of America, because he does things that Cleopatra might have done but didn't, despite the fable of pearls dissolved in wine. The country read with much edification of a ball given by a rich and extremely aristocratic Philadelphian to celebrate his daughter's *début*, which cost \$100,000, according to the newspaper reports. The ordinary ways to spend money were too tame, so 500 butterflies were brought from the tropics and let loose in the ball-room, where they beat their gorgeous wings against the electric lights and fell to the floor, and were trodden under the silk slippers of the *débutante* and her guests. So that the butterflies might die amidst appropriate surroundings, £7000 were spent on the flowers that decorated the ball-room.

In Philadelphia social eminence is gauged by the cost of balls, "and it is nothing unusual," a newspaper says, "for the expenses of such an entertainment to run to \$25,000 and \$35,000."

A few days after the first ball there was another, the cost of which, the newspapers gleefully report, "was far above anything of the kind that has gone before, exceeding the famous butterfly ball by about \$50,000." The ball-room "was a beautiful woodland, with rustic bridges over real pools and imitation ones of mirrors, surrounded by wonderful plants and flowers. Fountains were flowing, canaries warbling in the foliage, and all kinds of gold-fish swimming in the miniature ponds and streams. Twelve hundred guests were unanimous in the opinion that the whole thing was exquisite." In the intervals between dancing, if people dance at a ball of this sort, the guests hooked the gold-fish, probably for the sole pleasure of seeing them wriggle at the end of a line.

A. MAURICE LOW.

OUR MILITARY HISTORIAN

THE British Army has at last found some one competent to chronicle the deeds which go to make up what men may well call the history of the British Empire, and in the four noble volumes which have appeared of Mr. Fortescue's incomplete work we may trace the growth—uncertain, slow, at times even stunted—of the standing army of England, the political relations between that army and the country, and may learn something of the fighting men whose names are almost as unknown, even to the military student, as are the details of the forgotten actions wherein they shone conspicuous. Only those who have attempted any work of real research can have the remotest conception of the enormous labour involved in the mere preparation of a history of this magnitude, the difficulty of tracing the military operations of ancient days, and the power of mental organisation required in the marshalling of the collected facts. For all this Mr. Fortescue is magnificently equipped, while he has been able to present the result of his labours in a guise which is singularly attractive, for, indeed, throughout his volumes there is not a dull page. The army is to be congratulated on having at last, after long years, found its historian in one who has brought enthusiasm to his task, and who in carrying it out has at once merited and secured the appreciation of that new army to which he recounts the stormy life of the old.

The history of the army is usually taken as dating from the New Model, but Mr. Fortescue traces it back to the primitive national army as it existed before the Conquest, at which epoch it may be noticed that the projected invasion of England was successfully accomplished, in spite of Harold's reliance upon what may be called a standing army of moderate size helped by the raw levies of the Fyrd. Further on we read of the gradual rise of the English to a military nation, the institution of knight service, the evolution of a uniform, the growth and composition of the cavalry, and the genesis of that arm which for so long was to exert a potent influence upon Continental fields. The de-

scriptions of Crecy, Poitiers, and of that almost unknown battle, Auray, the deeds of the Free Companies and of the great Englishman, Hawkwood, are sober history, but read like the recital of romance ; while no one can peruse what Mr. Fortescue has to tell of the Black Prince without realising that he had set himself to win not only battles but the hearts of his subordinates, and that by so doing he handed down a great ideal and a great influence to the commanders who were to come after him. He rests, as we are reminded, in the Cathedral at Canterbury, and over his tomb still hang the arms of our first great soldier.

Men no longer pray for his soul in the chapel which he founded in the crypt of the cathedral ; but morning and evening the voice of the trumpet, calling English soldiers to their work and dismissing them to their rest, peals forth from the barracks without and pierces faintly into the silence of the sanctuary, no unfitting requiem for the great warrior who, waiting for the sound of a louder trumpet, sleeps peacefully beneath the shadow of his shield.

With the introduction of firearms comes the decay of the old English tactics and the temporary decline of our military efficiency, followed by the Wars of the Roses, the loss of our French possessions, and the slow and gradual growth of artillery under the eighth Henry. To the casual student it will be something of a surprise to hear of the sympathy of "Bloody Mary" for the soldier, and how "Good Queen Bess" did rather less than nothing for him, and that under the rule of the last named it was not the Queen, but the people, who initiated the creation of our Army of to-day, when private subscription raised English regiments to fight for Protestantism in the Low Countries under men like Morgan, Roger Williams, John Norris, Francis Vere, and others, until through the training in foreign schools we come to the New Model and the Standing Army. "The period is long, and the conditions of warfare vary constantly from stage to stage ; but we shall find the Englishman, through all the changes of the art of war unchangeable, a splendid fighting man."

When, in 1641, the tension between Charles and his Parliament became acute, and each struggled to keep the Militia in its own hands, the scramble was for a prize not worth the snatching, since, as we are told, "the condition of the English Militia was disgraceful, its system hopelessly inefficient, and the corruption of its administration a scandal" ; and in the war which was threatening, victory was to go to the party which first made an army, not to that which preferred the claim to regulate the Militia. And what an army it was which Fairfax, Skippon, and Cromwell

hewed together at Royal Windsor, and clothed in the now familiar scarlet! Throughout well disciplined, in drill and in tactics far in advance of military Europe, and containing among its commanders one of the finest leaders of horse that the world has known. "Such an army will never again be seen in England, but though its peculiar distinctions are for ever lost, the legacies bequeathed by it must not be overlooked." It was, moreover, an Army which under no circumstances was disposed to make itself a plaything of Parliament. With the Restoration, and the advent of George Monk to the head of the army, we begin "to trace the rise of a new department which was destined to give to civilians the excessive share that they still enjoy in the direction of military affairs," in the appointment of a Secretary at War; who, at first little more than a private Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief, gradually assumed the responsibility for, and the performance of, a number of duties previously fulfilled exclusively by military men—an interference the evils of which Mr. Fortescue is at no pains to conceal or belittle as his story develops.

The operations of Schomberg in Ireland and the somewhat negative campaign of William in Flanders are told in no little detail, and Steenkirk, Neerwinden, and Namur—if not exactly redolent of success—show the British troops distinguished by the coolness of their valour and the fire of their attack. These actions, however, were but the bitter schooling which was to prepare the soldiers of England for the no less arduous but more memorable campaigns under John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough. All soldiers will read with interest the brief but illuminating account of these operations, while politicians of all parties would do well to ponder over the lessons which may be learnt from the behaviour of Parliament towards the army; of the mere skeleton to which that Army had been reduced in the inevitable reaction of peace after long hostilities; of how by the resolutions of mischievous economists England lay for three anxious years at the mercy of her hereditary enemy; and how, when war finally broke out, the work which Parliament had undone had to be done again and in a hurry. All this may be read in the last pages of the first volume, where, too, will be found mention of the initial attempt to introduce a three years' system of enlistment, and what came of it; the rise to supreme importance of the Secretary at War; and, finally, an appreciation of the great soldier who taught Europe that the troops of King Louis were not invincible—his kindness of heart, his charm, his courtesy and humanity, the magic of his personality.

In spite of all that the army under Marlborough had done for the glory of England, there never probably was a period when it was more unpopular with the nation and more at the mercy of faction—as there certainly never was a time when the needs of national defence were less understood—than during the latter part of the first quarter of the eighteenth century. The words of an ex-Secretary at War sound parlously like those we have heard uttered in our own day. “I hope we have men enough in Great Britain to defend themselves against any invasion whatever, though there were not so much as one redcoat in the kingdom.” There never was a time when civilian interference in the affairs and even in the discipline of the army was more rife, and when, as a natural consequence, the general state of the army was worse, or its strength and organisation were less suited to the growing needs of the Empire. And yet within five and twenty years the army was to be called upon to put forth tremendous efforts, to carry its banners triumphantly—through disaster and trial, toil and privation—across the burning plains of India, the rivers and forests of Canada, and the pestilent islands of the Spanish Main, as also over the familiar battle-grounds of Germany and Flanders. In the portrayal of the warfare of those stirring years there is evidence of a very fine sense of proportion, and while censure is properly awarded, praise is given where rightly due, and often to those whose memory has lain through the long years under the stigma of incompetence—or worse. Full justice as a British General is done to Lord Stair, upon whom some portion of the mantle of his great master had fallen, while if the Duke of Cumberland cannot, from the records of his leadership in Flanders, be reckoned among the great generals of England, at least he succeeded, as did no other man, at the crisis of the “Forty-five,” in lifting “the army in a few weeks from the lowest depth it had ever touched of demoralisation and disgrace, to its old height of confidence and self-respect.” In the case of Wolfe, too, there can be no doubt that the glamour of his fall at the moment of far-reaching victory has given him a fame which was not wholly his, and that it was not Wolfe so much as Amherst, the dogged soldier, the great military reformer, the tireless organiser and administrator, who really achieved the conquest of Canada.

The story of the making of Empire in the East is perhaps one which appeals even more to the national vanity and to the minds and imaginations of young soldiers, for Mr. Fortescue draws attention to the “vast wealth of ability that lay, and doubtless still lies, latent among the junior officers of the British Army,” and how time and again, in the hour of difficulty and despondency,

there were always young men ready joyously to undertake the most arduous and perilous work, and to carry it through to a successful termination. During the long years which opened with the war with Spain and closed with the peace of Fontainebleau, our military system was dangerously near falling into chaos, and for its deliverance we have to thank the efforts of Cumberland and of Pitt—the former an able administrator and a strict disciplinarian, while the latter did even more to raise the tone of the army, and to infuse into it the spirit of energy and adventure. He was the first who converted “the militia into an efficient force for defence against invasion, thus liberating the regular army for purposes of conquest.”

The greater part of Mr. Fortescue's third volume is occupied with a very vivid account of the tangled operations which culminated in the independence of the American colonies; he shows how gradually, but surely, the tie of sentiment—evoked by attachment to the Crown, pride in the success of the British arms, and in the growth of the Empire—by degrees gave way before the tie of self-interest; we are reminded that at the moment when Britain was confronted by the heavy task of providing an administration and a defence for the new possessions won for her by her soldiers, she herself was torn by faction, and that “the close of a great war is always a dangerous period when politicians and agitators, who have been long thrust to the wall by generals and admirals, return again to their places with louder voices and enhanced importance.” That our commanders in the War of Independence were good enough generals, subject to their limitations, there can be no doubt, but they were fettered at all times by the interference of a Secretary of State who endeavoured to control operations—of which he had no experience—conducted over a vast continent and beyond a wide ocean; who counselled and arranged petty expeditions having little or no bearing on the main plan of campaign, and yet failed to find the men to hold even that which our troops had won; and who, while not a man of conspicuous ability, was the possessor of a name which stank in the nostrils of the British soldier. It indeed throws a remarkable light upon our parliamentary system that while Lord George Sackville had been expelled from the army as unworthy to hold a commission, Lord George Germaine should have been appointed to the head of the department which gave him control of the men with whom he had been judged unfit to serve. One cannot read the account of the alternate triumph and disaster which beset either side in this great struggle without feeling that the war might have been sooner ended had there been more and sterner patriotism either among

the Americans or among ourselves ; had Congress or Parliament given better support to, and interfered less with the leaders in the field ; and had faction throughout not done its best to tie the hands of the administration. And yet it would seem that the Americans were of more set purpose than were the wire-pullers in the Mother Country, and that while among the colonists there was, at the worst, but indifference to contend with, in Britain the factious determination to weaken the hands of the Government led to actual rejoicing among the Opposition at the tidings of disaster to our troops. There can be no doubt that the cause of American independence was never nearer lost than in the moment immediately preceding its triumph, and that the prolongation of the struggle was due as much to the British mistakes in the Cabinet and in the field, as to the general indifference of the American people, the jealousy and disloyalty of the several provinces towards each other and the common cause, and to the readiness with which all ranks of society devoted themselves to money-making, leaving the expulsion of the British to France, as they had erstwhile left that of the French to England.

The events which follow, lead up to and centre round the time when England faced the world in arms, when her troops were confronted in America, in the West Indies, and in India, by the open hostility of the revolted colonies and by the fleets and armies of France and Spain, and in Europe by the malignancy of one who chose to forget all that Englishmen had done for him. Indeed, "it is worth while to think for a moment of the great array of British officers who were standing at bay against heavy odds" during 1781, "of Clinton fencing with Washington at New York ; of Cornwallis, misguided indeed but undismayed, fighting his desperate action at Guildford ; of Rawdon continuing to stem the tide of invasion for a few days so as to save his garrisons ; of Campbell helpless and deserted in his sickly post at Pensacola ; of the commanders in the West Indies set down in the midst of treacherous populations and of a deadly climate ; of Murray still defiant in Minorca ; of Elliott proudly disdainful of perpetual bombardment at Gibraltar ; of Goddard trying desperately but in vain to fight his way to Poonah ; of Popham snatching away Gwalior by surprise ; of Camac plucking himself by sheer daring from the midst of Scindia's squadrons ; of Flint making mortars of wood and grenades of fuller's-earth at Wandewash ; of Lang indomitable among his starving sepoy at Vellore ; lastly of Coote, shaken by age and disease, and haunted at every step by the spectre of famine, marching, manœuvring,

fighting unceasingly to relieve his beleaguered companions. With such men to defend it the Empire was not yet lost."

As the third volume closes with the termination of the Mysore campaign, so the fourth, and so far the last volume published, begins with the fall of the Bastille and ends with the Peace of Amiens. The story of the struggle with revolutionary France has been told in histories which abound, and to most of us it makes reading more familiar than much that has gone before. Again, as so often in the past, was the work of the soldier undone by the interference of a Secretary of State—the very worst who could well have been selected to found the traditions of a new office. Happily for the army—happily for the waning discipline of the officers, for the well-being of the rank and file—the office of Commander-in-Chief was held by the Duke of York, who was able to do much to limit the encroachments of the civil head of the War Office upon the province of the Commander-in-Chief. "Fortunately the words of folly and faction perish, whereas the deeds of duty and discipline endure."

If there is one lesson writ larger than any other in these volumes—not stated perhaps in so many words, but plainly perceptible in the account of every single campaign that England has waged in the years during which Mr. Fortescue has portrayed the growth of her army—it is to be found in the endless difficulty, the gnawing anxiety, the utter hopelessness of obtaining men for the needs of great endeavour by means of voluntary enlistment. The army of England would seem to have been ceaselessly plying its trade all the world over, and yet there has been always present the difficulty of raising men to meet the mere ordinary wastage of war. From the commanders in the field reiterated appeals have gone home for more men to fill the depleted battalions, for more regiments, more guns, additional horsemen to meet the overpowering odds against which British soldiers have ever contended; from the Cabinets, from the Secretaries of State the same reply has gone out that men are not to be got, that there are no drafts to clothe with flesh the skeletons of the wasted battalions, that there are no regiments to send. All measures have been tried, every sort of machinery has been set in motion, huge bounties have been offered, the bait of short service has been held out, patriotism—of individuals—has been strained almost to the breaking-point, and still men are seldom forthcoming, even for the needs of peace, under the system whereby our armies, alone among those of European nations, are raised and maintained. Surely the significance of all this is very real, very near to us, plainly apparent in this History of the

Army—the more so perhaps that by Mr. Fortescue the point is never laboured, as indeed it has no need to be, since the defects of our much prized system are only too visible in all the offensive operations of our army, on every occasion when we have not been content merely to repel invasion, but have, as befits a World Power, pressed forward to carry war to the enemy's country.

The work which Mr. Fortescue has set himself to perform, has already far exceeded its anticipated limits, and at the end of the fourth volume seventy years of the stormy life of the Army still remain to be told. This certainly results in a gain to the student, and the author has not only given us an exceptionally valuable and admirable piece of work, but he has added immeasurably to our knowledge not only of the wars of the army, but of its growth and administration. This History is far more than its title claims for it ; it is the story of the making of Empire and of the lives and deaths of the men who made it—men often ill-supplied, frequently starved, subject at all times to the harassment and interference of political parties, and forgotten alike in adversity and triumph.

In the preface to his fourth volume, Mr. Fortescue acknowledges the sympathy and the appreciation with which his work has been received by the officers of the army ; among them this history was sure of a generous reception, for there is evidence on every page that the vast labour of research was also a labour of love and the work of an enthusiast ; the pages are enriched with the recital of glowing deeds long forgotten and now happily rescued from oblivion ; and the British Army has at last, after long years, found some one able to do justice to its valour, its abiding fortitude, to all that it has done for England.

ARTHUR LEETHAM.

“IN DARKNESS LOST”

To learn to live in darkness! This is now
My task, and I, who have so loved the sun,
Shall see no more its kindly golden light
Falling on land and wave in glorious flood.
With all the strength of a man's heart I loved
Mountains and rivers, lakes, and singing trees,
Deep beds of purple heather on blown hills,
And painted woods in autumn Can I learn
To live in blindness? Never more to see
The cowslips dancing in the fields of March,
Or slim wild hyacinths pealing bells of blue
When April's fairy breezes are at play?
O, never more to see the laughing waves,
White-tipped, curl over to imprint a kiss
Upon the cool gold sand, and never more
To watch the waters romp through sunny hours,
Or dash themselves in fury on great rocks,
When winter's hurricanes make black the sky. . .
I still can hear—and sound is beautiful.
I still can touch; and scents are lovely too.
I can still dream of colour and of form,
Can picture beauties stored in memory—
But O, to see the sunlight on the may!
To find the first star-haunted primrose clumps
In quiet woods, where only sigh of trees
And call of birds is heard from dawn to dark

And dark to dawn! To watch the white, light
clouds

Race o'er the blue field of an April sky!
To note the blackness of bare winter trees
Against a rose-red sunset, or to gaze
Across still wastes of pure, unbroken snow! . . .
No more of this for me. There is no hope,
Though I am young and have not seen my share
Of all the beauties of our shining earth. . . .
I know the night has fallen now. I hear
The soft spring rain caress the sleeping trees,
While far away the slow, in-coming tide
Creeps round black rocks and into little pools,
Lifts fronds of sea-weed, sways them forward,
then

Retires and croons a low, enchanting song;
Sweeps on again with louder singing, and
With each swift rush draws nearer to its goal . . .
Sleep holds the house. The world is very still—
Yet in the tree outside my window, hark!
One bird awakes, stirs, twitters, finds the night
Is dark and wet—and so to sleep again.
But sleep comes not to me. . . . There is one
way,

One only way to evade my bitter fate. . . .
There is one way—it lies here in my hand,
Smooth steel, and cold, and death within its
heart. . . .

O, to escape the all-enfolding dark!
I cannot bear this never-breaking night,
Night all around me, pressing on my eyes,
And deepest night of all in my dumb heart.
I cannot bear it. . . Yet . . . there breaks a light,
A light upon my eyes! O God, I see,
I see, as in a dream, faces of men

Who learned to live in darkness long ago.
A great musician—one who loved sweet sounds
Beyond all else ; a poet, who found joy
In running lines and cadences of words ;
A painter who loved colour as his soul,
Yet learned to live without it. And I see
Others innumerable : lesser men
Who all loved sunshine and the glowing world
Even as I too loved them—yet each one
Has stood the test that seemed too hard for me.
Too hard, my friends ? Your lighted faces fade,
But in my heart fresh fires of courage burn.
I will despair no more. I will be brave,
And walk through darkness smiling, helped by
you :
For now I know that light will come at last,
And darkness be forgotten, like a dream . . .
So let me sleep, and dream of summer suns.

EVA M. MARTIN.

THE FUTURE OF THE UNITED STATES

THE highest conception of a nation is that of a trustee for posterity. The savage is content with wresting from nature the simple necessities of life. But the modern idea of duty is conservation of the old and modelling of the new, in order that posterity may have a fairer dwelling-place and thus transmit the onward impulse. The ideal of the prudent, loving, careful head of every family is the true ideal for a nation of rational men. The people of the United States, as far as any, perhaps, have meant to follow this pattern. It is worth while to consider how far they have been successful and where they have failed. For not for eight centuries has any people found itself dowered with such embarrassment of riches.

The average man is often more interested in speculative theories than in his plain duty towards himself and his neighbour. The average state is filled with visions of its place in the procession of the years, while it overlooks the running account of daily expenses. Problems we have found and trifled with, in confusing number and variety, but the problem of the future material condition of our country, of an inventory of its assets and liabilities, of the inevitable demands upon its resources, and the careful adjustments by which alone they may be preserved, has thus far been a subject for little more than a passing thought. National security calls for a just accounting of the business affairs of this great nation.

Let us try to cast our minds twenty or twenty-five years ahead, and see what will then be our condition. The main elements of this problem, which above all others is crowding upon our attention, are three : Possibilities of population, actual and possible natural resources, and possibilities of productive application of one to the other. As the prudent man, about settling himself in life, sums up his possessions, his opportunities for earning income, and the demands upon him of a family to be fairly cared for and left in a position to begin the world at

least as advantageously as he himself, so the people of the United States should know with reasonable exactness just where we shall stand half a century from now. The population index has the simplicity of ascertained vital statistics. Subtracting from the total population of the country as returned by each census since 1880 the immigration for the decennial period, the ratio of increase for the first decade is slightly over and for the second decade slightly under 15 per cent. So careful an observer as Leroy Beaulieu gives the natural increase of our population as fifteen and two-tenths per thousand per year. It is fair, therefore, to reckon the increase by the excess of births over deaths at fifteen per cent. on the average for each decade. The additions by immigration are more variable. It is highly probable, however, that the oncoming tide will increase. Only in periods of severe depression has immigration fallen much below the half-million mark for the last twenty-five years. In good or fairly good times it has gone greatly above. In the two years before 1905 it exceeded 800,000 annually, while for each of the last two years it has exceeded 1,000,000. It is a conservative estimate, therefore, to add 750,000 a year for increase of population from this source, or 7,500,000 for each decade. Computed on this basis, the population of the United States in the near future will show these totals:

Population in 1910	95,248,895
Population in 1920	117,036,229
Population in 1930	142,091,663
Population in 1940	170,905,412
Population in 1950	204,041,223

The startling quality of these figures is the magnitude of our problem. It is not even a problem of to-morrow, but of to-day. Within forty-four years we shall have to meet the wants of more than two hundred million people. In less than twenty years from this moment the United States will have 130,000,000 people. Where are these people, not of some dim, distant age, but of this very generation now growing to manhood, to be employed and how supported? When the searchlight is thus suddenly turned on, we recognise not a mere speculation, but the grim face of that spectre which confronts the unemployed, tramping hateful streets in hope of food and shelter.

We cannot adapt conditions to the future by restricting the growth of population. The natural increase by birth will continue. We may not, did we wish it, interfere with the immigration movement, except perhaps to enforce a more careful

scrutiny of the moral and industrial fitness of these newcomers. Notwithstanding the addition of more than a million people a year from abroad, nearly all of them men and women who must work for a living, labour outside of the cities was never as scarce or wages as high as at the present time. Immigration lingers in the great centres and adds to the difficulties attending employment.

The farms stretch out their hands in vain. Railroads in making extensions have to get help at the highest market price, and find a large percentage of those whom they employ mere hoboes who desert as soon as they have succeeded in getting transportation from one part of the country to another. Farmers besiege the employment agencies in vain, and offer the lazy tramp a sum for a day's work in the field unheard of in any other country in the world. The situation grows more embarrassing yearly. Hours of labour are being reduced in some of the states for farm as well as shop hands. Men are scarcer as the movement of population to the cities grows more pronounced. A considerable portion of our magnificent annual crop is either reduced in quality or altogether lost by reason of the impossibility of getting labour to handle it properly. Discouraged small farmers sell their land to larger proprietors who can profitably substitute machinery for men.

The country needs more workers on the soil. Not to turn the stranger away, but to direct him to the farm instead of the city; not to watch with fear a possible increase of the birth-rate, but to use every means to keep the boys on the farm, and to send youth from the city to swell the depleted ranks of agricultural industry, is the necessary task of a well-advised political economy and an intelligent patriotism.

The United States has been able easily to take care of the great increase of population in the past, because it had a vast area of unoccupied land. This was the main asset in its natural inheritance. Within practically the last half of the last century the whole country from the Mississippi River to the Rocky Mountains was occupied. No pressure of population could make itself severely felt when it might be turned loose in such an empire. In those fifty years there were added 547,640,932 acres to the agricultural area, an increase of nearly 200 per cent., and the increase in the actually improved acreage was nearly 300 per cent. This is cut off from the list of our resources. Within the last six years there have been transferred from public to private ownership more than 100,000,000 acres of Government land, an area twice the size of the State of Minnesota. The entire area of surveyed and unappropriated

land within the United States is only two and a half times that amount.

At the present rate, therefore, every acre of public land would disappear within the next fifteen years. But as a large percentage of the lands included in this estimate are wholly or partially unfit for tillage, it is literally true to say that our arable public lands have almost disappeared. And where are our children to find standing room, and the tens of millions of the future a place for wholesome industry? This is an intensely practical question. It is immediate. For within twenty years we must house and employ in some fashion fifty millions of additional population; and by the middle of this century, at a time when the child now born will be in the prime of life, there will be approximately two and a half times as many people in the United States as there are to-day.

No nation in history was ever confronted with a sterner question than this certain prospect sets before us. What are we to do with our brother, whose keeper we are? How are we to provide our own children with shelter and their daily bread?

Rational consideration of our potential resources and of available future employment for this great multitude must, of course, proceed together. Labour must have material to work upon, and labour and material must also be so conjoined that the sum total shall be an increase of product equal to the advancing demands upon it, while at the same time our natural resources shall not be exhausted. Only thus can the future be made safe. Only thus can the people of the years to come be saved from retrogression. We come back to the big, fundamental things; to raw materials, and supply and demand, and the severe utilities without which no nation, great or small, can long keep poverty and distress or even death at bay.

The summation of actual resources of national wealth is a comparatively short and simple process. Passing over the atmospheric elements that minister indirectly to the national economy, there are just four sources from which mankind must draw all natural wealth. Of these the sea does not supply more than two or three per cent. of man's food. It may therefore be dropped from the calculation, as it cannot be made much more largely contributory to human support. The forest, once a rich heritage, is rapidly disappearing. Its product is valuable not for food, but for shelter and as an accessory in the production of wealth. Its fate is interesting here rather in the rôle of an example. For we have done with our forests already what we are doing just as successfully with the remainder of

our natural capital. Except for the areas on the Pacific Coast, the forest as a source of wealth is rapidly disappearing. Within twenty years, perhaps, we shall have nowhere east of the Rocky Mountains a timber product worth recording, and shall then be compelled to begin in earnest the slow process of reafforesting.

What is less clearly perceived is that we are wasting in the same fashion other resources which no repentance and no ingenuity can restore or replenish. The exhaustion of the greatest of these, the land, will be spoken of later. Our mineral wealth, however, stands on another plane. What is taken from the mine can never be replaced. Through all eternity, as far as we can see, the consumption of mineral wealth stored in the ground must be a finality. The possible gross product is mathematically limited. The adaptation of this to future uses should be a matter of infinitely greater anxiety than the present balance-sheet of a business concern. Yet the singular fact is that, among a people convinced that they are grounded in the rudiments of political economy, the progressive exhaustion of this precious resource is everywhere heralded as a triumph of enterprise and a gauge of national prosperity. The nation publishes periodically the record of a scattering of assets never to be regained, and waits, with a smile of complacency, for general congratulation.

The two great resources of the under-earth, economically speaking, that are indispensable to human comfort and growth are coal and iron. Our inheritance of these was princely. The most wonderful achievement of this age is the incredible activity with which we are exhausting them. The coal areas and measures of the United States are describable only in somewhat general terms. But the fact of the future is not doubtful. No dependable authority gives more than a century of life to our main available coal-supply. It will not be all gone by that time, but the remainder will have to be obtained from deposits of low grade or at great depths, or from points remote from where it is most needed. It will be poor in quality, or high in price, or both, so that its economic employment on existing terms will be very difficult. A generous estimate of competent geologists for the life of the better coal measures of Europe as a whole is less than one hundred years. The output of the United States is now more than 350,000,000 tons annually. It doubled within the decade from 1895. It now amounts to between 40 and 50 per cent. of the world's entire supply. The estimated life of the Pennsylvania anthracite fields, whose narrow area has permitted closer approximation,

is put at little more than fifty years. The larger supply of soft coal has to answer a demand many times as great.

It is certainly a moderate statement to say that by the middle of the present century, when our population shall have reached the two hundred million mark, our best and most convenient coal will have been so far consumed that the remainder can only be applied to present uses at an enhanced cost which would probably compel the entire rearrangement of industries and revolutionise the common lot and common life. This is not a mere possibility, but a probability which our country must face.

The prospect of the mighty iron interest is even more threatening and more sure. Our available iron deposits have been carefully catalogued. All the fields of national importance have been known for at least twenty years. Within that time their boundaries and probable capacity have been estimated, and the whole country has been prospected for this king of minerals. The most reasonable computation of scientific authority affirms that existing production cannot be maintained for fifty years, assuming that all the available iron ore known to us is mined. In fact, the limitation is likely to be less than that period.

In 1870 the United States produced a little more than 3,000,000 tons of iron ore. It increased by about 150 per cent. for each decade to 1890. As late as 1895 it was a trifle short of 16,000,000 tons. In 1902 and 1903 it was, in round numbers, 35,000,000 tons, and last year it rose to about 42,000,000 tons. At this rate, as all the trade statistics indicate, and as our present policy and growth in population require, it will reach 50,000,000 tons almost immediately. By every possible means we are stimulating consumption, especially by a tariff that places a bounty on the exhaustion of the home supply of both coal and iron, thus prohibiting recourse to outside supplies and compelling the exhaustion of our own reserve. In the year 1950, as far as our own resources are concerned, we shall be approaching an ironless age. For a population of 200,000,000 people, our home supply of iron will have retreated almost to the company of the precious metals.

There is no substitute whose production and preparation for practical use is not far more expensive. Not merely our manufacturing industries, but our whole complex industrial life, so intimately built upon cheap iron and coal, will feel the strain and must suffer realignment. The peril is not one of remote geologic time, but of this generation. And where is there a

sign of preparation for it? Where, amidst our statistical arrays and the flourish of trumpets with which the rise of our manufactured product is always announced, do we hear so much as a whisper of care about the needs of the time marching so swiftly upon us? Instead of apprehension and diligent forethought for the future, the nation is engaged in policies of detail and opportunism,

If any man think this prophecy of danger fantastic, let him glance at Great Britain. That nation was not so extravagant as we, because it did not compel the instant exhaustion of its resources by a tariff prohibiting such imports, and because its surplus population could and did scatter over the globe. But it has concentrated effort upon the secondary form of industry—manufacturing—at the sacrifice of the primary—the tillage of the soil. Its iron supply is now nearly exhausted. It must import much of the crude material, or close its furnaces and mills. Its coal is being drawn from the deeper levels. The added cost pinches the market and makes trade smaller both in volume and in profits.

The process of constriction has only begun. None are advertising it, only few understand it. But already there is the cry of want and suffering from every street in England. From a million to a million and a half of men are huddling together in her cities, uttering that most pathetic and most awful ultimatum, "Damn your charity, give us work!" And this is only the beginning of that industrial readjustment which the unwise application of industry and the destruction of natural resources must force everywhere. He who doubts may easily convince himself by an honest investigation of the facts that this is no sensational prediction, but something as established and inevitable as an eclipse or the return of the seasons. The most amazing feature of our situation, indeed, is its vast and compelling simplicity.

Every people is thus reduced, in the final appraisal of its estate, to reliance upon the soil. This is the sole asset that does not perish, because it contains within itself, if not abused, the possibility of infinite renewal. All the life that exists upon this planet, all the development of man from his lowest to his highest qualities, rests as firmly and as unreservedly upon the capacities of the soil as do his feet upon the ground beneath him. The soil alone is capable of self-renewal, through the wasting of the rocks, through the agency of plant life, through its chemical reactions with the liquids and gases within and about it. A self-perpetuating race must rely upon some self-perpetuating means of support. Our one resource, therefore, looking at humanity

as something more than the creature of a day, is the productivity of the soil. And since that, too, may be raised to a high power or lowered to the point of disappearing value, it is of the first consequence to consider how the people of the United States have dealt with this, their greatest safeguard and their choicest dower.

This is pre-eminently and primarily an agricultural country. Its soil has been treated largely as have been the forest and mineral resources of the nation. Only because the earth is more long-suffering, only because the process of exhaustion is more difficult and occupies a longer period, have we escaped the peril that looms so large in other quarters. The reckless distribution of the land, its division among all the greedy who chose to ask for it, the appropriation of large areas for grazing purposes, have absorbed much of the national heritage. Only one-half of the land in private ownership is now tilled. That tillage does not produce one-half of what the land might be made to yield without losing an atom of its fertility. Yet the waste of our treasure has proceeded so far that the actual value of the soil for productive purposes has already deteriorated more than it should have done in five centuries of use. There is, except in isolated and individual cases, little approaching intensive agriculture in the United States. There is only the annual skimming of the rich cream, the exhaustion of virgin fertility, the extraction from the earth by the most rapid process of its productive powers, the deterioration of life's sole maintenance. And all this with that army of another hundred million people marching in plain sight toward us, and expecting and demanding that they shall be fed.

If the earth, the mother of humanity, is to "wear out," what is to become of the race? The fact is that soils, properly treated, maintain their productiveness indefinitely under cultivation. The further fact is that, with the disappearance of pestilence and the discontinuance of war that belong to the future all contributing to the growth of population, the productive capacity of the soil must be sustained at its highest point, or the world suffer want.

The life-sustaining power of the soil is lowered in two ways. First, by physical destruction, through the carrying away of the earth to the sea; and second, chemically, by the withdrawal of the elements required for plant life. The waste from the former cause is very great. It accounts for sterility in the older, which are also the more hilly, portions of the cultivated country. It may easily be checked or prevented. The agriculture of Japan, which is of the highest type, preserves a

mountain farm intact by terracing and careful modulation of its level. Professor Shaler says that a field lying at an angle of twenty degrees can be totally destroyed in a hundred ploughings. Throughout the South this process of denudation has proceeded far and is going forward rapidly. He estimates from personal observation that in the State of Kentucky, which has not been largely cultivated for more than a century, one-tenth of the arable soil has been destroyed, and that a considerable portion of this cannot be restored by any application of industry and care.

More serious and even more universal and speedy is the process of deliberate soil exhaustion.

The people have neglected the preservation of the soil. They take away all and give nothing back. Thorough fertilisation of the land has no place in the general work on the American farm. Average American agriculture means the extraction from nature of the greatest immediate return at the lowest possible outlay of labour or money, with sublime disregard of consequences.

The country is approaching the inevitable advent of a population of 150,000,000 or 200,000,000, within the lifetime of those now grown to man's estate, with a potential food-supply that falls as the draft upon it advances. How are these people to be fed?

The foreign trade of the United States has been made an object of more or less solicitude and self-gratulation. What we do is to export in immense volumes two great schedules of commodities. One contains raw materials, the products of the upper and the under earth. It includes, adding articles like flour, provisions, and refined oil, which are but one degree removed from the raw state, changed in form for economy of transportation, three-fourths of our entire exports of domestic commodities. The treasury of our future is being despoiled to swell the rapidly growing riches of the day. The remaining 30 per cent. or less, which is all that can properly be classed as products of manufacture, is this stored treasure in another form. Exports of domestic manufactures, construing the term with proper strictness, constitute a trifle more than 20 per cent. of the total.

This pitiful showing in the markets of the world where our people might find occupation, where a larger proportion of them must find it in the future if all are to survive or remain, a showing that not even the endeavours of boasters can improve, is the inevitable consequence of a policy more destructive than that of the spendthrift.

Man may win, beyond peradventure man will win, from the silent willingness of nature, from her sternness and her clemency, from her outpouring and her withholding, the utmost of his aspiration. But the highway to the perfect condition must be fashioned from the common clod under his feet. And for every error and omission he must pay the uttermost farthing.

The first step is to realise our dependence upon the cultivation of the soil. We are still clinging to the skirts of a civilisation born of great cities. We at this very moment use a slang which calls the stupid man "a farmer." Genius has shunned the farm and expended itself upon mechanical appliances and commerce and the manifold activities whose favourable reactions filter back but slowly to the plot of ground on which stands solidly the real master of himself and of his destiny. If we comprehend our problem aright, all this will change; and a larger comprehension of agriculture as our main resource and our most dignified and independent occupation will for the future direct to their just aim, in the improvement of methods and the increase of yield, the wisdom and the science and the willing labour of the millions who thus may transmit to posterity an unimpaired inheritance.

Agriculture, in the most intelligent meaning of the term, is something almost unknown in the United States. We have a light scratching of the soil and a gathering of all that it can be made to yield by the most rapidly exhaustive methods. Except in isolated instances, on small tracts here and there, farmed by people sometimes regarded as cranks, and at some experiment stations, there is no attempt to deal with the soil scientifically, generously, or even fairly. In manufacture we have come to consider small economies so carefully that the difference of a fraction of a cent, the utilisation in a by-product of something formerly consigned to the scrap-heap, makes the difference between a profit and bankruptcy. In farming we are satisfied with a small yield at the expense of the most rapid soil deterioration. We are satisfied with a national average small product of \$11.38 per acre at the cost of a diminishing annual return from the same fields, when we might just as well secure from two to three times that sum. Here is a draft which we may draw upon the future and know that it will not be dishonoured. Here is the occupation in which the millions of the future may find a happy and contented lot.

When we have added to the national export trade half a billion dollars per annum, the country rings with self-congratulation and we demand the plaudits of the world. If a process for extracting metallic wealth from rocks were to be

discovered to-morrow, such as to assure the country an added volume of a billion dollars in wealth every year, the nation would talk of nothing else. Yet these things would be but a trifle when compared with the possibilities of agricultural development in the United States. The official estimated value of all farm products of the country last year was \$6,415,000,000. Discount this for high prices and generally favourable conditions by twenty per cent., and over \$5,000,000,000 remains. It is also officially recorded that of the appropriated farm area of the United States a little less than one-half is under cultivation. Utilise the other half, and without any change whatever in methods the output would be practically doubled. Change methods only a little, not to high-class intensive farming, but to an agriculture as far advanced as that of those other countries which have made the most progress, and without any addition whatever to the existing cultivated farm area the product per acre would be doubled. We should be able, by directing surplus population to the land, and by the adoption of a system of culture in full operation elsewhere, greatly to increase this minimum present yield of \$5,000,000,000 per annum of farm products. That is, we may add \$10,000,000,000 or \$15,000,000,000 every year to the national wealth if we so choose. And this is but a beginning.

It will be well, in defence of a prospect so promising, to glance at the achievements of other peoples upon whom necessity has already imposed wisdom. It is perhaps not so generally known as it should be that Great Britain, with a soil and climate far inferior to our own for wheat-growing, produces more than double the quantity that we do per acre. The average for the United States in 1899 was twelve and three-tenths bushels per acre. In 1904 it was twelve and a half. That is about the figure for a long series of years. More than half a century ago the average yield in England had risen above twenty-six bushels to the acre. In the latter part of the eighteenth century agriculture had reached almost its lowest estate in the United Kingdom. Men who saw then as we should see now the paramount importance of its restoration devoted themselves to its advancement. Arthur Young made the most complete study of local conditions ever attempted. Statesmen were interested and men of science enlisted. A Board of Agriculture was created in 1793. Sir Humphry Davy delivered before it in 1812 a series of remarkable lectures on scientific agriculture. Landed proprietors took up the cry, interest was evoked everywhere, new theories

were put into practice almost as rapidly as the commons were enclosed, and between 1770 and 1850 there was an immense rise in production, in labourers' wages, and in rents. Although agriculture in England has suffered in the last twenty-five years by the opening of new land in America and the cheapening of the world's transportation, it has profited by further advances in knowledge. To-day a yield of thirty bushels of wheat per acre is about the average for the country. In Minnesota, with her fresh soil and unrivalled product, an average of fourteen bushels is looked upon with complacency. The average of Great Britain, applied to the acreage in this country, that now gives us something over 600,000,000 bushels of wheat in a fair year, would increase our product to over 1,500,000,000 bushels.

There are more instructive studies in national efficiency than this. The German Empire has 60,000,000 people compressed within a little more than 200,000 square miles of territory. She has not tied her fortunes to a single interest. Her manufacturing industries are thrusting themselves into the markets of every country. How to meet German competition is to-day the study of every intelligent leader of industry and every Cabinet on the Continent of Europe. It will be found that a large share of her world-wide success is due to symmetrical national development. Agricultural industry has not been slighted. Behold a contrast that throws light upon the idle hosts of England's unemployed, marching despondently through streets whose shop windows are crowded with wares of German make. Between 1875 and 1900 in Great Britain 2,691,428 acres which were under cereals, and 755,255 acres which were under green crops, went out of cultivation. In Germany during the same period the cultivated area grew from 22,840,950 to 23,971,573 hectares, an increase of 5 per cent.; and the area given over to grass shrank one-third. While her foreign trade was making the great leap from \$1,800,000,000 to \$2,650,000,000, the yield of her cultivated fields per hectare made the following advances, measured in kilogrammes: Wheat, from 1670 to 1970; rye, from 1490 to 1650; barley, from 1480 to 1950; oats, from 1070 to 1840; and hay, from 2230 to 4450. The wages of agricultural labourers rose about 25 per cent. between 1873 and 1892, and have advanced another 25 per cent. since then. This is the work of intelligence, of a complete appreciation of the national problem as a whole, of universally practical and technical education, and of infinite patience. To agriculture, as well as to other occupations, will apply the conclusion reached by Professor Dewar after

a study of German industry and progress as a whole: "The really appalling thing is not that the Germans have seized upon a dozen industries, but that the German population has reached a point of general training and specialised equipment, and possesses a weapon of precision which gives her an enormous initial advantage."

For half a century Japan has been studying and assimilating the best to be found in the world. Japan is a world's university for instruction in the art of agriculture. Her national greatness is not merely built upon that, it grows out of that as the grain itself springs from the soil. Of her 45,000,000 people, 30,000,000 are farmers. The whole body is supported by a cultivated area of but 19,000 square miles. Every foot of soil is utilised; the farmer is a specialist. For twenty-five centuries this people has turned to tillage as the basic industry of life. Her progress is in the right direction—growth, like that of the tree, from the ground up. The message of the victorious guns of Japan is a reminder of the fixed order and proportion in a healthy national development of industry. No nation that does not throw its intensest interest and expend the bulk of its force upon the cultivation of the soil can become or remain permanently great.

In France a careful system of agriculture took root earlier than in Great Britain, and from it has been wrought a far stronger fabric of national prosperity. France is to-day the banker nation of Europe. Any sound loan can be placed in Paris on short notice. In 1871 impoverished France was compelled to pay \$1,000,000,000 to the conquering Germans. Thirty years afterward France had \$500,000,000 seeking for investment. To-day her national debt of \$6,000,000,000 is practically all held at home, and her holdings of foreign securities are not far from \$15,000,000,000. She controls the purse-strings of Europe; and Russia and Germany are guided in their foreign policies, are urged into or restrained from war, not so much by the pleasure of emperor, king, or kaiser as by the decision of the world-financiers of France. The funds for this international financing are obtained largely from the savings of the industrious and frugal small farmers of France. Within the first fifty years of the nineteenth century agricultural improvement alone doubled the wealth of the country. Landed estates sell to-day for from three to four times as much as they brought at the time of the Revolution. The valley of the Loire is one great garden. Every foot of soil has been studied, and devoted to the growing of what will produce the largest return. Although one-third of the area of

the country is classified as uncultivable, the tilled portion yields food enough for one hundred and seventy inhabitants per square mile. Kropotkin says, in his remarkable study of agricultural methods: "Some thirty years ago the French considered a crop quite good when it yielded twenty-two bushels to the acre; but with the same soil the present requirement is at least thirty-three bushels; while in the best soils the crop is good only when it yields from forty-three to forty-eight bushels, and occasionally the product is as much as fifty-five bushels to the acre." From limited areas on experimental farms under special care as high as eighty bushels per acre has been obtained. But, taking cultivation as we find it for the country as a whole, the French now draw from the soil more than five times as much wealth as they did a century and a half ago.

This is the result merely of the common agricultural industry of France. The strength of the nation, its endurance of political changes, its economic place and its persistence as a wealth creator are due primarily to the fact that it is a nation of small farmers, pursuing what in this country would be called intensive but what is really diversified farming.

It is to Belgium and the island of Jersey that we must look if we would see the supreme achievement of careful farm industry exercised under conditions not specially favourable. The agriculture of these countries represents a fair average of what the people of any other might do with equal patience, intelligence, and industry. Originally the soil of Belgium as a whole was not highly favourable to cultivation. Yet Belgium produces now, after allowing for all imports of food products, and exclusive of exports of the same, enough home-grown food to supply the wants of four hundred and ninety inhabitants to the square mile. This is in addition to the large manufacturing industries of the country, and offers a fair model and measure of what might be done under ordinary conditions with the earth by man in any part of the world not cursed by sterility.

These figures, which in reality supply the answer to our problem, convict the American farmer of carelessness and want of knowledge, and the economic and political leaders of the people of unfaithfulness to their trust. To restore and maintain the fertility of the soil, to assure food and occupation for a greater population than may be expected in a long future, we have but to study the experience of older peoples and to follow lessons written plainly in the history of the world's agriculture.

There are three essentials to any agriculture worthy of the name. The first is rotation of crops. Our low average yield

is due to the antiquated system, all too prevalent, of raising the same crop indefinitely on the same land, until it has been worn out or so reduced that the owner is in danger of poverty. Even without fertilisers, the yield of a given area may be immensely increased and its productive powers preserved from exhaustion merely by the restorative variety of change, which seems to be a law of all living things.

Some interesting facts have been brought out by the work of the Minnesota State Agricultural School. With only ordinary fertilisation, and with such farm culture as could be applied to large areas, the average yield of wheat on the plots under experiment for seven years was 26.4 bushels per acre ; of oats, 67.2 bushels ; of corn, 42.8 bushels ; and of hay, the average for five years was 3.91 tons per acre. This was accomplished merely by using a system of five-year rotation, the land being treated in this order : corn, wheat, meadow, pasture, oats. The figures given are nearly double the average yield from the farms of the State. There is therefore no exaggeration in the statement that our farm production could be made two-fold what it is by the mere application of more careful methods without any intensive cultivation whatever.

If the lands of the State were cultivated according to a seven-year system of rotation—grain, grain, grass, pasture, grain, oats, grain—without fertilisers, it is estimated on good authority that the same amount of grain would be gathered during the four seasons in which it appears in this regular order as is now obtained from cropping grain every year. That is to say, the farmer would obtain at the end of seven years exactly the same amount of grain that he now takes as the entire product of his fields, while in addition he would have the whole amount of other crops and of stock for which the three seasons of vacation from grain-growing would furnish opportunity. He would, while preserving the fertility of his acres and guarding against soil deterioration, add three-sevenths to the volume of his material profits. Such is the promise of the simplest of all improvements in method.

This is but the beginning of agricultural possibilities. Calling in the aid of the second method of increasing yield and preserving soil productivity, which is a more liberal use of fertilising material, such as is possible where farms are of small size and cattle are kept, there is abundant evidence of the extraordinary results that may be obtained. Illustrations may be found in every part of the country where individual small farmers have had the intelligence to put the system into effect. A recent report of the Department of Agriculture cites the case of a farm

in Pennsylvania which was so exhausted as to be incapable of production. This little tract of fifteen acres, devoted strictly to dairying, and treated each year with every particle of the natural fertilisers thus obtained, produces a revenue of about \$3000, or \$200 per acre, annually. There is no secret in the process, just as there is no uncertainty in the result. And by a combination of judicious crop rotation, which admits and requires diversification of farm industry, with careful fertilising, the estimate of a doubled money value for the yield of the present farm area of the United States would be found under the mark.

The third factor in improvement, better tillage, is most interesting of all, because it opens up unmeasured possibilities. We no more know what is the maximum food-bearing capacity of the earth, or of any small portion of its surface, than we do the rate at which people may be able to travel a century from now. But what has been done is sufficiently startling. It has been seen that a population of 45,000,000 people in Japan is supported on 19,000 cultivated square miles, aided by the food products obtained from the sea. This is because cultivation in Japan is truly intensive; that is, it is no longer even highly developed farming, but market gardening. As we approach that science, the actual creation of soils for growing purposes, the shelter of plants from frost and unfavourable elements, and the treatment of grains and vegetables by separate planting and individual nurture, all limitations upon earth's bounty appear to recede afar.

From two and seven-tenths acres in the suburbs of Paris there have been grown in a single season 250,000 pounds of vegetables. A market gardener of Paris declares that all the food, animal and vegetable, required for the 3,500,000 people of two great departments could be grown, by methods already in use, on the 3250 square miles of gardens surrounding the city. Thus, while it appears that in Belgium a population of approximately five hundred persons to the square mile can subsist on the products of farm industry alone, this figure, by high intensive culture, such as becomes possible and profitable where population is extremely dense, might be more than doubled.

In one district of East Flanders a population of 30,000 peasants obtains its food from 37,000 acres of ground, at the same time raising thousands of beasts and exporting considerable produce. The farmers of the island of Jersey, by no means a paradise for the agriculturist, manage to obtain an annual agricultural produce valued at about \$250 from each acre of their land. In Germany they have produced thirty tons of

potatoes to the acre. The same has been done in Minnesota, and might become the rule rather than the exception. The Japanese obtain their wonderful yields of rice, from twenty to thirty-two bushels per acre, in poor provinces and sixty to sixty-seven bushels on the best land, by separate planting. After the plant has been started in a bed it is taken up individually and transferred to the field by hand.

Interesting experiments have been made in the United States with wheat. If the best seed be selected and planted, and a vigorous young plant be grown, four inches distant from its nearest neighbour, it is possible, with the most prolific varieties and the utmost care, to produce as high as one thousand five hundred grains of wheat from a single grain. A yield of one hundred grains would be a practical minimum. This would give one hundred bushels of crop for every bushel of seed, a multiplication now deemed incredible. By this method from sixty-two to ninety bushels of wheat to the acre have actually been obtained. The objection to the amount of labour required may be answered by the query whether it would be more difficult to grow ten acres after this fashion than a quarter section (*i.e.*, 160 acres) in the old way. And the food demand of a population growing by millions is soon to force such questions to the front. Even if the soil produces only the thirty bushels to the acre of wheat which Great Britain can raise, a square mile would grow nineteen thousand two hundred bushels. If five hundred persons were living on a square mile, it would allot to each one of them thirty-eight and four-tenths bushels as a supply. Distribute this in terms of any measured food ration and it will not be inadequate.

We may affirm with perfect confidence, as a conclusion of this brief investigation of soil preservation and development, that the possibilities of agriculture make it difficult to set any specific limit to the population that could sustain life on the produce of a given area.

From the review given of actual accomplishment in treatment of the soil, from the promise of this most dependable asset, something may be asserted with confidence of our own future. It can be shown that an average of two persons or more may be supported on every acre of tillable land by the highest form of intensive farming. But dismissing this as unnecessary, it has been shown that a people like those of Belgium to-day, not an Oriental race accustomed to a standard of living and of labour inapplicable to us, not living in virtual serfdom like that of Russia, but an industrious, fairly intelligent, and exceedingly comfortable agricultural community, raise from the

soil food enough for the needs of four hundred and ninety persons to the square mile.

Adopting provisionally that ratio as a point of departure, though the actual ratio of area to population gives a figure considerably higher even than this, the 414,498,487 acres of improved farm lands in the United States on the date of the last official report, an area materially enlarged by the present time, would support in comfort 317,350,405 people; enabling them at the same time to raise considerable food for export and to engage in necessary manufacturing employments. Applying the same ratio to the entire acreage of farm lands within the United States, both improved and unimproved, which was at the same date 838,591,774, the population indicated as able to live with comfort and prosperity on the actually existing agricultural area of this country, under an intelligent system and a fairly competent but by no means highly scientific method of culture, rises to 642,046,823.

The conclusion is that, if not another acre were to be redeemed from the wilderness, if the soil were treated kindly and intelligently, if industry were distributed duly, and popular attention were concentrated upon the best possible utilisation of the one unfailing national resource, there would be produced all necessary food for the wants of, in round numbers, 650,000,000 people. But this means such study and labour to raise production to its highest terms as have entered scarcely at all as yet into the American comprehension.

Failing to understand the needs of the hour or to appreciate the moral to which they point, what fortune must await us? Within twenty years 125,000,000 people and before the middle of the century over 200,000,000 people must find room and food and employment within the United States. Where are they to live? What are they to do? By that time our mineral resources will have been so nearly exhausted that the industries related to them must fall into a minor place. By that time it is apparent that our dream of a conquest of world markets will be a burst bubble. Mr. Harold Bolce has demonstrated that the peoples of the Orient, the hundreds of millions of Japan and China, with their imitative quality, their proved ability to operate modern machinery and to create it in their workshops after once using it, their enormous supply of coal and iron, their limitless cheap labour and their patience like that of Fate, are prepared to control the markets of the future. They must control as against a policy which has established domestic conditions in manufacturing business on lines which make production so expensive an affair that we could not hope

to meet the mechanic of Germany on even terms, and must retire before the despised Chinaman.

It is a mathematical fact that within twenty years under present conditions our wheat crop will not be sufficient for home consumption and seed, without leaving a bushel for export. Will these coming millions go into the factories? But where can we then expect to sell shop products in a world competition, and who will furnish the pay-rolls? All industry stops when these are not forthcoming. That is the dead wall against which England stands dismayed. The shops are there, the working men are there clamouring for employment, but capital can find no profit in the enterprises, nobody offers to advance money for the pay-rolls of unprofitable business, and a top-heavy industry must surely fall.

Let us be warned in time. On every side there is menace if our national activity be not reorganised on the basis of old-fashioned common sense. The safety valve for older peoples has been found in emigration. Their very relief has contributed to our danger. The United States cannot follow their example. It is against the genius of our people; and besides, the circle of the northern hemisphere is closed. At home the problem must be worked out; and its terms have been clearly stated.

The conclusion reached points out and emphasises a national duty so imminent and so imperative that it should take precedence of all else. Our foe is one that has overthrown civilisations as proud, as prosperous, and far more strongly fortified than our own. Nothing can stop the onward march of nature's laws or close the iron jaws of her necessities when they open to crush their victims. Either we shall understand our situation and make such provision as her benignancy affords to meet it, or we shall meet conditions of overcrowding and artificial standards and food and employment inadequate to the national needs, and so be in danger of destroying the stately temple once reared with the highest hopes that ever animated humanity. Which is it to be?

If we are to walk safely in the way of wisdom, there is much to be done. It is time to begin. There must be, first, a return to conservative and economic methods, a readjustment of national ideas such as to place agriculture, and its claims to the best intelligence and the highest skill that the country affords, in the very forefront. There must be a national revolt against the worship of manufacture and trade as the only forms of progressive activity, and the false notion that wealth built upon these at the sacrifice of the fundamental form of

wealth production can endure. A clear recognition on the part of the whole people, from the highest down to the lowest, that the tillage of the soil is the natural and most desirable occupation for man, to which every other is subsidiary and to which all else must in the end yield, is the first requisite. Then there will be a check administered to the city movement that lowered the percentage of agricultural labour to the whole body of persons engaged in gainful occupations in the United States from forty-four and three-tenths in 1880 to thirty-seven and seven-tenths in 1890 and to thirty-five and seven-tenths in 1900. With public interest firmly fixed upon the future, the country, in mere self-preservation, must give serious attention to the practical occupation of restoring agriculture to its due position in the nation.

The Government should establish a small model farm on its own land in every rural congressional district, later perhaps in every county in the agricultural states. Let the Department of Agriculture show exactly what can be done on a small tract of land by proper cultivation, moderate fertilising, and due rotation of crops. The sight of the fields and their contrast with others, the knowledge of yields secured and profits possible, would be worth more than all the pamphlets poured out from the Government printing office in years. The Government ought not to hesitate before the comparatively small expense and labour involved in such a practical encouragement of what is the most important industry of our present and the stay and promise of our future. Disseminate knowledge of farming as it should and must be, instead of maintaining the pitiful bribe of a few free seeds. Declare everywhere, from the executive chamber, from the editorial office, from the platform, and, above all, from every college class-room and from every little school-house in the land, the new crusade. Let the zeal for discovery, for experiment, for scientific advancement that has made the last century one of multiplied wonders focus itself upon the problems of the oldest of sciences and arts, the corner-stone of all civilisation—the improvement of tillage and making grow two grains where only one grew before. Only thus may a multiplying population secure its permanent maintenance. Only thus may the struggle for existence that has power either to curse or bless be brought to any other termination than the peace of death.

I have not drawn upon fancy for a single detail of this picture. This growing increase of population, its rise to over 200,000,000 before 1950, the approaching exhaustion of much of our mineral wealth, the vanishing of our public domain, the

deterioration of our soil, the terrible need which these must bring, the strain on institutions and the stress of industrial perplexity or decline are as certain as the passage of the years. I have given you the facts, drawn from authentic sources, and in every case under rather than over stated. Let them be examined, criticised, compared with official records. For this is not a controversy about theories, but a plain statement of natural facts in the light of nature's laws. Then let the statesmen, the writers, and the thoughtful workers of to-day say if they are not true. If true, what are we to do? Where, save in a concentration of national effort upon that first and last resource of man ever since he left Eden, is there a sure escape and a safe relief? Let the leaders of men give their answer.

The situation is not at all hopeless or even desperate if the nation turns to its task with appreciation, with wisdom, and with courage. A profitable husbandry is the very fountain from which all other occupations flow and by which they are nourished into strength.

Now, as ever, to the nation and race as to the individual, nature, the unrelenting task-mistress of the centuries, holds out in one hand her horn of plenty and in the other her scourge. This country has brought itself within reach of the thong, while grasping at the satisfaction of present appetite and forgetting the primal relation between the earth and man. The pathway to prosperity is still open. The divinity of the earthly life at heart is kind. Under her rule there is work and abundant reward for all, but these must be won in her designated way and in none other. Her pointing finger, that has never varied since man came upon the earth, shows the old and only way to safety and honour. Upon the readiness with which this is understood, the sober dignity with which a whole nation rises to the winning of its broad and permanent prosperity, will depend the individual well-being of millions of this and many generations. Largely by this method will posterity, our fit and righteous judge, determine whether what issues from the crucible of this twentieth century is a bit of rejected dross to be cast aside, or a drop of golden metal to shine for ever upon the rosary of the years.

JAMES J. HILL.

N.B.—This article was originally delivered as an address at the Minnesota State Fair, and has been slightly condensed from the original.

LORD CROMER AND FREE TRADE *

WHEN we are told that we have lost our respect for one of the great Englishmen of our own or of any time, and have ceased to admire his Imperial work because of his fiscal opinions, we are merely amused. The suggestion is meant to be waspish, but carries no sting—caricature, as we know, being pointless unless it conveys at least the tenth part of a truth. Of this particular thing we can afford to say that an enemy hath done it, but not well. With regard to the present position of the maker of modern Egypt, our embarrassment is real. We are embarrassed, not because we have lost our appreciation, but because we have entirely retained it. If we reply to Lord Cromer it is said we are disrespectful; if we do not reply it is said we are crushed. These are the penny wares of party trade. It is doubtless difficult to answer in a case like the present with the ordinary freedom that bad arguments invite; but the greater disrespect would be shown towards Lord Cromer if we allowed his speeches to pass without examination; and it ought not to be impossible to distinguish with good sense and good manners between a long record of achievement lifted above party and that lesser rôle in domestic politics which at best can only be the anti-climax of a great career.

How great was that career in Egypt let us confess before explaining the genesis of Lord Cromer's fiscal views. As re-constructor of a ruined nation his success was continuous, prolonged, and, if the phrase may be permitted, cumulative to an extent almost without precedent. It was so sure and steady in its processes, so splendid in its result, that its parallel would be difficult to discover in the records of any people. In the records of our own Empire it stands alone. Lord Cromer's *régime* at Cairo owed much, very much indeed, to the traditions of Indian administration, but it was as original in many ways as it was in

* Speeches at Prince's Restaurant, London, November 21, 1907; and at Glasgow, January 10, 1908; both reported in the *Times* of the days following.

all ways masterly. Twenty-four years of uninterrupted rule in an Oriental state—a constructive despotism, veiled in method, benevolent in spirit, but iron in authority, yet backed more and more by national support at home and exempt to the end from the influence of our party changes: this was an opportunity never given to any Englishman before. Some of the credit may be due to the security of tenure extended to our recent representative at Cairo, but so often and so lamentably denied to men as notable in situations not less momentous for the future of the British Empire. That length of tenure was denied to Hastings and Dalhousie; it was denied to Curzon, and above all to Milner. It would have been denied to Lord Cromer but for Mr. Chamberlain's success for twenty years in holding democracy for the Imperial idea. Yet even more of the credit for the remaking of a whole society must be set down, as we all agree, to "the extraordinary man"—it is Lord Milner's emphatic phrase—who throughout that twenty years was "the interpreter of Great Britain's will in Egypt." His ability was compelling, his patience invincible, his judgment well-nigh unerring. From 1883 to 1907, while Ministries rose and fell at home; while the position of parties was more than once revolutionised; while one generation of famous statesmen passed away in Continental capitals and another came on the scene; while the grouping of the European Powers was transformed—Lord Cromer's position upon the Nile was as stable as the Pyramids. Ostensibly a British agent with advisory functions, he was in reality a Viceroy in disguise. Nominally British Consul-General enjoying no precedence over his colleagues of the same rank in the lower branch of the diplomatic service, he was for all practical purposes Pharaoh in a frock-coat. Upon the other hand, though no native authority could contest his will, he was enmeshed during the first critical years of his task in a network of international trammels. The situation might have paralysed any man of equal intellectual fibre but without those gifts of temper which amounted in Lord Cromer's case to what we may call moral genius. The sequel was such a regeneration of the material prosperity and happiness of a whole people as within any equal period the world had never seen before.

That result is still sufficiently understood but by few. It has hardly been fully realised and adequately praised even by Tariff Reformers. Yet Lord Cromer's methods were so reserved that we may truly say of his achievement in Egypt, it was the very greatest thing ever done behind the scenes. In an age of advertisement this man was deliberately hidden in his work. The

general world could only guess the movement of the hand from the development of the pattern. No man ever wielded more power with less display. Intending biographers seeking his aid in Cairo were severely discouraged. To give any living impression of his character was like trying to take a photograph through a screen. Until recently his personality never came for a single moment fully into view. In this reserve lay no small part of the moral power of his example, and in an age of sensationalism, as we have said, a deeper lesson could hardly have been given by the subject of an Imperial yet democratic state.

We need not pursue this part of the theme. We have a different point of view from that which Lord Curzon sometimes expresses, and to which Lord Cromer is altogether committed. We believe that the future of the Empire depends wholly upon the union of its white forces. We know that India and Egypt may double our strength if we are strong; will double our weakness if we are weak. But the power of righteousness and irrigation remains. Let us sum up, not hesitating to repeat, because the poorer sort of partisan may misuse them, the tributes paid without stint when there was no possibility of any misconception. Those who voted against the grant to our retiring representative at Cairo included many Free Importers, but not one Tariff Reformer. Enough for them at least to say once more that in their judgment Lord Cromer's administrative career, by its reserve, patience, and strength, by its financial efficiency, by its insight into the true conditions of good government in an Oriental state, and above all by its powerful use of all the moderate and gradual processes upon which constructive statesmanship most safely depends, will always be remembered while the Imperial power and responsibilities of this country remain as a classic example in political method.

But when an attempt is made to beg the question by an appeal to authority, it is another matter. The group of Unionist Free Importers who endeavour to exploit the good fortune of having Lord Cromer for their recruit are in a singular position. A minute minority, they are at once irreconcilable and irresolute, declaring that they will never agree with their party, but unable to make up their minds to resist it. Government at Cairo was necessarily wielded from time to time by a minority of one, but the Unionist Party is, after all, a Western institution. The appeal to personal authority in the affairs of a free people has always been futile. Take examples. Some persons—I do not agree with them—believe that while Chatham in office was the greatest figure in our history, as a politician at large his influence was

mistaken and disastrous. Some people—I do agree with them—believe that William Pitt was an unsurpassed peace Minister, but that the strict Parliamentary character of his mind was a national disadvantage in war. The Duke of Wellington was indeed authoritative as a soldier, but was a very fallible politician. Take some cases more in point. Warren Hastings could dissolve like an enchanter the most complex meshes of Oriental intrigue, but when returned home, he misread the simplest aspects of Parliamentary proceedings. The *Spectator*, after making many qualifications, would agree that Cecil Rhodes was on the whole a great Imperialist, but would attach no importance to his views on Home Rule. Such references, were it worth while, might be extended indefinitely. After a tolerably continuous absence for the greater part of a generation, Lord Cromer returns necessarily less equipped in home affairs than many men of far inferior capacity; and without taking even six months to examine and reflect in a way that might have given his opinion when expressed far greater weight with his countrymen, he departs from the deliberate methods of his whole life to pronounce out of hand upon every issue of domestic policy.

Some of us will wish that Lord Cromer's action could have been different. But all mystery disappears when it is once understood that Lord Cromer's opinions were inevitable. This is readily explained by some facts of the utmost importance for our present argument. Before the great career in Cairo, let it be remembered, there was a distinguished term of office in Calcutta. To Lord Cromer Free Trade is not so much the issue fought out in England in 1846: it is a much more recent and personal thing. Free imports are the system established by Lord Cromer himself in 1882, when he was Lord Ripon's financial colleague in India, and enforced by him against the overwhelming opposition of Indian opinion, native and British. It is not our purpose to condemn that policy, but to recall the facts which make two recent speeches perfectly explicable. Appointed Financial Member of Council in 1880—placed, that is, little as people at home may realise the fact, in one of the most responsible and distinguished positions to which a British subject may aspire—Major Baring, as he then was, left a very broad mark upon the fiscal system of India. In 1882 he took the decisive step of abolishing the protective import duties on cotton and sweeping away indeed all other import duties except those on intoxicants and upon arms and ammunition. Upon the wisdom of the main feature of this policy competent

opinion has become more and more divided. The sacrifice of revenue was excessive. From a purely financial point of view Lord Cromer's effort to do without tariff revenue proved untenable. The introduction of complete Cobdenism into India in 1882 was in any case a strong measure. It was of course, genuinely intended to benefit the masses of the Indian people and to develop trade. It was in exact accordance with the Liberal and Free Trade traditions to which Lord Cromer was at that time a strict adherent. For as yet the future master of policy in another sphere was a disciple and not a prophet.

He was then little more than forty. Every main principle upon which he worked in India had already received lucid and masterly exposition by Sir John and Sir Richard Strachey. These admirable men were impassioned opponents of a fiscal policy which they conceived as one of "restriction." Mark that word, for it still explains the whole of Lord Cromer's mind upon the question. He carried out a policy in India which the Stracheys had designed. But Sir John and Sir Richard themselves, though they were the pre-eminent apostles of Free Trade in India, admit that the carrying through of their policy was believed, rightly or wrongly, by the vast majority of educated natives and of Europeans alike, to have been taken in the interests of a Party in England which deemed it necessary to retain at any cost the political support of the cotton interest in Lancashire.* That view is harsh and ill-founded. It amounts to an utter misrepresentation of the motives sincerely actuating the Indian administration of that day. But the prevalence then and now of an almost universal belief that India has been sacrificed to a powerful industrial interest in this country is not to the moral or political advantage of our dominion, and may ultimately prove not to be good for the Lancashire cotton trade itself. Sir Auckland Colvin has told us that when in 1879 the first step was taken of remitting the duties on certain finer goods, that policy proposed by Sir John Strachey was adopted by the Viceroy, Lord Lytton, *in opposition to the majority of his Council*. The abolition of the cotton duties was almost unanimously condemned by the native Press. Their opinion, it may be said, represented nothing but the voice of prejudice and error. All our Colonies and all foreign nations think otherwise. Some of the ablest Imperialists who have ever studied or administered Indian affairs have also thought otherwise. In the late Sir George Chesney's well-known book upon *Indian Polity*—

* See *Finances and Public Works in India*, p. 287.

and it is not a large pamphlet, but a real classic—the following passage occurs with reference to the enforcement of unconditional Cobdenism upon India by the Baring Budget of 1882 :

One source of revenue free from the objections apparent to every other form of import is to be found in the restoration of the cotton duties. The history of this case is still so fresh in recollection that it is not necessary to recapitulate it. That the tax has not yet been reimposed is due, not to any consideration for the people of India, but simply to the supposed exigencies of party government at home. The principle involved, however, goes far beyond one of pure finance. It opens up the large question whether the government of India is to be conducted in accordance with the small and shifting policy of party needs ; as to which it may be said that, unless the steps lately taken are retraced, an injury will be done to the good faith and character of the British Government in India which may and probably will lead to far-reaching consequences.*

The steps denounced by Sir George Chesney have not been retraced, and the consequences have been as serious as he prophesied. *Swadeshi* has temporarily subsided, but the racial form of the "trade boycott" has made its first and not its last appearance. This is one of the few causes upon which all races and faiths in the Indian sub-continent are at one. Dr. Rash Behari Ghose is not only President of the Indian National Congress, but a member of the Supreme Legislative Council. He is a comparatively moderate man. Yet in last year's debate upon the Budget he spoke as follows :

The industrial development of the country with its vast resources is the problem of problems of the present day. We know how difficult it is to build up an industry without protection. But to ask for protection for our nascent industries would be to cry for the moon. We cannot regulate our tariffs ; we can only suggest and implore. And this is the real secret of the strength of the *Swadeshi* movement. We know that the industrial supremacy of England was first established under a policy of strict protection, which had such a disastrous effect on our own industries. We know too how Germany and the United States have prospered under a similar policy. The Government of India have expressed their sympathy with the *Swadeshi* movement. If they cannot show their sympathy by abolishing the excise duties on cotton, let them show it by establishing a central polytechnic college on the model, I will not say of the institutions which have been established in the United States or in European countries, but on those which have been established in Japan.†

When the present writer was in India five years ago, before Mr. Chamberlain's movement began, similar views were expressed to him by Parsees in Bombay, by British mill-owners in Cawn-

* *Indian Polity*, p. 347.

† *Speeches of Dr. Rash Behari Ghose*. Natesan & Co., Madras, 1907. Annas twelve.

pore, and British merchants in Calcutta. It is merely frivolous to suggest that the Indian imagination has been inflamed by Mr. Chamberlain's campaign. Lord George Hamilton has frankly admitted that compulsory free imports—which mean increased Lancashire exports not as a result of “free trade” but of its very opposite “forced trade”—are loathed by Indian opinion. What is stimulating the new economic agitation, and will yet rouse it much more, is the industrial and fiscal example of Japan. We have already seen one serious popular movement for the boycott of British manufactures, and we merely blind ourselves to what is going on in our Eastern dependency—we believe the people of India to be themselves blind to what is going on elsewhere in Asia—when we suppose that the *régime* of compulsory free imports in India can always be maintained upon its present basis. The tendency towards industrial development throughout the East is gradually raising problems not perhaps to be solved by orthodox means. And are the present means even orthodox? The extreme and unyielding view of Free Trade as expressed by Lord Cromer was not very convincing in this connection to John Stuart Mill. We cannot always settle the question loftily by telling the great Eastern populations under our tutelage that our own commercial policy is right, and that the policy of all British Colonies and of all foreign nations is a tissue of error and delusion. Swadeshi movements in India and their equivalent in Egypt ultimately—though, happily, not soon—will make the fiscal question as acutely controversial upon the Nile as it has been upon the Ganges. The whole question is of profound interest. We shall do well to grasp the nature of the conviction in India, no less than in Japan, that there are two sides to it. But as the immediate executor of the Strachey policy in 1882, and as the official author of compulsory Cobdenism in India, Lord Cromer is the last man who could be expected to hold any other view than that which he has now expressed. And it is very necessary to dispose of the absurd idea that his fiscal views are more impartial or less controversial than Mr. Chamberlain's opinions. Upon the fundamental question of the home trade—upon the actual processes and conditions of industry and manufacture in this country—a pro-Consul resident at Cairo for more than twenty years is obviously unable to speak with anything like Mr. Chamberlain's practical authority. Upon the colonial question Lord Cromer's comparative authority is of course smaller indeed.

With less reason, though by no means without point, the fiscal policy of Egypt itself under Lord Cromer has been impugned

from his own record. In that country its regenerator maintained a tariff far more rigid in its construction and far heavier in its incidence upon certain classes of imports than Mr. Chamberlain's proposed average ten per cent. rates on foreign manufactured goods. Under a Tariff Reform policy raw materials would be wholly free. Lancashire will be a little amazed to hear that all raw material and food entering into Egypt are taxed at from four per cent. to eight per cent. Lancashire will, however, bear even this revelation with fortitude, because, whatever may have become of the principle of free food and of free raw material in Egypt, the special interests of the County Palatine are secured. To his Glasgow audience the other day Lord Cromer himself explained very simply this part of the position: "Until a few years ago there were no cotton factories in Egypt. When they were established, an excise duty equivalent to the Customs duty was put on the indigenous manufactures. Otherwise local industry would have been protected."* Here again, observe, the Calcutta policy of 1882 was imposed at Cairo so recently as in 1900. It was another case of compulsory Cobdenism specially applied to cotton. This was explained and defended at the time in one of those famous annual reports of which it may justly be said that a bound set of them ought to exist on the complete politician's shelves along with the *Lettres, Instructions et Memoires de Colbert*, with Napoleon's correspondence, the Duke of Wellington's despatches, Bismarck's speeches, and the works of Alexander Hamilton. But Lord Cromer held somewhat more balanced language when he wrote in his official capacity:

In deciding to follow the precedent set by the Government of India, of placing home trade and imported cotton on exactly the same footing, the Egyptian Government acted with my full concurrence and support. I do not consider that in Egyptian interests it would be at all desirable to imperil the considerable revenue derived from the Customs duties on cotton goods by the creation of an industry which would very probably have had to depend mainly on protection for its existence. I regret in this matter to have found myself, so far as I can gather, out of harmony with a body of local opinion for which I entertain a sincere regard. The matter is, I need hardly say, one on which very diverse opinions may reasonably be held.†

Again it will be seen that Lord Cromer, whether right or wrong, is expounding no passionless science of economics, as some eulogists of his present attitude would have us believe. There is the ordinary amount of human feeling in his action: he is defending the principle of compulsory Cobdenism introduced

* Lord Cromer at Glasgow, January 10, 1908.

† Lord Cromer's Report, *Egypt and the Soudan* in 1901. Cd. 1012.

upon his own initiative in India during 1882 and in Egypt so recently as 1900 ; and to that extent Lord Cromer is rather less of a detached critic than any figure in the fiscal controversy, and appears directly as a judge in his own cause.

But the story of tobacco in this connection is much more unexpected and enlightening than the case of cotton. Lord Cromer, in his first speech to the Unionist Free Trade Club, while protesting against pure Socialism, repudiated the "ultra-individualism which prevailed in the middle of the last century." * He thus left himself considerable latitude. He might well. Lord Cromer is not necessarily opposed to the State regulation of industry. His career in Egypt was a regulation of most things. He incidentally regulated a particular industry out of existence by a stroke of the pen. *Laissez faire* may well stand aghast at this statement but it is true. The proceeding was doubtless as sensible as trenchant, but no decree of benevolent despotism ever showed a more summary contempt for the doctrines of national liberty and the superstitions of the classical economists. It was in 1890. The increase of revenue was still the great instrument of our policy in Egypt, for revenue secured solvency, and solvency thwarted all the original plans for upsetting our *régime*. One of the most important sources of revenue was the Customs duty on imported tobacco. It had ceased to grow. It showed slight symptoms of decline. The reason was found in the fact that there had been a large extension of the tobacco cultivation in Egypt itself. The native leaf was a tolerably poor affair. It was mixed with the imported article and sold at a very high rate of profit. This kept the yield of an important branch of revenue from rising. Lord Cromer's remedy was drastic. In June 1890 the tobacco cultivation in Egypt was totally suppressed and permanently prohibited. That is to say, in the interests of the revenue a sweeping measure of what may be called "reversed protection" was instituted for the benefit of Greek and Turkish tobacco-growers, thus out and out "protected" against the competition of the native leaf. This may have been, and in all the circumstances it undoubtedly was, common sense. But do not let us call it Cobdenism. A tariff that taxed everything ; an eight per cent. duty on all clothing ; a four per cent. duty at least on imported food and raw material ; an industry on the Index—these were among the prominent features of Lord Cromer's fiscal *régime* in Egypt. It was fortunate for the country he represented and the nation over whom he ruled that he had unconventional courage to do these things ; but he did

* Speech at Prince's Restaurant, November 21, 1907.

them without the slightest regard to the theoretical consistency of these things one with another, and with little regard for the most part to the abstract principles now commended to us for home consumption. Lord Cromer justifies his policy on the simple grounds of necessity, and maintains that his paramount duty was to safeguard the revenue. True. Most true!

Yes. *Le Revenu c'est l'état*. It is so in Egypt doubtless. But is it less so in the United Kingdom? The necessity of broadening our fiscal system for the purpose of providing an ampler and more elastic revenue for the emergencies of the future, and of providing for social reform without destroying sea-power—this from the very first has been next to Imperial Union the paramount considerations in the minds of all Tariff Reformers. This is the very foundation of the programme put forward by Mr. Balfour in the Birmingham speech. Mr. Balfour is known to think it impossible that the British Empire can be successfully financed in the future upon a free-import basis. But not by a single syllable does Lord Cromer admit it to be to the credit of Tariff Reformers in this country that all of them are guided largely, and some of them are guided mainly, by precisely the same motives which he himself pleads in defence of his dazzling departures in Egypt from the strict theory of Free Trade finance. In these matters Tariff Reformers can quote triumphantly a great deal of their mentor's example against a great deal of his precept.

And let it be observed that on this supremely important point of how we are to raise our revenue in the future it is not clear what Lord Cromer means. The Glasgow speech declared the other day that the Egyptian all-round tariff of from four per cent. to eight per cent. "does not in any way offend against Free Trade principles. It is imposed for strictly revenue purposes; and I am not aware that any Free Trader objects to the imposition of Customs duties for such purposes, though he may regret the necessity of doing so."* But what difference is made by the metaphysical element of "purpose" in the practical incidence of a tax? Either nothing can be drawn from this to illuminate us in the midst of our deepening difficulties in this island, or Mr. Balfour, "without in any way offending against Free Trade principles," may tax everything that comes into the country, letting nothing escape, so long as he does it all after the Egyptian manner with the sole desire of raising revenue. But, to be orthodox, Mr. Balfour must act without the slightest "desire" to prevent dumping, to safeguard employment, to redress somewhat the present unequal conditions of commerce. He

* Lord Cromer's Glasgow speech, January 10, 1908.

must look to none of these things. If Mr. Balfour lays precisely the same duty per cent. on semi-manufactured articles which provide a certain amount of further employment, and on fully finished goods which tend more directly to sterilise British capital and to displace British labour, orthodoxy will be vindicated. Some of the Glasgow merchants and manufacturers must have hoped on the whole that, if we are seriously to attempt the broadening of our revenue system, Mr. Chamberlain's principles may prevail. For Mr. Chamberlain's tariff would be reasonably graded, and the more nearly partly manufactured articles approached the character of raw material the lighter their taxation would be. But on the whole Lord Cromer's contention that a universal eight per cent. revenue tariff is perfectly consonant with the principles of Free Trade is a proposition quite as strong in theory as was the suppression of tobacco in practice. The same statesman with Bismarckian versatility swept away an *ad valorem* tariff of five per cent. in India; imposed an *ad valorem* tariff of eight per cent. in Egypt; prohibited tobacco cultivation; but enforced compulsory Cobdenism in the case of the cotton manufacture. Lord Cromer was certainly right where he defied pedantry for the sake of efficiency; not so certainly where he riveted an abstract principle upon two unwilling populations against the passionate convictions of men like Sir George Chesney. But in any case Lord Cromer cannot condemn Tariff Reformers indiscriminately, except upon the principle that Jupiter may thunder where mortals may not sneeze.

Turning now to the matter of the two speeches delivered to Unionist Free Traders in London and Glasgow, Tariff Reformers at once discover that Lord Cromer has never done them the honour of reading any of their arguments. Nothing is so remarkable in these speeches as the number of things their author simply ignores. He ignores everything that Tariff Reformers think important. He ignores Mr. Chamberlain's name. He ignores Mr. Balfour's leadership. He ignores the wishes of the self-governing Colonies. He ignores the German Empire and the United States. He ignores the fact that foreign naval developments are gradually committing us to a financial fight for life. He ignores the trifling circumstance that a Government committed to old age pensions possess an enormous majority in the House of Commons. He ignores the reasoned contention that tariff revenue is the only alternative to Socialist taxation. These are tolerably comprehensive omissions! Perhaps even so great a career, even so brilliant a return, do not justify Lord Cromer in carrying matters with

quite so high a hand. Surely Mid-Devon must convince him that this method will not do. From his own point of view it is not a wise method, and he will probably take the movement for Imperial union and fiscal revision a great deal more seriously when he has been a little longer at home. But at present Lord Cromer starts from the idea that Tariff Reformers are foolish and even dubious persons who "see red" when they study maps—and see double when they study figures. He professes an utter inability to distinguish between new-fangled Tariff Reformers and old-fashioned Protectionists. Now this is not a little singular. For the immense difference between them is that all Tariff Reformers since Friedrich List have held that the industrial system of every country dependent to a large extent on imports should be built up upon a basis of *free raw material*.

Why does Lord Cromer ignore that fact? It makes the whole difference between a modern policy of commercial *development* such as Tariff Reformers propose and an imaginary policy of "restriction" such as he vainly combats. For all his arguments upon this point are blows in the air. When Lord Cromer refutes the fallacy of "restriction" everybody agrees with him. But the scientific tariff claims to be a more powerful system of expansion than free imports. We have asked many times in these pages a question which no Cobdenite controversialist has ever attempted to answer. Can Lord Cromer answer it? This is the question: *Is there a single "protected" country in the world whose imports are not expanding?* There is not one. But not only so. There is not one of the leading nations whose imports during the years of our unparalleled boom have not been increasing faster than our own. Lord Cromer knows as well as any of us that imports are the best index—or the next best after the general employment statistics—to the growth or otherwise of total production and consumption in any country. The table on the next page is most illuminating.

Notice particularly the immense upward leap in the German figures, and then let any reasonable man judge for himself Lord Cromer's contention that Tariff Reform means restriction of trade, and that free imports necessarily mean most imports. During the last five years of the boom, when Cobdenism, as we were told, has been doing its best and can never do better free imports were the least progressive imports. Germany is becoming what the United States already was, a larger consumer of free raw material than are we ourselves, who rejoice in the imaginary superiority of a system of free everything. But pure

assumption—without the slightest reference to the trade returns of foreign countries—that modern tariffs “restrict,” is Lord Cromer’s sole and only contribution to the economics of the fiscal controversy. In the light of this fact the conviction expressed in the Prince’s Restaurant speech that Germans—like Americans—are a deluded nation is not a little entertaining. But it is, after all, not surprising that Lord Cromer can see no difference between Tariff Reformers and Protectionists, since (unlike the Duke of Devonshire) he is as little able to see any difference between free imports and free trade.

THE “BOOM”—FOUR COUNTRIES, 1903-1908.*

IMPORTS FOR CONSUMPTION.

Year.	United Kingdom.	United States.	Germany.	France.	Total.
	£	£	£	£	£
1907	553,932,000	294,382,000 ^a	430,541,000 ^b	228,109,000 ^c	1,506,964,000
1906	522,786,000	259,808,000	392,527,000	209,177,000	1,394,298,000
1905	487,280,000	236,994,000	356,441,000	191,156,000	1,273,831,000
1904	480,734,000	207,881,000	317,716,000	180,093,000	1,186,424,000
1903	473,027,000	199,257,000	300,134,000	192,048,000	1,164,466,900
Increase	+80,905,000	+95,125,000	+130,407,000	+36,061,008	+342,498,000
Do. %	17.1 %	+47.7 %	+43.4 %	+18.8 %	+29.4 %

(a) *United States*: The actual increase for the first eleven months of 1907 was £29,574,000 compared with 1906. We have assumed a diminution of £5,000,000 in December 1907.

(b) *Germany*: The actual expansion for the first nine months of 1907 was £31,014,000 compared with 1906. We have assumed an increase of £7,000,000 in the December quarter of 1907.

(c) *France*: The actual expansion for the first eleven months of 1907 was £16,932,000 compared with 1906. We have assumed an increase of £2,000,000 for December 1907.

But what of the effect of these movements of commerce upon the interests of the people? Employment, as we know, fluctuates in every country. No tariff can prevent it from fluctuating. Tariff Reform, for instance, can no more determine whether harvests shall be good or bad than it can determine the sex of unborn babies. Of course even in the United States and Germany there are more unemployed after the boom than there were during the boom. But it remains true and indisputable that the demand for labour has expanded infinitely more in the

* From the *Statist*, January 11, 1908.

United States and the German Empire during the last twenty years than within the same period in this country. Under the systems of our chief protected competitors vastly larger populations increasing far more rapidly have been better provided with work. This is the fundamental fact about the "restrictive" systems in their effect upon the labour of the people. And what is the fact about our "progressive" system? Let the following table show:

PERCENTAGE OF UNEMPLOYED IN SKILLED TRADES IN PERIODS
OF MAXIMUM DEMAND FOR LABOUR ("BOOMS").

	Per cent.
1872-3	1.0
1882-3	2.4
1889-90	2.1
1899-1900	2.6
1906-7	4.1*

Unemployment has not only been worse in this country under the boom than it has been in the principal protected countries, but it has been worse than it ever used to be amongst ourselves during periods of equal activity in the world's commerce. So much for labour. What about capital? To the prodigious extent of £200,000,000† it has gone during "the boom" to provide employment abroad, while work has been lacking at home.

Lord Cromer passes to his next and greatest argument—that *Free Trade means foreign friendship*. We are told that even if Imperial Preference were otherwise advisable, we should refrain from it through dread of foreign hostility. We have to increase our armaments, it appears. And Lord Cromer—this ought to be particularly noted—seems to warn us incidentally against the anger of Berlin. These are not very inspiring contentions. They ignore the most recent teachings of our political experience as completely as if history herself were a Tariff Reformer. After sixty years of free imports we enjoy nothing whatever in the shape of political or commercial reciprocity. Hostile tariffs have risen throughout the world. Foreign armaments have grown with them. The victory of British Free Trade at the last General Election has been followed by the failure of the second Hague Conference. At the beginning of the Boer War, after half a century of Cobdenism, we stood alone against a storm of universal hatred. If we are safer now it is because we have flung aside the Cobdenite tradition in foreign

* Best years of recent "boom."

† Calculated from data in the *Statist*, January 11, 1908.

and Colonial policy, because we have risked war for Egypt, because we have fought for South Africa, because we have allied ourselves with Japan, because we have finally been able to settle our relations with France and Russia upon the only solid basis for political friendship—the relations of the strong with the strong. Foreign nations have adjusted their tariffs as they pleased without asking our leave or dreading our resentment. If we cannot claim like liberty we are no longer free, and our situation is already much worse than Mr. Chamberlain thought. But Lord Cromer, who seems half to apprehend these objections, urges that our Empire is so vast that we dare not apply a system of preference to it. Well, let us see.

Our Empire is vast, but Canada fills a quarter of it ; Canada has given us preference ; and since that boon was granted we have actually concluded, under King Edward's auspices, the great system of alliance and *ententes* which are eulogised in the same breath by Lord Cromer himself, and which have delivered us from the deadly danger of a European coalition such as menaced the Empire before Free Trade was shaken. Australia and New Zealand fill another quarter of the Empire, and that quarter also is already under a *régime* of tariff and preference. Yet no dog barks. South Africa follows in that line with equal right and equal impunity. The greater part of the Empire's area is already under a system of tariffs and preferences. There have been no foreign threats except from Germany. Why ? Because foreign nations realise a fact which has apparently escaped Lord Cromer's notice—that countries of vast area like the United States and Russia have their colonisable territories *inside* their frontiers, and surround these territories by tariffs ten times as high as Mr. Chamberlain has ever contemplated or approved. In the United Kingdom we are of course free, like every Continental nation, to deal with our home tariffs as we please. What Lord Cromer really means is that we dare not apply preference to India. Most of us will refuse to believe either that our dominion in the East exists on sufferance now, or that it will depend in the future upon anything but our power to defend it. The position of India in connection with the commercial union of the Empire is quite different from the position of the self-governing Colonies ; but although the Indian problem requires very discriminating, very gradual, and very moderate treatment, it is not insoluble.

For the rest, if Lord Cromer will turn once more to the pages of Moritz Busch, he will find there certain chapters which might be called the Genesis of Anglophobia. For the Iron Chancellor's

pale familiar, Lothar Bucher, came to London in the golden age of Free Trade. He came to admire and stayed to hate. He wrote certain articles which were republished in 1881, after Bismarck's abolition of free imports, and became the Bible of German Anglophobia. Busch, writing so lately as 1898, says of these articles that they supplied

evidence which was then necessary but by now no longer required by any sensible man, showing that the English art of government so far as foreign affairs are concerned—when the ornamental veil of fine phrases is torn off—is nothing more than a commercial policy of the most self-seeking kind, devoid of all ideal motives and historical breadth. In these letters the difficulties and the seamy side of English Parliamentary life and the weaknesses of their leaders, Palmerston, Gladstone, the *Doctor supernaturalis* Cobden, and the whole gang of hypocritical and egoistic apostles of English Free Trade, were illuminated by a light of truly electric brilliancy and clearness. It was a ruthless exposure of a kind that has rarely been witnessed.^o

That is rather a remorseless commentary upon Lord Cromer's contention that Free Trade means foreign friendship; but if that is not enough, let Lord Cromer pass to the third volume. There he will find a detailed description of the working up of a Press campaign against England. The following is an episode :

The subject of Protection must be dealt with very cautiously, *as it is in our interest that England should maintain her present tariff, and we must bear that in mind.*†

More might be quoted in the same key, but these citations will serve. History lends no support whatever to Lord Cromer's main contention. But we are told, more strangely still, that if we change our fiscal policy "our present naval establishments, great though they be, will be insufficient to maintain the security of our vast possessions. There will have to be more *Dreadnoughts* and perhaps more battalions."‡ Here is a passage upon which it is difficult to comment with the proper moderation. Free imports are supposed to have triumphed at the last election. We have a free-importing Government in power. We have all the advantage, if it is one, that Lord Cromer's fiscal policy in India and Egypt could give us. Yet the second Hague Conference has failed. All nations are rushing up their armaments without the slightest regard to the theory that Free Trade means foreign friendship. The greatest fleets ever existing in the world except our own are being created by the two chief protected Powers,

* *Bismarck: Some secret Pages of his History*, vol. ii. p. 18.

† *Busch*, vol. iii. p. 122.

‡ Speech, Prince's Restaurant, November 21.

Germany and the United States. Whatever we do with our tariffs, we shall need not a *Dreadnought* nor a battalion the less. We shall need more of both than we shall be able to pay for without broadening the basis of taxation. And Lord Cromer ought to have informed his audience that two of the most enthusiastic advocates of naval expansion in Germany are the two leaders of Free Trade thought in that country, Professor Brentano and Friedrich Naumann. Free Trade tendencies were never so prevalent in the world as in the first generation after the repeal of the Corn Laws. During that period there was the Crimean expedition, the attack on Denmark, the downfall of Austria, the overthrow of France, the Russo-Turkish struggle. More war has rarely been crowded into one epoch. Since tariffs became more prevalent war has been rarer. That may be called a coincidence, but remains a fact.

Finally Lord Cromer comes to deal with what is now our problem of problems—the future of national finance. Again he adopts the method of ignoring things. He faces not one of the difficulties, domestic, colonial, or foreign. He talks to democracy as though it were exclusively composed of middle-class householders. Upon old age pensions, the magnitude of the issue, the rashness of Mr. Asquith's course in regard to it, the moral dangers of a bad scheme, the financial difficulties of any scheme, Lord Cromer has wise words to say. But all this does not really face the point. To the principle of pensions at least partly paid by the State—though not of course to a non-contributory scheme—the whole Unionist Party has for years been committed. Lord Cromer is willing that the State should subsidise to a certain extent any national old age fund on a non-contributory basis! "I cannot help thinking that some such scheme, based mainly on individual effort, with perhaps a moderate amount of State aid, is capable of being devised." *

This concedes the whole principle, and reduces the whole controversy to a matter of more or less. Let Lord Cromer sit down and endeavour to work out his scheme. He will then find two things. First, that his State contribution would within a very short time amount to at least ten millions; no policy could make it less. Secondly, that his method would simultaneously make it impossible to reduce the expense of our Poor Law system. Lord Cromer's scheme might be sound, but could not be so cheap as his audiences have been tempted to imagine. Presently we come to another important

* Speech, the *Times*, November 22.

statement, quite in conflict, indeed, with the main propositions of these speeches, but much truer. After all, Lord Cromer comes to the conclusion that even if we retain free imports it will not necessarily secure foreign friendship. "The time may arrive when we shall have to fight for our national existence. It would be madness in any Government not to recognise this unquestionable fact and be prepared for it." * And how are we to be prepared for these numerous millions of naval and social expenditure that Lord Cromer himself contemplates? Will it be believed that what Lord Cromer recommends us to do is to—reduce the sugar duty! That is his sole constructive suggestion. And as the sugar duty can only be reduced by increasing the income tax, with the prospect of raising a very considerable number of millions by the same means for the two-Power standard and a "State aided" contributory scheme of old age pensions, the commercial classes to whom Lord Cromer appeals in the name of moderation will be grateful to him indeed. Between his scheme of finance and Mr. Ramsay McDonald's there is far less difference than he imagines.

We can now sum up. The great majority of Imperialists believe that Lord Cromer's views on Tariff Reform would be fatal to the Empire. The great majority of Free Traders believe that Lord Cromer's policy on old age pensions would be fatal to Free Trade. It has not been a pleasant task to pursue this analysis. But what is the conclusion? Tariff Reformers repent no tribute they have ever paid to "the extraordinary man" who doubled the gifts of the Nile. Political achievement does not wholly depend, indeed, upon the absolute greatness of character of any single public servant. Whether a man rows with the current or against it makes always a momentous difference, sometimes the whole difference. If Lord Cromer helped England, England helped Lord Cromer—and helped him more than any famous pro-consul she has ever had. His work fell almost wholly within the splendid epoch of Imperial feeling between 1886 and 1906, when Government was almost continuously controlled by a new political party, formed by a memorable coalition and based upon the firm confidence of a steady majority of the English people. Unlike Warren Hastings, the maker of modern Egypt had unflinching support from the nation at home until his cause had been placed once for all above party; unlike Milner, he had *time*—time during four-and-twenty years of undisturbed tenure: a longer lease of unbroken opportunity than was enjoyed by any of his contemporaries save Bismarck alone. Lord Cromer is

* Glasgow speech, January 10.

in himself a very great character. The world is becoming so ordered, and the extension of our dominion is so little to be expected or desired, that possibly no Englishman in the future may be called upon to grapple with such a task of national re-organisation as Lord Cromer was equal to in Egypt. But his career can never cease to exert a potent influence upon the spirit of Imperial rule. His name will live and his example will work while British power endures, and perhaps as long afterwards as men remember how often the little island with the world-wide sway gave models to mankind. And his Free Trade speeches have left upon many moderate men throughout this country one clear impression from the arguments we have examined. If even Lord Cromer can say no more for Free Trade, the grain has long since been threshed out of that doctrine, and we only wait for a good wind to sweep away the chaff. And the wind is rising. Turn to the quarter of Mid-Devon and you feel it with a wet finger.

J. L. GARVIN.

GREATER BRITAIN AND INDIA

CANADIAN AFFAIRS

1

As the outcome of the world-wide arrest of industrial development (of which the New York *Krach* was but the characteristic symptom), Canada is "taking a rest," as the Minister of Finance, Mr. W. S. Fielding, prophesied some months ago in a conversation with the writer. No doubt the resulting stringency in the money market is responsible for some small increase, perhaps as much as 25 per cent. more than in an ordinary winter, of the amount of unemployment in the greater cities of the Dominion. But it must be remembered that, inasmuch as her great natural industries—of which agriculture is by far the most important—have not been affected in the slightest degree by the financial storm, Canada's development will proceed again with the rapidity characteristic of the immediate past so soon as the prospects of the next Western crop can be gauged by experts.

It must never be forgotten that Canada's chief exports consist of the necessities of living, which her customers must buy and pay for. People cannot get on without wheat, meat, lumber, cheese, butter, and the like, and gold is always forthcoming for such commodities. That is why Chicago, the capital of the agricultural West of the United States, has generally been able to laugh at the frenzied financiers of New York, when their speculative structure tumbled down about their ears. The grain held in Chicago was always worth its price in the world's markets, and the most cautious banker would always lend on its security. There is no security so gilt-edged as something which a man must put into his stomach by the usual route. Again, men must live in houses, and a house cannot be built without lumber—Canadian lumber. And so on. That is why we know that Canada's purchasing power will show no falling off in the current year; and the British manufacturer and his employes will do well to bear this fact in mind whenever the apologist of free

imports suggests that the Canadian market is not worthy of consideration in comparison with the foreigner's ever-dwindling custom.

It is true that a very gloomy picture of industrial conditions in the Dominion has been drawn by a paid emissary, a walking-talking delegate, appropriately named Trotter, of the Canadian trade unions, nearly all of which have their headquarters in the United States and prefer American to British recruits for their militant organisations. Naturally the British journals which support the antiquated fiscal system based on free imports, and are always anxious to hear evil tidings of Canada or any other British independency, are doing their very best to help the circulation of Mr. Trotter's wildly inaccurate statements. The normal buoyancy of work and wages under the moderate and scientifically framed Canadian tariff has always been a standing refutation of their *à priori* arguments against the adoption of a policy of fiscal self-defence such as has been carried into practice by every other industrial nation in the world. Mr. Trotter has told his dupes that Toronto, for example, has more than 10,000 unemployed, and that a soup kitchen is to be seen at every street corner in the capital of Ontario. Here is the plain truth of the whole matter. It appears that, at the close of the year, two hundred Bulgarians without food or money were turned loose on the city, and the result was a panic among the officials of charitable agencies and the municipal authorities, which gave rise to a rumour that relief works on a large scale would be necessary. As a matter of fact, no extraordinary arrangements for the relief of the destitute unemployed have been required, and careful registration has proved that there were only 1200 men in search of work. No city of the magnitude of Toronto, with its many charitable organisations, can help accumulating a number of "work-shy" unemployables, and so becoming burdened with a permanent problem of unemployment. Many examples of this inevitable tendency could be given from the cities of the Middle and Western States. When Mr. Trotter was commissioned by the Trade and Labour Congress to gather statistics for use in the Mother Country, three strikes, affecting 1325 men—machinists, plasterers, and electrical workers—were in progress, and the number was greatly augmented by persons coerced into joining the ranks of the strikers. All these men, at least 2000 in number, were classed in Mr. Trotter's computation as unable to get work, and so also were the large class of labourers whose industries cease wholly or partially during the winter. In such industries probably 9000 are em-

ployed under favourable conditions, and they earn such high wages that they can well afford to be idle during the cold months of the year. By treating all such workers as *bonâ fide* unemployed Mr. Trotter was able to produce a five-figure total for the purpose of deceiving the untravelled labour leaders of Great Britain. This utterly unscrupulous course was adopted in order to prevent the immigration of the British skilled workman, and to throw discredit on the Canadian Manufacturers' Association and various emigration agencies in Great Britain. However, the charges against these bodies have hopelessly broken down. So far from bringing in thousands of British unemployed in order to lower the level of wages and break a strike here and there, the total number of hands brought in by the Canadian Manufacturers' Association in 1907 was only 524, and these recruits have been distributed throughout the country from New Brunswick to Alberta. When employment on the land is not easily obtained some of the other emigration agencies in the Mother Country may have sent out a few undesirable persons, but the probability is that the great majority have already drifted back to London's "paradise of odd jobs." The professional unemployed of the metropolis, who walks under the banners blessed at Battersea or Poplar, is occasionally exported to Canada. But he never stays there for many weeks.

It is the policy of the Canadian trade unions to create a labour oligarchy in the Dominion. To attain this end they are anxious at all costs to keep out the British artisan who cannot live and bring up his family in a country under the dead hand of Cobdenism, and that is why Mr. Trotter has been sent across the Atlantic. But those who think that emigration is a sufficient remedy for the industrial disabilities of the Mother Country must note the fact that Canada has no intention whatever of becoming a dumping-ground for the victims of the Cobdenitish tyranny. Year by year—even through periods when British trade returns present a show of unparalleled prosperity—the volume of unemployment in the Mother Country increases, and a proportion of the army of unemployed become unemployables, men whose physique is ruined by privation and their will-power broken. Such men must be pitied, but they are useless for the purpose of nation-building in a new country. Canada will not have these degenerates at any price, and the only remedy, it follows, from the British burden of hopeless, helpless poverty is to stop the manufacturing of the unemployable. That can only be done by giving security of employment to the British working man, and

that, as ninety-nine in every hundred Canadians believe, necessarily involves the adoption of Tariff Reform.

2

Signs that the hold of the Liberal Party on the Canadian electorate (excepting in Quebec, which is still loyal to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, no Conservative leader of outstanding ability having appeared here) continue to multiply, and Mr. R. L. Borden will certainly have a fair fighting chance at the coming General Election. The date of the contest is as yet only to be guessed. But if the Canadian people want a change, and the Laurier Administration, following the example of Mr. Balfour and his "second eleven," which turned their defeat into a rout, attempt to postpone the reckoning beyond 1908, they are certain to lose by the manoeuvre. The crucial question is: Do the Canadian people really want a change? It is a question worth asking, not easily answered. Quebec has gained so much prestige by the possession of a French-Canadian Prime Minister that, in spite of the fact that he has not favoured his own people in the matter of patronage, the *habitant* and the *curé* desire no alteration whatever. Some think it is possible, though improbable, that the efforts of Mr. Henri Bourassa may eventually lead to the creation of a small group of French-Canadian independents with a leaning to the Labour Party, but it seems to me that Papineau's grandson can never weld together his admirers into an independent organism so long as Sir Wilfrid Laurier is still actively engaged in politics. In the English-speaking Provinces, however, the feeling against the party in power is certainly gathering strength. Men, rather than measures, are the determining factors in a general election in Canada, and the Laurier Cabinet no longer has the advantage of containing all the politicians of conspicuous ability. Mr. W. S. Fielding, though he is distrusted in Quebec, is still a tower of strength; and Mr. Rodolphe Lemieux has certainly distinguished himself not only as the author of the "Intellectual Preference," which has stopped the influx of American periodicals to some extent, and prevented the progress of that mental "Americanisation" so distasteful to the patriotic *Canadien*, but also because of the success of his mission to Japan, carried out as it has been with diplomatic tact. But the other Cabinet Ministers are not in any way superior to the best men on the Conservative side, and it is generally believed that a Borden Cabinet, composed of young men without a record in the application of the "spoils system," would prove equal to its work. But a great turn-over of votes would be required to bring the

Conservative Party into power. The composition of the House of Commons has not greatly changed since 1904, when it was constituted as follows :

	Liberals.	Conservatives.	Total.
Ontario	39	47	86
Quebec	54	11	65
Nova Scotia	18	0	18
New Brunswick	7	6	13
Prince Edward Island	1	3	4
Manitoba	7	3	10
North-West	7	3	10
British Columbia	7	0	7
Yukon	0	1	1
	140	74	214

At present the Liberal majority in the House is sixty, with six seats vacant. The composition is :

	Liberals.	Conservatives.	Total.
Ontario	35	48	83
Quebec	52	10	62
Nova Scotia	17	1	18
New Brunswick	8	5	13
Prince Edward Island	1	3	4
Manitoba	7	3	10
North-West	7	3	10
British Columbia	7	0	7
Yukon	0	1	1
	134	74	208

The West might very well go Conservative, and a few seats should be won by the Opposition in the Maritime Provinces, despite the influence of Mr. W. S. Fielding. But the solid Liberal majority in Quebec would not be obliterated unless there was also a "land-slide" in Ontario. The tremendous defeat of the Liberals in the provincial elections there, and the fact that Mr. Whitney's victorious party has given the Province fairly clean administration since that great and unexpected change, makes for the belief that the Conservatives will gain a number of seats. But can they win more than twenty? Nobody knows—least of all the workers on the "machines," of which that constructed by the Liberals has all the heavy oil in sight.

E. B. O.

INDIA

THE WRECKING OF THE CONGRESS

THE Indian National Congress has been absolutely wrecked for the time being by the unscrupulous intrigues of one extraordinary man. The main originator and contriver of the disgraceful scenes of tumult at Surat was Mr. Bal Gangadhar Tilak, of Poona; and before discussing the consequences of the Surat fiasco it will be best to explain who Mr. Tilak is, and what he stands for. To understand Congress politics aright, regard must be had, not to what appears on the surface, but to the forces and influences which lie behind. The English onlooker is led to believe that the real centre of Indian politics is in Bengal. This is by no means the case. The effective control of Indian political movements is not located in Bengal at all, or in the Punjab either, but in Western India. Calcutta makes all the noise, but the wires are pulled in Bombay and in Poona. This is true of both the Moderate and the Extremist parties. Whenever the Congress has shown signs of running off the rails, as was the case in the Subjects Committee at Calcutta a year ago, it is the powerful influence of the Bombay Moderates that has saved the situation. They intervened again in November, when the Extremists were doing their best to ruin the projected meeting at Nagpur, and took the unusual step of changing the venue of the gathering to Surat. On the other hand, the Extremists are really directed in very large measure from Poona. The Bengali orators beat the big drum, but the brains at the back are those of certain Poona Brahmins, the subtlest brains in India. A curious feature of this control of both parties in the Congress is that it is largely unseen. In England, for instance, a good deal has been heard about the alarums and excursions of Mr. Bepin Chandra Pal and his friends, but until he stepped from behind the veil at Surat the name of Mr. Tilak was hardly ever mentioned in the English Press.

Mr. Tilak is the most curious and anomalous political force in India. He was at one time a member of the Bombay Legislative Council. He has suffered a term of imprisonment for inciting to disaffection, though the passages which brought about his conviction more than ten years ago are as milk and water compared to innumerable articles since published in Indian journals. He is a scholar withal, and his remarkable book *The Arctic Home of the Vedas*, written while he was in prison, deservedly received the admiration of the late Max Müller. His vernacular newspaper, the *Kesari*, is among the most violent and the most

widely circulated of Indian native journals. It is one of the few vernacular newspapers which produce a handsome profit. What Mr. Tilak's real politics are few people could define. So far as I can see, he stands for nothing but destruction. He is an apostle of anarchy. In his political career he figures chiefly as a wrecker. He obtained control of the Poona Sarvajanik Sabha by swamping it with his own nominees, and thereby he compelled the Poona Moderates to form another organisation, known as the Deccan Sabha. For years he has schemed to carry out the same tactics on a larger scale in the National Congress. He is the originator of the cult of Sivaji, and seeks to revive the spirit of nationalism among the Mahratta peoples, the last race to dominate India prior to the rise of the English. More than a year and a half ago he actually succeeded in persuading the wilder spirits in Calcutta—whose forbears had trembled at the thunder of the hoofs of the Mahratta squadrons—to hold a demonstration in honour of Sivaji; and it was after his triumphal visit to the capital that the Extremists in Bengal gathered strength and set on foot their reckless propaganda. Yet Mr. Tilak holds a position which would be peculiar in any country. It is not too much to say that he is almost universally disliked and mistrusted, and by most Moderates he is regarded with absolute detestation. The chorus of disapproval of his attitude prior to the Surat assemblage was most marked. Even some of the Mahratta papers condemned him. In his turn, his rancour assailed Moderates and British alike. At times he appears to stand almost alone; yet his sinister figure repeatedly dominates native politics with a persistence which no amount of opposition can subdue. The defeat of his intrigues at Nagpur, amid a general outburst almost amounting to execration, would have crushed most politicians in a land where politics were less topsy-turvy than in India. But defeat only makes Mr. Tilak more indomitable than ever. He is the most determined man in India. Nothing subdues him. He had resolutely made up his mind to wreck the Congress this year, and he did it, though he was howled at and hooted all through the camps at Surat.

There is no need to recount in great detail here the successive steps by which this unworthy work was accomplished. They have been described with reasonable fulness and accuracy in the newspapers, and I want rather to explain what the consequences of recent events will be. More than a year ago Mr. Bepin Chandra Pal, Mr. Tilak's disciple and mouthpiece, started a movement in Calcutta to make Mr. Tilak President of the Congress. The scheme grew apace, and gained considerable support. The Bombay and Calcutta Moderates became alarmed,

and deftly suppressed the plot by inducing Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji to become President. Even Mr. Tilak knew he had no chance against the veteran Congress leader, who is respected by all parties in India ; but his satellites had their revenge by creating disorder in the private conclaves of the Congress at Calcutta. Very soon after the Calcutta Congress the allies of Mr. Tilak were again at work. Before the other side were aware of what had happened they had secured a majority on the local executive committee at Nagpur, where it was originally intended to hold the Congress. The disgraceful scenes at Nagpur in the autumn were entirely due to the refusal of the Moderates to support Mr. Tilak's claims. When the Moderate leaders at Bombay intervened, and changed the venue to Surat, they took the wind out of the sails of the Extremists by announcing that Dr. Rash Behari Ghose had been selected as President. Dr. Ghose is a capable Bengali lawyer, who did valuable work on the committee recently appointed to consider the Civil Procedure Code. He is a member of the Vice-regal Council, and though he made a rather windy speech against the Seditious Meetings Bill not long ago, he is unquestionably an honest Moderate.

It was thought that at Surat the Congress would be sane and peaceful, but the Moderates were soon undeceived. Realising that he had no chance of becoming President this year, Mr. Tilak astutely started a movement in favour of electing Lala Lajpat Rai, the Punjabi agitator, who on his release from detention at Mandalay has become a popular hero. Lala Lajpat Rai is a man who is not in the same category as Mr. Tilak. Since his release he has been ostentatious in the mildness of his words ; strangers have exclaimed in surprise at his suave and modulated utterances ; yet he has certainly ranked in the past as an Extremist, and was at one time in close association with Mr. Tilak and his friends. Lala Lajpat Rai, however, had the good sense not to allow Mr. Tilak to use him as a tool in his efforts to wreck the Congress. He absolutely declined to stand for the Presidency. Nothing daunted, Mr. Tilak declared that he should be nominated whether he consented or not. He poured out vilifications of the Moderate leaders in his journal. He urged Extremists all over the country not to yield to Moderate domination. By the time the delegates were converging on Surat it was well known that there would be violent scenes.

The scenes came swiftly enough. On the opening day it was plain that the Extremists meant mischief. Abandoning Lala Lajpat Rai as hopeless, they announced that they would try to carry Babu Aswini Kumar Dutt as President. Mr. Dutt is a

man after Mr. Tilak's own heart, who has achieved much notoriety in the recent troubles. He controls a college at Barisal, in Eastern Bengal; he was the first to organise that preposterous body the "National Volunteers"; he is an active supporter of the boycott; and he has energy and zeal and great organising ability. The storm burst when Mr. Surendra Nath Banerjee rose to second the nomination of Dr. Ghose. Mr. Banerjee, the central figure in the ridiculous "coronation" ceremony in Calcutta, has earned the hatred of the Extremists by once more joining hands with the Moderates. He was howled down, and the first day's sitting ended in confusion. That night Mr. Tilak addressed a meeting of Extremists at which he urged them to behave on the morrow in an orderly and constitutional manner. The effrontery of the man is almost incredible; no one knew better what was to happen. When the Congress assembled next morning it was seen that many of the Extremists carried bludgeons. The election of Dr. Ghose was agreed to with acclamation, but almost immediately afterwards the ominous figure of Mr. Tilak appeared upon the platform. The uproar that ensued quickly developed into a free fight. The Congress terminated in the wildest tumult. Mr. Tilak had achieved his purpose, for he had wrecked the gathering.

What were the motives which impelled Mr. Tilak to organise what may seem a senseless carnival of destruction? His opponents say it was mere selfish ambition. They declare that his vanity is enormous, that his head is turned with notoriety, that he is determined that if he cannot control Indian politics no one else shall do so. These explanations, which meet with wide acceptance, do not, in my opinion, explain the phenomenon of Mr. Tilak. I have followed his writings and speeches for a good many years, since the days of his comparative obscurity. Of all the clever intellects on the platform at Surat on that December morning—and there were many—Mr. Tilak's mind was probably the most clever and the most subtle. He is not the victim of mere blind selfishness and ambition. He is cool and calculating and far-seeing. His purpose is clear to himself; his mind works with logical and invincible precision. To start with, he is a man of many grievances, which he has long brooded over. He believes that in more than one trial he has been the victim of unfair official animus and judicial perversity. He is the uncompromising foe of British control in its present form; how much farther his convictions may go it is not for me to inquire here. He has formed the passionate belief that it is useless to expect any great change in Indian political conditions as a result of the

methods adopted by the Moderate Party in the Congress. He would hold no parley with the British. He scorns the ordinary procedure of memorials and representations. He would like to make all Indians Extremists. He saw with fatal clearness that if his gospel was to succeed he must first smash the Moderates. To that end he has devoted himself for years. He worked with unremitting energy. No intrigue was too involved for his purpose. The Moderates played into his hands by perpetually admitting him to their councils, and trying to conciliate him. He took all they gave, but never swerved from his appointed path. He was the only Indian politician with a single purpose, pursuing it with ceaseless vigour, absolutely careless of his methods ; and he succeeded in the end.

Mr. Tilak did not care about smashing the Moderates merely in a spirit of vanity or revenge, whatever may be said to the contrary. He hopes to make their position so impossible that a new Extremist Congress will be constructed out of the ruins. On the very night of the great collapse he was openly glorying in his triumph. "They say they will have a Congress of Moderates," he jeered. "If they do, the English will say we are divided among ourselves, and will make that an excuse for taking no notice of us." With unerring instinct he had put his finger on the weak spot of the situation. He has accomplished his first step ; his next will be gradually to bind the Extremists into a great and, if possible, dominant organisation. For the next few months we shall be told from time to time that Mr. Tilak is politically extinct. Speeches and articles will be quoted to prove that his fires are quenched. He is no more extinct than Vesuvius. He has a fluctuating but a growing following. All the turbulent spirits in India utter his name with fervour. He is quite capable of becoming reconciled to the Moderates again, but only in pursuit of his own ends. If he were to die or disappear to-morrow the forces he has set in motion would continue to work. He has sown too wide and too deep for the fruits of his labours to wither now. Extremism, or Tilakism, call it what you will, is a living force in India, and its existence is a grave portent and a dangerous menace. Even Mr. Tilak may some day be frightened by his handiwork.

Meanwhile, what of the Moderates ? They professed to be intensely relieved that the split had come at last. They at once cheerfully—but probably with some secret sinkings of heart—announced their intention of reorganising the Congress on sounder lines, excluding the Extremists altogether. They issued a manifesto declaring that the goal of their aspirations

was "the attainment by India of self-government similar to that enjoyed by the self-governing members of the British Empire, and the participation by her in the rights and responsibilities of the Empire on equal terms with those members." They further declared that the advance towards this goal was to be by "strict constitutional means," by bringing about a steady reform in the administration, and by fostering national unity. I believe this declaration sincerely represents the present aims of the principal Moderate leaders. But those aims were expounded in greater detail in the remarkable Presidential address which Dr. Ghose was not permitted to deliver. Its suppression was unfortunate, because it was in many ways the most eloquent and striking oration ever prepared for a Congress gathering. The pith of it was contained in the following passage :

I take it that no Englishman will deny that the supremacy of the English is not to last for ever, and that their real object is to teach India to rule herself. I am confident that every true Englishman who has an inborn sense of freedom and justice has faith in self-government. And I can affirm with equal confidence that, however beneficent a foreign rule may be, no people in which all manhood has not been killed out will ever willingly submit for ever to the yoke, though it may be wreathed in flowers. This is a natural sentiment which must commend itself to every true-hearted Englishman. The brightest jewel in the British crown must not be regarded merely as a market for British goods, or a field for the safe investment of British capital, or as opening a dignified career for our "boys." . . .

We cannot any longer be fed with worn-out platitudes ; and when Mr. Morley deals in them he forgets that we too may claim to have kindled our modest rushlights at Burke and Mill's benignant lamps. We too know the painful journey that lies before us before we can be welded into the political unity of a nation. Long, long is the way, rugged is the ground, and the weary steps must be trodden with bleeding feet, with bleeding knees, and with bleeding hearts. But do not, we pray you, stand with a drawn sword to impede our journey.

I repeat that we are not crying for the moon. I repeat that all we ask is that our country should take her rightful place among the nations under the ægis of England. We want in reality and not in mere name to be the sons of the Empire. Our ambition is to draw closer to England and to be absorbed in that Greater Britain in which we have now no place. The ideal after which we are striving is autonomy within the Empire, and not absolute independence. Let England help us in attaining our object, and her name will continue to shine with undimmed glory even when the New Zealander sits on the ruined arches of Westminster Bridge.

There, then, are the two parties as they exist in India to-day. On the one hand we have Mr. Tilak, whose political ideal will not be achieved until the cabin trunk of the last Englishman is carried down the steps of the Ballard Pier, and rejuvenescent Mahrattas garland one another on the Yacht Club lawn while the last mail steamer sails out of Bombay harbour. On the

arms. But as neither Government has yet made a single pacific step, it might be wise of the other Powers to face the painful alternative, so as not to be surprised when the storm burst three months hence as the logical consequence of Baron von Aehrenthal's carefully calculated *coup d'état* in the first place at Russia, secondly at constitutional Turkey, thirdly at the Dual Alliance, and fourthly at the *cordiale*. With so much gunpowder lying about a "local war" seems inconceivable, but it is not too late to save the situation, provided Europe understands it, and realises the true inwardness of Austro-German manœuvres.

ENGLISHMEN have had their differences with the German Emperor, and are likely to have still greater differences in the future, but his Majesty's strenuous devotion to the interests of The German Emperor his own country, even though the form of that devotion is frequently resented abroad, excites general admiration, while his brilliant, many-sided, stimulating personality enlivens a dull world and captivates the man in the street. The news that the Kaiser's health has temporarily broken down under the severe strain of recent events will cause widespread and sincere regret in this country, and all classes will unite in wishing his Majesty a speedy and complete recovery. He has lately been the object of a storm of violent criticism from his own people, which he has taken very much to heart. Upon German domestic differences we scrupulously abstain from commenting, but we cannot resist observing that his Majesty's Ministers appear to have treated their Sovereign with a want of consideration, not to say decency, which would be impossible in a Constitutional Monarchy. Prince Bülow, solely concerned to save his own skin, has treated the *Daily Telegraph* interview (the *fons et origo mali*) as though the Emperor were alone responsible for it, conveniently ignoring the fact that its publication was as much an act of State as any other act of State. Prince Bülow carefully read that document before publication, and was a party to its publication, the interview being returned to the *Daily Telegraph* with the official *imprimatur* of the German Government. We have the authority of the *Daily Telegraph* itself for this assertion, which appeared in its own columns,

though doubtless it was not allowed to be reproduced in Prince Bülow's reptile *Pictures*. The Chancellor has never ventured to reply to this challenge of our contemporary: "When, therefore, Prince Bülow remained in the Reichstag) that he could not help doubting whether all the *ans*, of the conversation had been accurately reported, he surely forgets by official imprimatur which the document bore on its return from Germany. And it is also to be kept in mind that, according to the already published explanations as to how so momentous a conversation came to be passed by the German Foreign Office as containing nothing to which objection could be offered, it was expressly and publicly stated by the German Foreign Office itself that those officials 'believed that all they had to do was to confirm the historical accuracy of the facts therein contained,' and 'this they did, and returned the document to the Emperor by the channel through which it had come.' " * Was not this channel Prince Bülow himself! If the Emperor was indiscreet, his Chancellor was inane, but apparently for his own purposes the Chancellor has exploited the episode to discredit the Emperor in the eyes of the German people. British Ministers have their faults, but we should be sorry to think any of them capable of such a base act of treachery—but then ours is only a Constitutional Monarchy.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is known to be an ardent admirer of the German Emperor, and of late years it had seemed to many of us that intimate political relations were developing between Washington and Berlin. That the United States and Germany should be on the best of terms is all to the good. Their friendship would excite no misgivings in this country, British policy not being the policy of the *agent provocateur*. We are not obsessed with the Bismarckian delusion that the stock of international good-will is strictly limited in quantity, and that consequently any joint draft upon it by other Powers must be detrimental to British interests. It was, however, impossible to close our eyes to the fact that German diplomacy, after its wont, was endeavouring to give an anti-British twist to German-American relations. Journalists high in the confidence of the Berlin Government incessantly

* See *Daily Telegraph*, Nov. 11, 1908.

Advocated an alliance between American Sea-power and German Sea-power against this country, and few opportunities were lost by exalted Germans of holding us up to American execration as the allies of Japan and promoters of the Yellow Peril. There was, moreover, reason to believe that Germany had been trying to make mischief between Tokyo and Washington, and the German Press openly declared that war between the two Pacific Powers was inevitable, making no concealment of its glee at the prospect of a conflict which *ex hypothesi* must drive the United States, the enemy of Japan, and Great Britain, the ally of Japan, into opposite and hostile camps—an ideal situation from the German standpoint. By constant reiteration the German view of international affairs had partially penetrated the American Press, which is to some extent spoon-fed from Berlin on paper prepared in the Wilhelmstrasse. Meanwhile on the other side of the Atlantic, German influences had been skilfully mobilised by the German Embassy in Washington, and a strong pro-German and anti-British current had set in. Suddenly and unexpectedly comes the news—the most welcome news that crossed the Atlantic last year—that while Germany was engaged in egging on the Americans and the Japanese into war, their wise statesmen had been discreetly engaged in making peace by means of the great and far-reaching Agreement discussed by our Washington correspondent elsewhere. We do not pretend to be able to gauge its domestic or constitutional significance, but its international importance could scarcely be exaggerated. It is a source of profound satisfaction to the British Government and the British people.

ALTHOUGH the opening of the Turkish Parliament on December 17 does not mark the closing of the Eastern question, as some enthusiasts appear to imagine, it is nevertheless a notable historical event, which has been hailed with enthusiasm throughout Western Europe. It is the utmost advantage to secure unanimity upon foreign affairs, and Englishmen are as unanimous as they can ever hope to be in welcoming the downfall of the old Hamidian tyranny, and the inauguration of the new *régime* installed by the Young Turks; and in supporting the Turkophile policy of Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey, who have handled a singularly

complex crisis with unerring judgment ever since its dramatic opening three months ago. British policy gathers strength from the fact that it is approved and applauded by all parties in this country, the only important dissentient in the Press, so far as we have observed, being *ans*, *Manchester Guardian*, which happens also to be the organ of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill, either of whom could doubtless name a better Premier than Mr. Asquith, and a wiser Foreign Minister than Sir Edward Grey. It must be a case of unconscious cerebration that the *Manchester Guardian* should so frequently express the German view of European affairs. Like the Wilhelmstrasse our Radical contemporary cordially dislikes the triple *entente* between Great Britain, Russia and France. It has likewise lost all enthusiasm for the *Entente Cordiale* to the point of being anti-French, and nowadays misses few opportunities of girding at the French Government. Over the Casablanca incident it performed the truly astonishing feat of espousing the German cause, which was so bad that even the German Government was compelled to abandon it. The *Manchester Guardian* is *l'Humanité* of England. It aspires to be more German than the Germans. Mr. Scott is our *Jaurès*, but we ought not to complain, because "the international crank" has a stimulating effect on the patriotism of the country to which he has the misfortune to belong. As a so-called Liberal paper, the *Manchester Guardian* is constrained to pay lip service to the new *régime* in Constantinople. But as Constitutionalism in Turkey is supposed to be favourable to British interests, and as our contemporary is always agin' British interests (except cotton interests), and as its German friends would do anything to restore Hamidianism, the *Manchester Guardian* would presumably view the downfall of the Young Turks with philosophic calm. If only peace can be preserved—we admit it is a large "if"—the hopes of their enemies are likely to be disappointed. Abdul Hamid greatly gratified his subjects by opening the Turkish Parliament in person, when he formally gave the Constitution his blessing. As Saul was among the prophets, the Sultan may have joined the Reformers, who are now called upon to prove their constructive capacity. We confess to taking the more optimistic view of Turkey's prospects referred to by Sir Francis Younghusband at the end of his interesting paper on

"Near Eastern Questionings." But the working of representative government in the Ottoman Empire will admittedly require even greater qualities than those already displayed in organising the most wonderful bloodless revolution in history. The remarkable articles in the *Times* on "the European crisis" indicate some of the perilous pitfalls besetting the path of Turkish regeneration.

THE nation is indebted to Lord Rosebery for his stimulating speech on National Defence (Edinburgh, December 4), which affords eloquent evidence of rapidly ripening public opinion, and should convince Lord Roberts that his great campaign of education has not been wasted, and that the conversion of the country to some sense of duty is proceeding by leaps and bounds. The Liberal ex-Prime Minister opened with a heartfelt tribute to Lord Roberts, "the noblest of all British soldiers. . . . I do not think that we do Lord Roberts half honour enough for the self-sacrificing and laborious task that he has undertaken of endeavouring to awaken the nation to a full sense of its military responsibility." Lord Rosebery also spoke eulogistically of the masterly article of the *Times* military correspondent, emphasising and enforcing Lord Roberts's demand for a million men for the purpose of resisting invasion, in which that brilliant writer "made hay" of anonymous "Admirals," "Ancient Mariners," &c., who live in a prehistoric world of their own, and regard every demand for the development of our military strength as a slur on the British Navy. Lord Rosebery protested against the suggestion of the Mandarins during the recent debate in the House of Lords that it was "indelicate and improper" to discuss the invadability of this country by Germany. In considering our defensive preparations, we necessarily took the strongest possible assailant, which at the present time was Germany, "which has a predominant army on the Continent, and a fleet second only to our own in Europe," and it was rather a compliment to Germany than otherwise that we should do so. "But when we pass from the question of the possibility of invasion by Germany to the question of the intentions of Germany, we are on much more delicate ground." We agree, but there are some questions

which, however delicate, we are bound to discuss, because they concern not only our welfare but our existence, among them being the policy behind the prodigious preparations of Germany, of which for many years Great Britain has been the objective.

LORD ROSEBERRY cannot but be aware of the systematic and sinister propaganda which has been carried on under the auspices and inspiration of the German Emperor and the Imperial Government, through such agencies as the German Navy League, which is a semi-official body, and the Pan-German League, which is merely an advance guard of the Government, for the purpose of poisoning the mind of the German people against the British nation, in order that the necessary naval appropriations may be extorted from the pockets of a thrifty community, and to create an "atmosphere" in which it would seem morally justifiable for so virtuous a country as Germany to pick a quarrel with such wicked people as ourselves. We have always deemed it our duty to discuss not only the military and naval capacity of Germany to attack this country, but equally the intentions of the German Government, as disclosed by their deeds. When one sees a man deliberately forging a weapon which can only be intended for use against oneself, one takes one's precautions, and though it may be "indelicate" to discuss his proceedings, it would be insane to ignore them. So in the case of nations, where one sees a weapon such as the German Navy, not required for the purpose of defending the Fatherland, which is rendered invulnerable against attack by the most formidable military machine ever constructed, nor to maintain an over-sea empire, but for the purpose of carving out an empire at the expense of some other Power, we, being the only Power possessing what Germany covets, cannot afford for a single second to abate our vigilance as regards either her preparations or her policy. It is not, as some people find it convenient to pretend, the *National Review* which has invented the legend of a challenging Germany. It is the German Emperor who has himself proclaimed that legend from the house-tops. Wilhelm II. has told his people, of whom at least one-third are agricultural, that their destiny lies upon the water, and he has done everything that mortal man could do to inflame naval

ambitions, which he has himself described as "boundless." He has announced that Neptune's trident must be in Germany's fist, and that Germany must have a voice in every controversy in every part of the world; and the Imperial views have been systematically inculcated into the German people by the Press, the Professoriat, and the Pulpit, with the result that, as the German Government has admitted in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, Great Britain is regarded with hostility by the bulk of the German people. And though the Kaiser's subjects may resent his Majesty's "tactlessness" in letting the cat out of the bag, their indignation emphasises the value of a timely warning, while it robs our politicians of all pretext for remaining asleep, or for refusing to make the needful counter-preparations.

LORD ROSEBERY'S speech may indeed be regarded as one of the first-fruits of recent revelations, of which the suppression of the interview intended for American consumption (which had equally been approved by the German Government) was even more significant than the publication of that address to the British public. We have felt, however, bound to enter a caveat against the ex-Premier's attempt to distinguish between German preparations and German policy, because the Germans are practical people, and in Germany, though not in England, preparations and policy invariably go hand in hand, and the Germans would only consent to make the great sacrifices which a first class military Power is called upon to undergo in becoming a first class naval Power, for an object commensurate with the effort. Just as during the years preceding 1870 all classes in Germany were educated to regard France as the enemy and the objective, so to-day the German people have been trained to regard us in this light, and so successfully has public animosity been fanned that a war with England will be intensely popular whenever the German Government chooses to declare it, among other attractions of the "great day" habitually toasted in German messes, when the British Armada is to disappear before the onset of superior German efficiency, being the conviction that by means of a war indemnity levied on England the Unready, the colossal cost of German Sea-power will be recouped out of British pockets, just

as the cost of the war against France came out of French pockets. Germany emerged from the struggle of 1870 with a balance at her bank, and she hopes and believes that history will repeat itself. There is surely a singular significance from our point of view in the action of a Government confessedly in financial difficulties owing to prodigious war expenditure in peace-time, in reducing the Germany Army Estimates by £1,000,000, while increasing her Navy Estimates by £3,000,000. Germany has never required a navy to cope with France, whom she counts upon overwhelming on land. French shipbuilding has, moreover, greatly slackened of recent years, and France's ally, Russia, is temporarily negligible as a naval Power. It is not therefore the Dual Alliance which has called the German Navy into existence. Of other European Powers, Austria-Hungary and Italy are the allies of Germany; neither of them contemplates becoming a serious Sea-power, so they may be eliminated as possible German objectives.

AND though in the famous article in the *Daily Telegraph*, which, be it remembered, was read and approved by Prince Bülow and A Short-Range Fleet countersigned by the Wilhelmstrasse, it was explained that German battleships were being built to uphold German interests in the Far East, and the day was anticipated when German and British navies would speak together in those remote oceans, it is noteworthy that the Far Eastern theory of German Sea-power has been unanimously repudiated by all parties in the Reichstag, while it is obvious that if the German fleet was intended to operate in distant waters, its coal-carrying capacity would be very much larger than it is. And as for several years "tame" journalists, such as Professor Schieman of the *Kreuz Zeitung*, have been writing up a German-American alliance, we may likewise eliminate the United States from the hostile column, were she not *ipso facto* eliminated for the same reason as Japan, viz., by the exiguous coaling capability of modern German battleships, which are unable to cross the Atlantic, and indeed rarely leave the North Sea. If these familiar considerations be insufficient to satisfy Englishmen that this country is the objective of the German Navy, we might quote the very preamble of the German Navy Bill of 1900, which, be it remembered, has been substantially

developed by two subsequent Navy Bills, in which British Sea-power is scheduled for destruction. "Germany must have a fleet of such strength that a war even with the mightiest naval Power would involve risks threatening the supremacy of that Power." Why should our public men affect ignorance of what is patent and palpable to the rest of the world and which recently has become, we are glad to say, a topic of universal conversation in this country, viz., that the German Navy is being built for one purpose and one purpose only, viz., to fight Great Britain in the North Sea for the sovereignty of all Seas? In spite of conventional disclaimers as to the "intentions" of Germany, Lord Rosebery evidently labours under no illusions, because while refusing to credit Germany with contemplating aggression, he is as anxious as we are to be prepared against this inconceivable contingency.

In the speech already quoted the ex-Premier called attention to the foolish and lawless talk indulged in at the present time on the Continent, "which encourages the belief that a raid might be undertaken when our Fleet was engaged elsewhere, by a Power with whom we believed that we were on terms of perfect peace," citing an article in a Viennese newspaper—and as every one knows Austrian journals are usually edited in Berlin—declaring that the best means of putting an end to the British Fleet "was during their autumn manœuvres, when they might be attacked and demolished when they were unprepared. I give you that as a sample of the talk that is now current on these topics in military Continental circles." Lord Rosebery admitted that apprehensions as regards a German attack were held by persons competent to form an opinion on military matters. "And if these considerations have been overlooked by those in authority, it does become a matter of some anxiety. People in this country should know whether they are secure or not, because though it may need an extraordinary combination of treachery, of unprovoked attack and insidious crime, to imagine an invasion of our country in time of profound peace, although it does involve all these, yet we cannot afford to run any risks. We cannot afford to let this island, the source and the heritage of so many centuries of freedom, run any risk of invasion from a

foreign foe." It would be small consolation after the event to denounce the action of the invader as "utterly indefensible according to any code of moral or international law," or to censure Ministers for their shameful want of alertness in failing to foresee the danger. It was our duty to secure ourselves against risks which can be contemplated by any sane man capable of forming a judgment. Lord Rosebery proceeded to point out what is an open secret, viz., that the facts and figures upon which were founded Mr. Balfour's famous speech of May 11, 1905, declaring that we were safe against invasion, were now admitted to be "obsolete and untrustworthy." Mr. Balfour himself who was deliberately misled by the misinformation administered to him by "experts" of the Defence Committee, in whom the Blue Water doctrine is developed to the point of mania, and who did not wish the Prime Minister to know and proclaim the truth, is understood to have re-examined the whole problem in the light of the impartial and conclusive information placed at his disposal by the public-spirited labours of Lord Roberts, Lord Lovat, and the *Times* military correspondent, and to have reconsidered his opinion.

WE gather from Lord Rosebery that the Defence Committee is also prepared to withdraw the optimistic views of which the late

**Military
Impotence
a Naval
Danger**

Premier was the vehicle, and the public are anxiously awaiting a candid statement from Mr. Asquith as regards the present position. That the problem of National Defence is not a purely naval problem, or a purely military problem, but a mixed problem, partly naval and partly military, which must be seen steadily and seen whole, is illustrated by other passages from Lord Rosebery's speech, which show how necessary it is that there should be something in the nature of a combined General Staff to work out in peace-time the problems of war, and prevent those violent and perilous oscillations of policy which have cost us so much blood, treasure, and anxiety. The speaker declared that the development of the German fleet produced great disquietude in this country, and imposed an immense burden which might ultimately become intolerable both on the people of Germany, who have also to maintain

an army of four million men, and on the people of this country, who must maintain a fleet twice as powerful as that of Germany. But every man, woman and child knew that "the question of our fleet is not a question for discussion at all. It is a question of life and death. It is a question of existence: it is a question on behalf of which every man here should be prepared to lay down his life and his last shilling rather than have doubt cast on its predominance." As our readers are aware, we have consistently maintained that British military impotence endangers British naval supremacy, because in war it would rob our fleet of its strategic freedom, and prevent it from discharging its primary function of seeking and sinking the hostile fleet. Unfortunately, Sir John Fisher, the autocrat of the Admiralty, who is not merely allowed to dominate our naval policy, but has to a large extent dictated our military policy, is totally incapable of grasping this truism. He is largely responsible for our official optimism as regards invasion, not because he thinks invasion impossible, but because he fears that any recognition of our military necessities would be at the expense of our naval needs.

THE single result of this one-eyed strategy is to tether British squadrons like so many goats to British shores, and to make the repetition of the great and far-reaching operations by which Nelson saved the nation a hundred years ago, not merely impossible, but unthinkable. One-eyed Strategy Nelson roamed the world in search of the enemy, secure in the knowledge that the home-land was safe from invasion because no less than seven hundred thousand men out of a total population of eleven millions were under arms, although in those days Napoleon commanded nothing comparable to the land forces at the disposal of Wilhelm II. But to-day, although our population has trebled, and the resources of our potential enemies are infinitely great, we have nothing like the military forces of a hundred years ago; Sir John Fisher doubtless pictures himself ensconced in the Admiralty, manipulating our far-flung Fleets by means of wireless telegraphy like so many pieces on the chess-board, but he would find his operations paralysed by popular panic, which would be speedily communicated to the politicians, who would prevent his moving British ships out of sight of our coasts. The

Admiralty should pay heed to the "intelligent anticipation" Lord Rosebery, who, speaking as an uninstructed layman, foretold the future terror of the man in the street. "But you are told that invasion will take place when the Fleet is engaged elsewhere. That, again, I think a great aspersion on the wisdom of our governors. The Fleet engaged elsewhere! Is it to be supposed that, at any moment when there is any possible contingency of the kind barely to be apprehended, a sufficiency of the Fleet to defend our shores would be allowed to leave these shores? What possible danger to any part of the Empire could justify our Fleet being sent in that direction as compared with the danger threatening the heart of the Empire? If it is capable of demonstration that the first thing to protect in this Empire is the heart and source of this Empire, any Government would be culpable and criminal that allowed this island to remain undefended by any allurements or any interest elsewhere." The naval and military problems are inseparably bound up with one another. An adequate Home Defence Army is a condition of maintaining our naval supremacy, without which, by common consent, everything goes by the board, and England will be blotted out from the map of nations.

LORD ROSEBERY ended a speech which stands out among the utterances of politicians on National Defence by its Democratic strong common sense (so-called from its rarity) and recognition of things as they are, by declaring Defence that he desired above all security against panics, "not using the word panic in any degrading or ridiculous sense; I am only using it in the sense of the apprehension more or less well grounded, which has obtained hold on the nation, the apprehension that we may be successfully invaded by a foreign enemy." A nation in a panic, however well grounded, was not always a dignified spectacle, even though it might be "in a heroic frame of mind." The speaker recalled preceding panics, as for instance the very real panic when the first Napoleon had assembled a great army at Boulogne with the avowed intention of invading England, and the whole nation sprang to arms—a process repeated in the year 1860, owing to the hostility of the French army, and the dubious attitude of Napoleon III. To-

May we were again in a state of apprehension, feeling that our security against raid or invasion was inadequate. "If we have that apprehension, it is a shame to ourselves, a shame to our youth, that we do not dispel it by forming a territorial force capable both by its moral and its physical effect to assure an enemy that he can never obtain a foothold in this country." Lord Rosebery added, "I myself am a believer in the Swiss system, by which every able-bodied man is compelled to train for a short time, so that at any rate he may be capable at a pinch of being produced as an efficient soldier. I believe that is a really democratic system of defence. Switzerland is the purest democracy existent in Europe, and would not endure any but a democratic system of defence. I believe that it is an honourable system of defence under which every man would be able to look down on his neighbour who was not sharing the work, and from which no man could escape except by some subterfuge or some just and legitimate plea."

LORD ROSEBERY reminded his audience that "it is a traditional method of defence in this country—in England, I am not sure of

The Common Law Scotland, but I believe the law to be the same—the first line of defence is by the common law of

England that every able-bodied man within the limits of the kingdom—but I do not plead the common law of England—it is part of the common law of the world that the Fatherland must be defended by its sons." We should never be safe from apprehension until the people made up their mind to pay the debt due to the country. But such a change, "involving a vast transformation of all our habits and recent traditions, would require not to come from the Ministry or from Parliament, but from the nation itself." This declaration by Lord Rosebery, who has never expended himself in chasing rainbows, in favour of Universal Compulsory Service, is an immense encouragement to those engaged in the task of persuading their fellow countrymen to recognise the duties and obligations of citizenship no less than its rights and privileges. We believe that the shameful days of Patriotism by Proxy are numbered, though it may be some little time before time-serving politicians realise the great change in public opinion,

and it is perhaps as well for the success of the movement that they should continue to stand aside, as the moment National Service became a Party cry, there would be a corresponding Party outcry. Our readers could not begin the New Year better than by joining the National Service League (Secretary, Mr. George Shee, 71 Victoria Street, London, S.W.), of which Lord Roberts is the honoured President.

PARLIAMENT was prorogued on December 21, the Speech from the Throne being of unusual length, the foreign paragraphs referring to the visits of President Fallières on the occasion of the opening of the Franco-British Exhibition, and the King and Queen of Sweden. Satisfaction was expressed at the conclusion of several important agreements with foreign Governments—*e.g.*, the treaty of general arbitration with the United States, and for regulating certain questions between that country and Canada, as also the agreement to maintain “the existing territorial status in the regions bordering on the North Sea.” Hope was expressed that “conciliatory counsels” would govern the Near Eastern crisis, and that “an amicable settlement” might be reached by the signatory Powers of the Berlin Treaty. India had been “disturbed by a conspiracy of evil disposed persons against the lives of my officers and the continuance of British rule,” but while their action had necessitated “deterrent legislation of an exceptional nature,” it had also called forth in all parts of India “demonstrations of loyalty to my person and my Government,” which had consequently felt justified “in pressing forward the measures that have long been under their consideration for enlarging the share of the Indian people in the administration of the country.” The Royal Speech naturally dwelt on the Prince of Wales’s visit to Canada to participate in the celebrations “arranged under the auspices of the Governor-General to commemorate the founding of the State of Quebec by Samuel Champlain. The affectionate reception given to my son by all classes of my Canadian subjects touched me deeply, and I learnt from him with great satisfaction of the loyalty and enthusiasm everywhere displayed upon that unique and historic occasion.” The visit of the American Fleet to Australasian waters had “evoked warm feelings of cordiality in my dominions

that quarter of the Globe, and was a source of gratification to myself and to my Government"; the other outstanding Imperial event being the present Convention of South African statesmen considering the question of a closer union of the sub-Continent.

A RECITAL of the measures of the Session was preceded by the statement that "The Navy has been maintained in a high state of efficiency," which is interpreted as indicating that Sir John Fisher's position is unshaken, and that the Government decline any inquiry into a

régime which excites profound and ever-increasing distrust. The present First Lord of the Admiralty is the marionette of the First Sea Lord. In the legislative recital the first place was naturally given to Old Age Pensions, after which came the Irish University Act, upon which Sir William Anson writes an interesting article elsewhere, while the Education and Licensing fiascoes were thus delicately dealt with: "I regret that in regard to the controversies connected with the subjects of Licensing and National Education in England, notwithstanding the time and labour which have been given to their consideration, no settlement has been attained."

On the other hand a limitation had been imposed on "the daily hours worked below ground by the men and boys employed in coal mines," and another Bill had provided for "the protection of children from cruelty, danger and neglect," while reforming the methods for dealing with juvenile offenders; among other measures mentioned in the King's Speech being the Prevention of Crime Bill and the Port of London Bill, "which closes a long period of uncertainty detrimental to the commerce and shipping of the capital." In the intervals of denouncing the House of Lords as obstructors of the will of the people, the Liberal Press proudly reminds us that seventy Bills have become Acts during the last Session. The *Westminster Gazette*, whose leading articles have become far more entertaining than its cartoons, began an article by declaring "we are entitled to regard this Session as a very fruitful and important one," and ended with the assertion that the Liberal victory at the polls had been reduced to "a nullity" by the House of Lords, and its programme turned "into a series of academic and unrealisable propositions."

ALTHOUGH Ministers can always screw themselves up to the requisite pitch of self-complacency to draft a Royal Speech reviewing their superhuman achievements, the close of the third Session—invariably the “fatal” Session to every Government, as pointed out by the *Observer*—finds the Radical Party in a state of profound dejection. Ministers are buoyed up by that sense of conscious rectitude which makes Mandarins what they are, and finds its highest expression in the smug speciousness of Mr. Haldane and the grotesque vanity of Mr. John Burns. They honestly believe that the salvation of the country depends on their continuance in office, and though fully alive to each other’s imperfections, every Minister knows that he, at any rate, is the right man in the right place, until he can get a better one; and the highest Ministerial tribute ever paid to the perspicacity of the country was the immortal *gaffe* perpetrated in the House of Commons by Mr. Asquith’s least sophisticated colleague: “The country, to do it justice, believes in me.” Whether he is filling up the cup or ploughing the sands, the Front Bencher is equally happy, and it is curious to observe the instantaneous transformation of ninety-nine men out of a hundred the moment they don the official livery and enter the political hierarchy. The visionary of yesterday is the *Tapir* and *Tadpole* of to-day—*vide* Mr. Masterman. The average Liberal Member of Parliament has no such corporate enthusiasm to nourish him, but so long as a Liberal Government, however discredited, remains “in being,” he may hope for something, if not a *billet*, perhaps a baronetcy, or at any rate a knighthood; and, judging from recent honours lists, such baubles have an irresistible attraction for austere democrats. If the present Parliament lasts long enough, every Ministerialist will become a knight. Radicals would then presumably feel on more equal terms with the Peers. Then, again, a large proportion of Mr. Asquith’s supporters realise that they are in the House for the first and last time; to them, dissolution spells extinction. These three factors combined—viz., Ministerial self-satisfaction, miscellaneous ambitions, and the dread of dissolution—explain the present policy of the Government, however exasperating it may be to the stalwarts in the constituencies, who have no hope of sharing in that “public plunder” which was described by a great American as “the cohesive power” of political parties.

THE politics of the past month may be summarised in a sentence. The House of Lords rejected the Licensing Bill, and the Liberal Party dined. These incidents are intimately connected. Radicals are so gravelled for matter that they profess to be incensed because the debate in the Upper House was preceded by the usual meeting of Unionist Peers at Lansdowne House, who decided against a Second Reading regarding the Bill as too bad to be amended in Committee. We confess to being unable to appreciate the grievance. It is customary for party leaders to consult their followers at critical junctures. Indeed the rank and file on both sides complain that such gatherings are too few and far between. There would *ex hypothesi* have been no objection to the Unionist Lords assembling at the Carlton Club, though we may be sure that had they done so the episode would have been treated as conclusive evidence that the House of Lords is a mere annex of the Carlton Club. But is Lord Lansdowne a member of the Carlton Club? Not if we may believe our omniscient contemporary *Who's Who*, and if he is not how could he invite his supporters to a Club to which he does not belong? Very strong objections would have been raised by his present critics had he invited the Conservative Party either to Brooks's or the Reform Club. Having a convenient house in a central position, described by Lord Rosebery as "a famous house in a famous square," Lord Lansdowne hospitably invited his followers to meet there. If this be a grievance some Radical should endeavour to make it intelligible to plain people. There would presumably have been no grievance had the assembled peers decided to approve the Licensing Bill, but they resolved to reject it. This measure had been discussed *ad nauseam* throughout the country throughout the year—even though relentlessly guillotined in the House of Commons—its provisions have been made familiar from a thousand platforms, and it has been a leading issue at every by-election. Further discussion was superfluous, and a large majority of the Lansdowne House meeting, headed by their host himself, decided to vote against a measure which the present Lord Chancellor publicly declared to be "unpopular," after it had passed the House of Commons by the usual record majority—a striking comment on the claim of that assembly to represent the will of the people. The Licensing Bill subse-

quently received a first class funeral in the House of Lords, lasting several days, and was finally interred on November 27 by a majority of 176 (272-96). As all Bishops present voted in the minority, let us hope we have heard the last of the offensive gibe at "the unholy alliance between Bung and the Bible."

THE Radical Party were simply flabbergasted at thus being "flouted," but the people were delighted at this rebuff to Stiggins and Chadband. There has not been a whisper

A Radical Banquet

of indignation outside the Radical caucuses. Not a single dog has barked, not a cat has mewed. Ministerial temper was inflamed by the fact that this fiasco chanced to coincide with another home-made humiliation, a second legislative corpse being unexpectedly thrown upon Mr. Asquith's hands, viz., the Education Bill, which that over-astute Dissenter, Mr. Runciman, had almost bounced the Archbishop of Canterbury into accepting; but in his excessive zeal to "dish the Church," Mr. Runciman overreached himself. He produced his Bill before the agreement with the Archbishop was complete, and although this so-called "compromise" aroused much Mugwump enthusiasm, it was seen to be unworkable by all practical people, and it collapsed under discussion in the House of Commons, never surviving Mr. Balfour's irresistible speech. Mr. Runciman has fared no better than Mr. McKenna or Mr. Birrell in settling the education question. The Church should now take the initiative by spontaneously offering Nonconformist ministers the right of entry into all Church Schools in single school areas on the requisition of a reasonable number of parents. The Liberal Party was temporarily thrown on its beam ends by this double disaster, and there was nothing left for it except to dine at the National Liberal Club, where a consolation banquet was held in honour of Mr. Asquith, the unsuccessful author of the Licensing Bill, on December 11—at which it is understood only lemonade was drunk. Needless to say the Premier made another admirable speech—he could not make a bad one if he tried—in which he roared like any sucking dove. The high crimes and misdemeanours of the House of Lords were impressively set forth, but instead of announcing the abolition of that iniquitous institution, or at any rate an instant appeal to the only tribunal competent to try the issue between

Lords and Commons, in a glorious anti-climax the Prime Minister declared that he would not allow the House of Lords to dictate a dissolution. "Down with the Lords but no Dissolution" is the inspiring slogan of the Liberal Party. The moment it was known in the House of Commons that Ministers were irrevocably determined to remain Ministers, and that wild horses would not move them from their decision to funk a General Election, "the stalwarts," marshalled by those popular aliens, Messrs. Brunner, Mond and Co., organised an address to the Premier demanding "strong measures," which some 250 "heroes" were induced to sign. Had they been taken at their word, and had Mr. Asquith informed his doleful supporters at the Liberal Club that Parliament was about to dissolve there would have been no more miserable men in England than the gallant "250," of whom possibly a third might expect to revisit their old familiar haunts at Westminster. The temper of the "record majority" may be gathered from the delicious declaration of Mr. Lloyd George, who has lost heart as well as head since he went to the Exchequer, that "*in the course of the next few years the issue [i.e., of the Lords' Veto] will be raised definitely.*"

WE agree with the *Nation* that the Liberal Party is in a highly ridiculous position by declining the challenge of the Peers, but as a sense of humour is not a Liberal characteristic, this need not disturb them. When in opposition they live by denouncing the Septennial Act and demanding shorter Parliaments to keep members in "constant contact" with their constituents. But from the moment they enter office the Septennial Act becomes the Radical sheet anchor, and every opportunity of shortening the duration of Parliament is indignantly and contemptuously rejected. Radical newspapers are delectable reading at the present time—for their opponents. They are in a state of confusion and consternation. They don't know where they are or what to advise. There is no known instance in our Parliamentary history of any Government on the downgrade like the present Government, retrieving its position. But fortunately for their opponents, party politicians are incapable of profiting by experience. It became obvious to onlookers at the end of 1903 that the only chance of saving the Unionist Party from dire

disaster was a General Election, and that the longer the evil day was postponed, the heavier would be the punishment. But on one pretext or another Dissolution was put off for two years with deplorable results. To-day the Liberal Party have reached approximately the position of the Unionist Party in the autumn of 1903, and Ministers have decided to follow the fatal example of their predecessors, although in his heart every Radical knows that the same fate will inevitably be meted out to Mr. Asquith and Co. which overtook Mr. Balfour and his colleagues in January 1906. The Liberal position is already more unfavourable than was the position of the Unionists five years ago. Indeed it is so bad, especially as regards finance—according to the *Daily Chronicle* and *Manchester Guardian*, Mr. Lloyd-George has to provide twenty millions of fresh revenue, no light task for a bankrupt fiscal system *—that many shrewd observers are of opinion that however desirous the limpets of the Treasury Bench may be to cling where they are, circumstances will compel them to enter upon the fight for which they have so little stomach, a few months hence.

THEREFORE the Unionist Party must be on its guard, and every Unionist candidate and every Unionist constituency should be fully prepared for all eventualities. It is a matter of comparative indifference to us when the General Election occurs, because although there appears to have been but an insignificant shifting of opinion in the Celtic fringe, to which the Government have discreetly refrained from applying their most unpopular measures, the Swing of the Pendulum in England is sufficient to promise an adequate

Warning to Unionists * The bankruptcy of Cobdenism is eloquently demonstrated by recent numbers of the *Spectator*, its Christmas present to its readers (see *Spectator*, December 26) consisting of the painful suggestion that the income-tax should be raised by another 6d. Such is the pass to which a Free-Trade Government has brought Free Trade finance according to the leading Free Trade journal, "that is the crux—how to fill the Treasury. And here we believe that, disagreeable as it might be, it would be better to add, say, another sixpence to the income-tax than to plunge into the dangerous morass of further graduation and differentiation. . . . Of course we fully realise the evil of an eighteenpenny income-tax in peace-time, and the consequent depriving ourselves of a fiscal reserve for war. Needs must, however, when the devil of deficit drives."

Unionist majority in spite of our present deficit of 170 seats. We cannot however expect a big majority, and we might do better with a moderate majority than with another of those "records" which knock the fight out of Ministerialists and paralyse the Ministry. There are urgent reasons why a Unionist Government should be speedily installed in power in the Mother Country, the chief being the necessity of responding to the Colonial offer of Preference, as unless it be met in the near future, international developments may occur calculated if not designed to put an effectual spoke in the consolidation of the British Empire. The question of a British Tariff for the British Isles is a *chose jugé*, and if not introduced by a Unionist Government it will be forced upon the Radicals by sheer revenue necessities. But the Imperial aspect of Tariff Reform, which is infinitely the most important aspect, can only be dealt with by a Government of Imperial sympathies, and not by a menagerie of Liberal Imperialists, Little Englanders, and nondescripts. It is because we wish to see the principle of Preference embodied in British policy that we wish to see the last of the present Government at the earliest possible moment. Delay is becoming dangerous,* but even if Ministers have their way, and the Liberal Party drifts from bad to worse, the signs of the times should be sufficiently obvious to the Daughter nations of the Empire to prevent their Governments from taking any steps compromising the great constructive policy to which, thanks to Mr. Chamberlain and his followers, the Mother Country is being rapidly converted.

WE believe that Mr. Balfour has this cause at heart, that he realises its larger aspects, and is determined to link his name with a reform which will be remembered long after the destructive policy of Peel has been forgotten. If the dissolution be postponed, the Unionist Party can count on coming in two years hence with a great majority, and there will be no serious opposition to the

* See, e.g., the disquieting article by a Canadian in the *Standard of Empire* of December 17. In reviewing the events of the past year the *Observer* (December 27) says: "The Dominion is literally saturated with American influence, personal, journalistic, financial; and in spite of Lord Grey's splendid and devoted efforts the Imperial sentiment is weakening in the absence of any

adoption of Preference. Still, on the whole we should prefer to risk an early dissolution and a small majority rather than await the big majority. But in either case, whether the dissolution comes sooner or later, while fully appreciating the very natural impatience of the over-sea Dominions at the exasperating irresponsiveness hitherto shown by so-called Imperial Governments, we earnestly and respectfully ask the people of Greater Britain to stay their hand until the next General Election. It is inconceivable that Canadian statesmen should sacrifice the policy of Preference of which they were the pioneers on the eve of our conversion to it.

It was hoped in some quarters that the House of Lords might see its way to reject the Coal Mines (Eight Hours) Bill, which had been forced through the House of Commons by the usual mechanical majorities without one single serious argument being advanced on its behalf.

**Cobdenite
Protection**

This measure is generally known as the Dear Coal Bill, and is almost as unpopular as the Licensing Bill. Though fathered by a Free Trade Government it is the worst kind of Protection, and there would seem to be something radically wrong in a political system which enables such an objectionable measure to be forced by Trade Unionism through both Houses of Parliament. Under a referendum it would not have the ghost of a chance of popular acceptance, and public opinion is unquestionably moving towards this, the only democratic method of ascertaining the national will. The Eight Hours Bill is simply the result of long-continued "lobbying" by a particular industry, which is singled out for Protection in the shape of a tax on raw material at the exclusive cost of the home consumer. If this be Free Trade the sooner we have something else the better. Nor was any case made out for it on those humanitarian grounds which never fail to tell. Nothing could be more damaging to the Bill than Mr. Herbert Gladstone's lame and impotent advocacy.

vigorous effort to promote it on the part of the Mother Country. . . . Unless preference is conceded in the next few years there can be no hope of preventing such a tariff treaty between the United States and the Dominion as would destroy the possibility of any permanent connection between Canada and the British Empire."

The Home Secretary was wholly unable to affect any confidence in his offspring which was belaboured in the Commons and smashed to smithereens in the Lords, where Lord Newton moved its rejection in an incisive speech. But Lord Lansdowne had decided on tactical grounds to allow it to pass—the Lords had done enough for glory in rejecting the Licensing Bill—and the Second Reading was accordingly carried by 121 votes to 44, a result described by the *Spectator* as “a triumph for the principles of Protection and a heavy blow to those of Free Exchange.” In committee, however, the Lords practically turned it into an Eight-and-a-half Hours Bill, by excluding both “windings,” and though perfunctorily opposed by the Government, this amendment was grudgingly accepted by the House of Commons, secretly delighted that “the other place” should have somewhat mitigated its perilous economic effects, while enabling the Liberal Party to pose as “the miner’s friend.” Before the Session closed Mr. Birrell placed another fiasco to his debit, being obliged to withdraw a preposterous Irish Land Bill primarily intended to destroy the grazing industry of Ireland as a sop to cattle-drivers; while Mr. Lloyd George was equally unlucky with a useful measure to protect British hops against unfair foreign competition. On the other hand Lord Robert Cecil succeeded in placing on the Statute Book a drastic measure to prevent disturbances at public meetings by fine and imprisonment, which should lead to interesting developments.

“M.P.’s” article, entitled “Mr. Balfour’s Sum in Subtraction,” in our last number excited lively interest in political circles, and though necessarily resented by prominent politicians **Sums in** scheduled for shunting from the next Unionist **Subtraction** Cabinet, it met with hearty approval among the Unionist rank and file, though here and there, as may be gathered from a “Unionist Candidate’s” vigorous protest, the views of our spirited and clever contributor provoked dissent. Mr. Balfour will be nerved to discharge the disagreeable duty devolving upon him as incoming Premier of parting with old friends by the knowledge that the sacrifice is demanded by a practically unanimous party. The revival of the late Cabinet, or of anything remotely resembling the late Cabinet, would simply invite disaster.

Some newspaper critics of our contributor, while cheerfully relegating "the old gang" to outer darkness, are curious as to the new gang who are to replace them, and question "M.P.'s" ability to suggest an acceptable Administration. We are not in his confidence, and have no authority to speak on his behalf, but there would be little difficulty in constructing an efficient Unionist Cabinet. In the first place it is eminently desirable to reduce the Cabinet from the abnormal size to which it has swollen of late years, partly owing to the childish pretensions of political nonentities in both parties to "Cabinet rank," and partly to the excessive good nature of successive Premiers in tolerating those pretensions. As a consequence the country has been saddled with Cabinets comparable to county councils. When we look abroad we find that President Taft's Cabinet consists of nine members, M. Clemenceau's Cabinet of twelve members, and the German Imperial Cabinet of nine members. Surely our Cabinet need not exceed twelve members, and were it restored to this more reasonable figure, a Cabinet Minister, who has latterly enjoyed the prestige of a postman, would regain some of his ancient glory, the task of the Prime Minister would be immensely facilitated and the country would have some chance of capable government.

To the remnant of the late Cabinet left by our contributor to form the nucleus of the next Cabinet, might be added Lord
The Next Milner, Lord Curzon, and Lord Newton among the
Cabinet Peers, while among the Commons three members stand out conspicuously for promotion—viz., Mr. Bonar Law, Sir Edward Carson, and Lord Percy. As a Tariff is to be the first constructive work of the next Government it would be advisable to add to these the one man in this country who may be regarded as an expert on such questions—viz., Mr. Hewins, the Secretary of the Tariff Commission, who ought to become President of the Board of Trade. Were it advisable to look further afield, the names of several eligible young Peers would readily occur to our readers, for the House of Lords is rich in political talent, richer indeed than the Unionist benches of the present House of Commons, though several able and vigorous young members could be mentioned, and we may anticipate a considerable improvement in the *personnel* of our Party at

the next General Election. Our readers will be interested in an article by "A Confederate" on "The Confederacy," a subject upon which a good deal of nonsense has been spoken and written. As our contributor explains, there is no mystery about the *modus operandi* of the Confederacy, which has devoted itself to the useful if thankless task of consolidating the Unionist Party as a Tariff Reform party by applying pressure to the weaker brethren, and to its efforts in several constituencies is largely attributable the general harmony now prevailing. But "A Confederate" undoubtedly touches the weak spot in the Unionist Party—viz., the presence in Parliament of several members out of sympathy, not to say hostile, towards its first constructive work. Constituencies cannot afford to cultivate illusions on this score. These wreckers hope to smuggle their way into the new House of Commons under cover of the general reaction against the present Government with the avowed object of destroying the next Government.

DIRECTLY the new Parliament assembles, these political foot-pads will show their hand, and proclaim their opposition to the Tariff Reform Bill, to the destruction of which Cobdenite they will devote their talents, though if it Dacoits goes Mr. Balfour's Government necessarily goes with it, as no Unionist Ministry could survive the defeat of its main project. The only way to obviate this peril is for the constituencies, before the General Election, and the sooner the better, to insist on receiving a clear and categorical written pledge from any dubious member, to support the Tariff Reform policy of the next Government. Some Free Fooders have sought to bamboozle their local associations, which are not infrequently composed of the most ingenuous persons in the constituency, by undertaking to resign their seats in the event of their finding themselves unable to support Mr. Balfour's Tariff Reform Bill. We can hardly imagine any Conservative being hoodwinked by this transparent artifice. The tail cannot be allowed to wag the dog in this way. In the event of these high and mighty persons disapproving of the new Tariff, as they inevitably would do if it were a serious measure, assuming their present opinions to be honest, there would ensue several

by-elections under most unfavourable circumstances at a most inopportune moment for the new Government and the new policy. It is always disagreeable having a tooth out, but it is better to have it out before inflammation sets in. So with these dissentients. It would be best to clear them out of the constituencies which they misrepresent before the General Election. In politics an open foe is infinitely preferable to a treacherous friend awaiting the chance of stabbing us in the back—like these Cobdenite dacoits.

INDIA at the present time stands less in need of sentimental rhetoric at Westminster than of sharp and decisive action in Calcutta. Reforms are the feeblest, and therefore the most dangerous, reply to bombs. Indeed, it is always foolish to feed crime by concession, especially in an Oriental country, the well-being of which depends far more upon executive efficiency than upon legislation. Although Lord Morley is anything but Mr. Birrell, with his "smoking hecatombs of slaughtered cattle," the Indian Secretary's speech of December 17 was awaited with keen anxiety, because he has the literary temperament, and a man of letters must always cause anxiety where a man of action is required. On the whole, it has been received with relief. We are not thinking of the gushers and the "sloshers," but of sensible people. Its intellectual distinction was, needless to say, attractive, Lord Morley's charming personality being conspicuous in all his utterances. There was also a grave note of responsibility, and a fearless refusal to pander to the whims of the moment. Unlike his colleague at the Irish Office, who would disgrace any civilised Government, Lord Morley is no "dabbler in disorder," and made it clear that the Indian Government could count on his support in all measures deemed necessary to cope with prevailing anarchy, and as a significant prelude to the Reforms came the welcome news from Calcutta that the Viceroy's Council had passed a Summary Justice Bill to put an end to the present intolerable scandal of long-drawn-out trials, which merely serve to advertise dangerous criminals, and to stimulate other decadents to follow their example. The most important passage in Lord Morley's speech was his strong declaration against the development of Parliamentarism in India. "If

I knew my days, either official or corporeal, were to be twenty times longer than they can be, I should be sorry to set out for the goal of a great Parliament over India." There will be abundant opportunities of discussing proposals which require Parliamentary sanction; but, roughly speaking, they consist of a considerable development of representative Councils, together with a more liberal admission of natives to the Executive Councils of the Governors of Bombay and Madras, while the Viceroy's Legislative Council is to be enlarged, though the official majority is to be maintained. A native is to be admitted into that inner sanctuary, the Executive Council of the Government of India—a step which Lord Morley declared "had the cordial approval of Lord Minto." The Reforms seem, on the whole, to be well received in India, though it would be premature to jubilate or to pronounce judgment upon them. The control of an autocracy by a democracy must always be a delicate business, and our Indian problem is aggravated by the unrestrained enthusiasm with which Englishmen of all parties hail every outbreak of Parliamentarianism in any corner of the globe.

Not the least serious feature of domestic politics is the disposition of politicians to coquet with Woman Suffrage. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lloyd-George, is permitted to speak as he did at the Albert Hall pandemonium which gave the country a foretaste of Parliament under Woman Suffrage (December 5), without any repudiation by the Prime Minister, it becomes a serious matter. He stated that the majority of the Liberal Party were in favour of Woman Suffrage "on democratic lines," that two-thirds of the Cabinet were Suffragists, and that the Government intended to introduce an Electoral Reform Bill before the close of the present Parliament, to which the majority of the House would undoubtedly insert an amendment in favour of Woman Suffrage, "from that moment it would be part and parcel of a measure for which the Government would be responsible." No serious person—we cannot count the Suffragettes as serious people—has had the hardihood to pretend that the last General Election turned on the question of the Woman Suffrage, or that the present Parliament received any authority to legislate upon it, and no one has

Woman
Suffrage

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expressed the sound constitutional view more explicitly than Mr. Lloyd-George himself, who told a deputation of Woman Suffragists at Glasgow on November 21, 1907:

Before the Government could bring in a Bill on a gigantic question of that sort it ought to have been before the country in a definite and concrete form. He could not conceive of a revolution of this character being introduced into our Constitution without the opinion of the country being asked upon it definitely. It could hardly be said that four hundred members of Parliament pledged to Woman Suffrage had really consulted their constituents about it. . . . It had never really been discussed by the electors in the way that previous extensions of the Franchise had been debated, and it would be a very serious departure from all precedent if it were possible to introduce a Bill of that magnitude without giving fair warning to the country that it was intended to deal with the subject. Therefore, although he had no right to speak for the Government, he could hold out no hope that during the present Parliament the matter would be dealt with. (*Times*, November 22, 1907.)

THERE is no excuse for misunderstanding the meaning of Woman Suffrage "on democratic lines." The *Manchester Guardian* interprets the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Albert Hall "message" as indicating that the existing Conservative Delusions electorate is to be doubled. Every man is to go to the poll accompanied by a woman. Similar statements have appeared in other Radical organs. It is surely time for the Conservative Party to cease trifling with a topic which is too grave to remain "open." People who differ on Woman Suffrage will find it increasingly difficult to co-operate on other issues, and unless Mr. Balfour puts down his foot, the Unionist Party will be riven from top to bottom at the very moment when cohesion and concentration are urgently required. To put it on the lowest grounds, in the manipulation of votes we cannot hope to compete with our opponents. But, unfortunately, some Conservatives are unable to see a yard beyond their noses. A committee of distinguished but short-sighted ladies has been formed for the purpose of advocating limited Woman Suffrage, and our blinder wire-pullers fondly and foolishly imagine that by enfranchising women ratepayers, a propertied and Conservative class, they could "dish the Whigs," while other Unionists, who are above mere wire-pulling considerations, seek to erect a permanent barrier against Universal Manhood Suffrage, Socialism, and many other objectionable isms. We

cannot conceive more fatuous tactics, and tactics have long been the bane of our Party. It would be impossible to devise a flimsier obstacle against Manhood Suffrage than limited Woman Suffrage, because the very fact that the limited female vote was believed to be Conservative and "Churchy," would incite and indeed compel the Liberal Party to extend the suffrage, and they would have an irresistible argument for amending a system which excluded the bulk of married women, and ultimately, as a result of "Conservative tactics," the country would find itself involved not only in universal Manhood Suffrage, but in universal Womanhood Suffrage to boot—the avowed goal of the Labour Party. Woman Suffrage is impossible and unthinkable in this country simply because there is a great preponderance of women, and if one Party begins by enfranchising one adult woman, some other Party will end by enfranchising every adult woman. If we embark on this slippery slope it will be impossible to stop before we get to the bottom. There is no half-way house between remaining as we are, and Universal Adult Suffrage—*i.e.*, a nation of hopelessly outnumbered men, and sooner or later internal convulsions or external disaster. That is the answer to the aggrieved ladies of the Primrose League who would persuade their Party to take up Woman Suffrage, because they are denied the political status of their outdoor servants.

ON December 22 the Dutch Prime Minister made the gratifying announcement that the Queen of Holland is in perfect health and is expecting an heir, which has provoked as much enthusiasm in this country as in Holland. The perpetuation of the House of Orange is a great European interest.

* * * There was a highly significant debate on foreign affairs in the Italian Chamber of Deputies at the beginning of last month, which revealed widespread and deep dissatisfaction with the Austrian policy of alarms and excursions, and no excessive confidence in the present Italian Foreign Minister, Signor Tittoni, who only, so to speak, "saved his bacon" by abandoning his earlier pro-Austrian attitude, and by announcing the conclusion of an *entente* with Russia. Italian policy is becoming somewhat "complicated," as Count von Caprivi complained of Bismarck's Reinsurance Treaty with Russia behind the back of his Austrian

ally. We are glad, however, that Italian public opinion should share the views of British public opinion on the Near Eastern question, and Englishmen have confidence in the statesmanship and diplomacy of the King of Italy. * * * Germany has not been altogether happy in her latest *protégé*. The unspeakable President Castro of Venezuela, who is visiting Europe "for the sake of his health," had shaken the dust of inhospitable Paris off his feet, and had ensconced himself in great state in Berlin, where he was an object of keen interest to the usual horde of hungry bagmen and of some patronage from the German Press, and was presumably about to secure the usual Black Eagle, when the painful news came from Caracas that "the Restorer" had himself been the victim of a *coup d'état*, that his friend General Gomez reigned in his stead, and had commenced operations with the usual display of vigour against the supporters of the previous *régime*. For example, the ex-President's "unlimited letter of credit" had been cancelled. Outside Germany general satisfaction has been caused by the downfall of Castro, because although nothing is known of Gomez, he can hardly be another Castro, who was "the limit." To Holland belongs the credit for giving the final push which toppled over "the Restorer." * * * There has been another significant by-election, the Chelmsford Division of Essex, where a vacancy was caused by the retirement through ill-health of Sir F. Carne Rasch, whose place was taken by Mr. Pretymann, with a majority of 2565, whereas at the General Election the Conservatives only held the seat by 454. Such a turnover speaks for itself. * * * The Select Committee for the Reform of the House of Lords, which we owe to the initiative of Lord Newton, of which Lord Rosebery was the chairman, has published an interesting report making various proposals, including the reduction of the hereditary element, for strengthening the Upper House, but needless to say the Radicals will not touch the reform of the House of Lords with a barge-pole. They prefer the grievance. * * * The Trade Union world is perturbed by a judgment of the Court of Appeal affirming the illegality of applying Trade Union funds to the financing of Parliamentary representation.

NEAR EASTERN QUESTIONINGS

AFTER traversing Germany on Sunday, after spending Monday in Vienna, Tuesday in Buda Pesth, Wednesday in Belgrade, Thursday in Sofia, Friday in travelling from Bulgaria to Turkey; and after enjoying a week-end in Constantinople, a morning in Mytilene, and an afternoon each in Smyrna and Athens, I ought, if I had the quickness of wit of certain Members of Parliament who recently visited India, to be able to form decisive views on the Eastern Question, and lay down the law for our statesmen to follow. But as my experience was that in each place I came to those who had studied the question most carefully were the least confident in forming a responsible conclusion as to what could be done, and confessed frankly that they were unable to see daylight through the clouds which hang threateningly over Eastern Europe, I have thought it well to assume humility, even if I have it not, and to now confine myself to a description of the broad impressions which this rapid survey of the countries and the people produced upon my mind, and of the "obstinate questionings" they then aroused.

And the first broad impression which was produced was the deep gravity of the momentous problem now awaiting settlement. We are once more at an acute stage of the long-drawn-out struggle of Turks and Christians on European soil. For four centuries Eastern Europe has been under the blight of a domination alien in religion, alien in race, and alien in every idea of government. For a century past that domination has been receding before the advance of the civilisation to which the subject races were more truly adapted. One people after another—Greeks, Servians, Bulgarians, Roumanians—as they have risen above the receding tide, have proved that they can once again live and grow and flourish exceedingly in the fresh, invigorating air of freedom which

had so long been denied them. And now again there are fresh convulsions of the Eastern European peoples to wrest away every shred of the tyrannical grip that was on them.

It is a moving drama of transcendent interest. Each great Empire, each little State, is throbbing with tense and nervous life. And we in distant England, absorbed as we are in discussing whether few or more beer-shops shall be opened, and whether barmaids or barmen shall be allowed to sell this beer there, only faintly realise the depth of feeling that is stirring in these peoples of Eastern Europe. And still less faintly do we realise our own greatness, and the weight of the influence we have in the lives and destinies of these distant peoples. We know little how much our rebukes wound; what unrealisable expectations are raised by too extravagant sympathy. We do not appreciate that whether we rebuke or sympathise, each people to whom we address our words is in the highly strung condition of those engaged in a critical struggle of their national existence. Austria has nerved herself to seize what is perhaps the opportunity of a century to wrest an advantage from that foe who for four hundred years has been her deadly antagonist, and even now boasts of once having laid siege to Vienna. Servia sees that Austria's action will crush for ever the hopes for united independence of the race to which she belongs, and is wincing under the impending misfortune. Bulgaria, confident in her fresh young life, wishes to break once and for ever the last remnant of connection with the race that stifled her for centuries. And the people of Turkey, goaded into rebellion by the ruthless oppression of their present ruler, are making one supreme effort for internal freedom and immunity from foreign intervention. All are in the high tension of a great moment in their national lives. All are, therefore, peculiarly sensitive. All know how much their fate depends upon the sympathy or the censure of each Great Power. And when Turkey, for whom lately no expression could be too bad, is now praised and encouraged without limit; while Bulgaria, whom we had so cherished in her infancy, is coldly frowned on; and Austria, who of all the European Powers used to be regarded as most friendly, is now censured without stint; hopes are raised in one quarter, and feelings of indignation and resentment are aroused in another, which may lead to a widening rather than a narrowing of the differences

between excited peoples, and to that war which it is of supreme importance we should strive to avoid.

Extravagant sympathy with a people in all the jubilation of youthful hopefulness may raise expectations of support which in hard matter of fact it might be impossible for us to give. The censure of another people, however just, may, if too much rubbed in, estrange the very people we most want as friends.

Every Englishman must have the warmest sympathy with the courageous and most ably organised efforts of the Young Turks to establish a Constitutional Government in their country. We love freedom, and our hearts go out to those who are striving for their liberty. Every Englishman also feels that the public law of Europe must be preserved, and that one party to a treaty cannot be allowed to break it without the consent of all the other parties to the engagement. We would like to extend our sympathy and support to those who are striving for constitutionalism against grinding despotism, and we wish to see peace preserved.

But it is in every way desirable that we should achieve these two ends without producing the impression upon any European country that in supporting the Turk we were actuated by any simply anti-European motive. It would also be advantageous if we could find the rest of Europe in line with us in supporting the growth of European civilisation in the Turkish Empire. It was only by adopting the leading characteristics of European civilisation that Japan was able to take her place among the nations, and it will only be by adopting the same principles that Turkey will be able to maintain her position on European soil. And how much in need Turkey stands of a stimulating and invigorating civilisation is vividly impressed on the mind of the traveller who, even in a railway train, passes from West to East of Europe. In the West are life and energy, thoroughness and method. The most is made of the earth and the most is made of the men on the earth. On the East a blight hangs over earth and man; everywhere are signs of apathy, lethargy and indifference; earth and man are left to waste. How this has been tolerated so long passes understanding. It is unbelievable that it will be tolerated much longer. Land and men within the area of Europe itself are much too valuable to be permitted to run to

waste. The pressure of vigorous Western Europe upon the lethargic East must in the end be too great for the latter to preserve its lethargy.

Of the pure Western European civilisation the journey through Germany gave striking evidence. The country was thoroughly and neatly cultivated. Not an inch was wasted even in hedge-rows. On the hill sides wherever there was a patch of soil vines were planted. The furrows in the fields were as straight as a die. The rows of vines were exact. The roads were straight and the trees along them were planted at precisely equal intervals. The cottages were clean and roomy. The whole country was dotted with villages; and almost every station was a town. Further towns and villages were obviously growing in size and number; and the number of factories was astonishing. The people were robust, bony, well fed and well dressed, and in every way prosperous looking. Everywhere there was evidence of method, orderliness, largeness of idea, attention to detail, thoroughness and taste. These were the obvious signs at one end of Europe.

At the next stage in Austria—there was a just perceptible lessening of the degree of energy, and the first note that the Orient was near. The taste was as high or higher, but the land was not cultivated so intensely; and the number of towns and of factory chimneys was distinctly less. Moreover the people, though more polite, struck me as being less busy and energetic. And one touch I noticed at Vienna so very characteristic of an Eastern nation, though certainly not of the Turks to-day—the custom of allowing any one to walk through the palace courtyard even under the very windows of the Emperor's room. Whether or not this custom came from the East it is one of the most valuable politically, and it instantly reminded me of Eastern lands.

Here too, in Vienna, I saw the first signs of the presence of the Turks in Europe—the fly of the tent which the Turkish commander had used in besieging Vienna in 1682. Perhaps it will help us to appreciate Austrian feeling in Eastern questions if we recall what that siege meant. The successful repulse of the Turks in that their second siege of Vienna meant the final throwing back of the great wave of Asiatic invasion which for

some hundreds of years had threatened to swamp all Europe. From the broad rolling steppes of Mongolia, there welled forth during the seventh and subsequent centuries successive waves of invading immigrants who flooded westward and swamped the countries they poured through. The source is now dried up, and partly through the Mongols having taken to Buddhism, and in large numbers become celibate monks—but for centuries the prairies of Mongolia were a very fountain source of bubbling-over humanity. The vast expanse of grassy prairie gives sustenance to multitudinous flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, ponies and camels. The people live on little else but milk, curds, cheese, and butter. Occasionally they eat meat. But they grow no grain and have no need of bread. The wool and skins of their animals furnish them with clothing and felt with which to make their tents, and dung is used for fuel. They are not tied to any spot. When they are tired of one place they put their tents upon camels and march off, with families, flocks and herds to another. So for centuries successive waves of them flooded westward, nowhere really taking root, mixing to a certain extent with the people they invaded and borrowing from one their language, from another their literature, and from a third, the Arabs, their religion, but to the last retaining the nomadic spirit which was bred into them with their life's blood.

And as they flooded westward they were swelled by fresh springs of humanity in Central Asia and in Asia Minor, and then in irresistible volume burst over into Europe. Christendom united to resist. The Pope of Rome declared a Holy Crusade. But the united forces were hopelessly beaten in the battle of Nicopolis in 1394, and ten thousand prisoners, including the knights of France, Germany, Bavaria, Styria, and Hungary were pitilessly butchered. Constantinople was wrested from the Byzantium Emperors in 1453. And in 1526 the Turks, under Suleiman, advanced into Hungary itself, beat King Louis II. of Hungary at the battle of Mohacs, when 20,000 Hungarians were slain and 100,000 taken and sold as slaves; Buda Pesth was occupied, and Hungary, which had so far been a rampart against invasion, became for a hundred and forty years a Turkish province. Nor was the tide of invasion yet stayed, for the Turks pushed still further westward, and in 1529 besieged Vienna itself. All the eastern portion of

Austria was laid bare; the women were violated, the men were butchered; their homes were burnt. The suburbs of Vienna were occupied, mines were run under the walls, and assaults were delivered; but fortunately for the fate of Europe the valour of the Austrians preserved the town, and Suleiman, the greatest of the Sultans, had to withdraw.

The struggle between Austrians and Turks still, however, continued, with varying fortunes for many a year yet, till in 1682, the Turks advanced a second time against Vienna, to put an end once for all to the hated house of Hapsburg; and this time their army was officered by Frenchmen lent by Louis XIV. Once more the fate of Europe was in the balance. For two months the Austrians stood out, though ravaged by sickness and famine, till Sobieski, King of Poland, came to their relief, and the tide of Turkish invasion was finally rolled back. In 1688 Buda Pesth was retaken, and in 1718 Prince Eugene, who had successively beaten the Turks, regained the whole of Hungary, and the Turkish frontier with Austria was drawn on much the same lines as it retained till the Treaty of Berlin in 1878.

By recalling these salient points in the history of the relations between Austria and Turkey we can see that, friendly as the two races have undoubtedly been to each other in recent years, there must be ingrained in the nature of each, somewhere down at bottom, ready to come out in times of excitement, a feeling of hostility and antagonism which "disinterested" Powers may not always appreciate. Recently a high Turkish official scoffed at the Austrian menace to send men-of-war with their merchant vessels to break down the boycott on Austrian goods, and said "Why, the other day we besieged the Austrians in Vienna itself." And the Austrians would be hardly human if they had altogether forgotten the pains and humiliations they were so often put to. To them the Eastern Question is a living, vital problem. They can hardly look upon it in the same detached way as we can. Nor can they be expected to be equally forbearing and sympathetic towards Turkey in her present situation. The tide of invasion has long since turned. The Asiatic fountains of humanity have dried up. It is now from Central Europe that the waves of emigration are pouring forth. And Austria feels the vital impulses from within and from over the German border,

where a million more cradles than coffins are filled every year, pushing her eastward towards the European lands which the nomadic Turk leaves wasted.

No one could ever have doubted that her occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina was permanent. She had done excellent work there, on a parallel with Lord Cromer's work in Egypt. She had not made herself popular, for we who have experience of administration in India know that those who bring order out of chaos never are popular. But she had creditably fulfilled her obligations to the civilisation of Europe, and so far deserved credit from Europe. She seems surprised at Europe resenting her action in deliberately setting aside a treaty to which all the Powers were a party, and argues that other Powers have often done the same, and that she was merely publicly recording an accomplished fact. Moreover circumstances were pressing. Demands for constitutions were everywhere in the air. She knew she could not long delay granting the demands of the Bosnians and Herzegovina, and she knew that if she granted a constitution while the suzerainty of the Sultan was maintained, her own position would be very equivocal. She ought to have asked the consent of the Powers to annul the Turkish suzerainty and declare the sovereignty of the Austro-Hungarian Emperor, but she argues that if she had asked she would probably have been refused. So she did what she reminds us we ourselves have often done—acted first and left the permission to be granted afterwards.

Such is the Austrian standpoint. On passing from that most beautiful and progressive of cities, Buda Pesth, we seem to have left Europe. The trains get slower and less punctual, and there are almost Indian halts at quite insignificant stations. Belgrade is certainly not Asia, but it is certainly not Europe. Uncleanliness, dilatoriness, lack of order have increased, and so have the picturesqueness and politeness of the people. We are clearly approaching the East, and the people themselves talk of "going to Europe."

And here a fresh complication in the problem has set in. A great wave of migration, running North to South, has run athwart the wave and counter-wave which run from East to West and West to East. The Servians are Slavs, like the Russians, and come from the same fountain source. The

majority of the Bosnians and Herzegovinians, who have just been annexed to Austria, are also Serbs of the same Slavonic origin. We are astonished in England at the Servians being so excited over Austria's action, but I found in Belgrade that they took the matter very seriously. They had apparently dreamed of a day when all the Serbs might be united in a Greater Serbia—when Serbia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro would all be one and independent and Serbia would have her own port on the coast, and the backing of Russia from behind. Austria they dislike with extraordinary aversion. Why, is surprising to Englishmen. The reason is apparently religious, and religious feeling counts for far more even in England, as the controversy over the Eucharist procession showed, than most Englishmen believe. There are in Bosnia and Herzegovina almost twice as many members of the Orthodox Church as there are Roman Catholics; yet Roman Catholic Austria favours her own religionists. So, at least, think the Servians; and in this storm-centre of Europe there meets not merely the cross-current of Slav migration impinging on the eastward bound Teutonic stream, but also the clash of rival Churches. And the crisis seems very real at Belgrade, for the town is situated on the very frontier. Only a railway-bridge separates it from Hungarian territory, and even while I was there the Austrian garrison in the opposite town of Semlin had been strengthened by a battalion. The Servians know they cannot possibly resist the whole might of Austria, but they fear that if they do nothing now the fate of their race will be sealed for ever, and that after Bosnia they themselves will be absorbed by Austria in her efforts to reach the sea at Salonika by the best route, which leads through Serbia. The Servian Government thinks that if they make no resistance to Austria they will have to face a civil war against themselves, and they appeal pathetically to Russia, to France, and England to help them in their trouble. Our Minister has embarrassing demonstrations, or "manifestations" as they have to be called, for demonstrations are not allowed, inflicted on him, and one is almost surprised to find how vitally important to this little land-locked State our distant island voice is believed to be. The Foreign Minister of the State returned from his mission to the Courts of Europe by the train

I left by, and as I watched the faces of the people who came to meet him I realised how much to them must be the support of each Power in the great conclaves which now and then assemble to dispose of the destinies of the little States of Europe. The present Serbia is only a creation of the Berlin Congress. The present kingdom does not coincide with the boundary of any of the older States which bore the same name, nor with any ethnographical division. Before the advent of the Turks Serbia was the most important kingdom in the Balkan Peninsula. Its famous chief Dushan besieged Salonika and advanced to within forty miles of Constantinople. He defeated Louis the Great of Hungary, and minted his coins in Cattaro. The present Servians do not wish to be entirely forgotten, and hope that another Congress will bring some compensation for the blow which Austria, whom they regard as their inveterate foe, has aimed at their race.

Moving on to Sofia seems like moving Westward. The Bulgarians are quite evidently more vigorous and progressive than the Servians, and have advanced more in the thirty years of their independence than the Servians have in a century. Sofia in many ways reminded me of Pretoria in Kruger's time. A town obviously in the making. Streets of new handsome buildings with gaps between them filled by shanties. Really good European shops alternating with little country stores. Well-tiled or macadamised roads ending abruptly at suburbs in a sea of mud. But there was life and progress in the air. The climate is one of the finest in Europe, and the people are of sturdy, vigorous physique. I was fortunate to strike on a market-day, and to see all the peasants from the countryside in their picturesque and brightly coloured costumes—so strikingly like the pictures of them one sees in the picture papers—both men and women in their cleanest and best for the occasion. I was also able to attend a meeting of their Parliament and see no less than ninety-six members and some six hundred visitors sit solemnly through the first reading of an Education Bill, which the unfortunate Minister took two and a quarter hours to read from a book. If they are nothing else they are stolid and concentrated. The number of their interests is necessarily limited. But on those few they have a real grip. They have a pride in their Parliament. Among

its members were many in their national peasant costume, and the numbers of people outside the House and in the visitors' galleries, which are far more commodious than our own, showed the interest in their national life. They mean to make a nation of themselves. At brief intervals in the past they had been masters of almost the whole Balkan Peninsula, and to-day their army is so good and well-organised that it is the generally accepted opinion that when the crisis arose in October they might have reached Constantinople itself. Soldiers are in evidence everywhere. They are hardy and sturdy, and their officers smart-looking. With a population of only four millions, Bulgaria, in less than a fortnight, could put a quarter of a million men in the field, which is as much as we could do in India including native troops.

Nor have they devoted attention to their army only. Education has received especial notice, and is now free and compulsory between the ages of six and twelve in both sexes, and there is now a school to every 862 inhabitants. Agriculture is fostered by liberal laws, model farms, and agricultural teaching and banks, so that in the last eight years the amount of cultivated land has increased 11 per cent. The number of horses has increased 48 per cent.; of donkeys, 12 per cent.; of cattle, 26 per cent.; of sheep, 2 per cent. Mining has also received attention. The State mines its own coal, and between 1902 and 1906 extracted 1,465,648 tons. From 1892 to 1904, 1138 permits for prospecting were granted, and twenty-five concessions for mining. Of the latter, fourteen were for coal, four for copper, two for manganese, one for iron, one for lead, one for lead, copper, and zinc, and one for bituminous schist. Thirty per cent. of the area of Bulgaria is occupied by forests, and the Government have taken their administration seriously in hand, so that, while she used to import more timber than she exported, she now exports more than she imports. The length of railway lines worked by the State is now 1140 kilometres, and the net receipts have increased from 243 francs to 3,748,865. The trade of the State has advanced from the first year of its independence, in 1879, from a total of 52,230,654 francs to a total, in 1903, of 189,876,220, that is, it more than trebled in twenty-four years. These statistics are enough to prove, what is evident enough from the

general appearance of the country, that Bulgaria in the short period of her independence has amply proved what freedom can do for a vigorous people.

For a time there was an appearance of Bulgaria inclining towards Austria; but this was probably more on the part of the ruler than of the people, who, like the Servians, have always distrusted Austria on account of her hostility to the Orthodox Church, and the present tendency is not in the direction of Austria. It is believed that no military convention has been concluded with Austria, and there seems more probability now of a *rapprochement* with Turkey. Towards Russia the people have a real feeling of gratitude. Outside the House of Parliament there is a statue, and inside there are life-size portraits of the "Tsar Liberator." But they are also very sensitive lest Russia should have designs of taking them under protection.

Like Austria, Bulgaria is astonished at Europe being shocked at her recent action. She says that for years past her independence was in practice an accomplished fact. She knew that if she asked for independence she would be put off, so she took what would not otherwise have been granted. Turkey had touched her on a sore point when M. Gueshoff, the Bulgarian Agent in Constantinople, was not asked to dinner as every other foreign representative was. She believed the Young Turks meant to assert the suzerainty more decidedly than before, and she proceeded to take action which it is not easy to defend, though she believes the Turks would not have resented it so much if they had not seen how much *we* resented it. She had never, as a matter of fact, paid any tribute at all, nor had even the amount to be paid been fixed. She is not, therefore, disposed to accede to any exorbitant demands from Turkey, and if Turkey asks too much she is more inclined to tell Turkey to come and take it if she wants it.

On passing from Bulgaria to Turkey a marked change is noticeable. Lethargy and apathy reign supreme. The country is obviously not cultivated to a quarter of the extent it might be. When there are villages or habitations they have an uncared-for appearance. The people, though physically robust, are slipshod and lounging. Constantinople itself, though built on one of the noblest sites in the whole world, and with every advantage

of position on a deep inland sea, and of climate and of natural beauty, is one of the most repellent cities I have been in. Outside, viewed from the Bosphorus, it is superb. Inside it is repulsive. A site fit for an Imperial City of the world has been hideously degraded by dirt, squalor and untidiness. Moreover, the people themselves, though they lack nothing in easy courtesy and politeness, have yet about them a played-out, sun-dry look, contrasting strongly with the vigorous, busy, purposeful people I had passed through only a few days before in Western Europe. And when one remembers their history, the terrible injuries they have inflicted on Europe, the awful cruelties of which this race are capable when their blood is aroused, and the contempt with which they as Mohammedans hold in their hearts for all Europeans, as Christians the obstinate questioning does arise, "Can Europe continue to allow these people, who have destroyed everything and created nothing, to remain in uncontrolled possession of European soil." From the Slavs on the North and the Teutons on the West there are great impulses to roll back upon their Asiatic steppes the aliens who for four centuries have blighted Eastern Europe like a plague of locusts. Should the gathering forces of North and West be allowed full rein to recover their own again, or should the Turk be still longer tolerated? These are the questions which must arise in the mind of any healthy-minded European who has any belief and faith at all in the rôle which Europe is destined to play in the history of the world, and who, looking ahead, wishes to make provision for the millions who are welling up from the lusty human fountain of the West.

A year ago the answer to such questions would have been decidedly in the negative. Gladstone's bag and baggage policy would have seemed the only natural solution. But in the interval a remarkable phenomenon has occurred which has given men to pause. The Young Turks have effected a bloodless revolution. A new life has flamed up in the apparently moribund people, and now the question is "Shall this movement be given a fair trial encouraged and supported?"

To the sceptical it would seem impossible that the leopard should suddenly change its spots, that a race who had never stood for progress, but always for decay, and who despises the Christian

European and all his ways, should suddenly at the eleventh hour belie his nature and his past, and come forth as a new being. "This Party [the Young Turk Party] has been at all times ineffectual in both social and political reform," wrote Sir Charles Elliot, one of the authorities on Turkey, only last year. "The Turk changes not; his neighbours, his frontiers, his statute-books change, but his ideas and his practice remain the same. . . . He will not improve. . . . There have been many Turkish constitutions, laws, and ordinances elaborated by Mohamed II., Suleiman, Abd-ul-Hamid II., but it is not necessary to examine them, because there is no growth in the Turkish State." This was very much the opinion of many others whom I met, and who knew Turkey well, and especially among those peoples who knew them best of all, the Servians, Bulgarians, and Greeks, who have lived under them. The Young Turks may be very able, very patriotic, very high-principled, and very well instructed in all the principles of modern European civilisation; but how are they ever to raise and change the great mass and bulk of the people who are totally ignorant of European ideas, who believe that the Sultan is ruler over all the world, and who have for all Christendom a brutal and unreasoning contempt? It required our most able administrator, and a sustained and strenuous effort of the most capable governing race in the world, to raise the single province of Egypt out of the mire. How can the idealists and theorists who have had no experience of Government raise the gigantic apathetic mass of the whole Turkish Empire? We in India know the heart-breaking work of battling with apathy, of improving people who do not *want* to be improved, and only wish to be left alone. Will the enthusiasm of the Young Turks have fire enough behind not to be chilled by all this cold indifference?

Then again, suppose we satisfy ourselves that the Young Turks *are* likely to succeed, why should we Europeans encourage them? Have they ever done anything to claim help from us? Is not our experience with the Asiatics, that as soon as we have taught them everything and put them on their legs they turn round and throw a bomb at us? The Japanese have no sooner sucked their European advisers dry than they turned round and hit the Russians. The Bengalis have four times tried to kill a benevolent and kindly-hearted Lieutenant-Governor, who had

used all his power for their advancement and progress, and whose only fault was too great kindness. Why, then, should we go out of our way to support a people who inherently dislike Europeans, and who are as likely as not to use what strength they gain to round upon them ?

These are the very pertinent questions which the sceptics may ask, and being at the present moment, for the first time in my life, in a pessimistic frame of mind through the troubles we are going through in India, I should probably find myself among them. But there are broad-minded and generous-hearted Englishmen who know the situation thoroughly and realise its weaknesses, but who deliberately set aside the narrower view of the sceptics and throw themselves whole-heartedly on the side of the Turks. They know that the new *régime* starts with crippled finances, and must at the start be managed by inexperienced enthusiasts. They know, too, the reactionary forces which are ever present to crush the young movement, and that there must be many a mistake and many a set-back before an orderly progressive Government is finally established. They acknowledge the truth of the criticisms already passed by the surrounding Greeks and Bulgarians, that in the first great step of the new *régime*—the elections—partiality has undoubtedly been shown, and the number of Turks returned been out of all proportion to the numbers compared with Christians. They say this is inevitable at the start. But they have faith in the Young Turks, because the Young Turks have faith in themselves. They say that the men who organised this successful revolution must have great capacity; and that men who had already endured exile and excruciating tortures, and who had lost members of their families, and who yet had the grit and courage to risk life in standing up against the despotism, and moderation in the hour of triumph, must have the stuff in them to reform their country. They quote the example of Japan as showing that an apparently backward people can reform itself, and they believe that in spite of all drawbacks the Young Turks will eventually succeed. The people are thrilled with a new life. Election processions, with flags and bands and clapping of hands, parade through Constantinople. Demonstrations assemble outside the British Embassy. There is a vast sigh of relief at the passing of a despotism which, with-

out word or trial, spirited away to unknown exile or to death a member from almost every family in the land. There is everywhere the hopefulness of those who see before them life instead of death, and any one with human feelings in him must feel his heart go out to a people thus bursting through the bonds of tyranny and feeling their way to freedom.

Nevertheless, the position has many difficulties, and there is danger in the very fact of showing sympathy too openly. Both the Austrians and the Bulgarians, for example, believe that but for our enthusiastic sympathy with the Young Turks, and the extravagant expectations of support thus begat, Turkey would never have raised the strong objections she did to the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and to the declaration of Bulgarian independence. If Turkey had been dependent on her own resources alone to defend her rights, she would have viewed these long-established facts with much greater complacency—so think the Austrians and Bulgarians. There is also the danger of one European Power being played off against another to the benefit of Turkey but not of Europe.

The ideal solution would be for all European Powers to join in supporting the promising Young Turk movement on much the same lines as half a century ago the great Ambassador, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, encouraged and fostered the reform movement in his day; and to promise that support for so long as, but no longer than, the movement makes for orderly government, safety for life and property, and fair treatment of Christians. All the great Powers have considerable commercial and financial dealings with Turkey. It is to the interests of all of them, therefore, to see that she is orderly and prosperous.

Unfortunately the ideal is not always the possible. Rivalries, jealousies and conflicting interests among the Powers stand in the way of their united action, and Turkey has often been a bone of discord to Europe. Peace may not therefore be possible. But war in the Balkan Peninsula between any two parties would be disastrous to us. We would find it difficult to avoid being drawn in; and we would gain nothing, for we want no more Cypruses. Even if we were able to stand out we would suffer whichever side won, as we stood to lose whichever side won in the Russo-Japanese War, and are suffering now in India for the Japanese victories. The Sultan

would doubtless like war, for there would be a chance then of bringing back the old reactionary *régime*, but all patriotic Turks know that peace is essential for the establishment of the reforms and for putting the country's finances in order. Russia for a similar reason requires peace. And France has obviously no desire for war. But Germany and Austria, as more directly concerned, and feeling more intensely than other Powers that internal impulse pushing them eastward and sea-ward, may view the situation in a less philosophic spirit than we can. Their action is then the determining factor in the situation.

On the spot the general opinion among men in the street is that, with so much loose powder lying about, war in the spring is almost a probability. And no one is so cocksure as the President of our Board of Trade that "nothing will happen." Every one hopes, however, that he may be right, and all are doing their best to prove in fact how wise he was.

FRANCIS YOUNGHEUSBAND.

THE CONFEDERACY

MUCH has been written and said of the Confederacy during the last few years, true and untrue. It has been abused as a body of political wreckers, it has been praised as a valuable fulcrum for the advance of Tariff Reform; because its actions were not continually advertised to the world, because its members and rules were not published in the orthodox club form, it was condemned as a secret institution, a Machiavelian Society, to be avoided as the plague. In these days when advertising has been brought to a fine art, when the high road of the Press is regarded as the one and only avenue to the success of any individual or movement, it is not in the least surprising that any society or body of politicians who keep in the background, should be charged with sinister motives and designs. As a matter of fact a Confederate may proclaim his connection with the Society to the whole world, all that he is restricted from doing is to mention the name of a colleague. The Confederacy has nothing to hide, its methods are perfectly well known. But because forsooth it has strayed from the strictly conventional lines of political business, there can be nothing but evil in its ways. Nothing could be further from the truth. Blessings are often disguised; it will be realised before very long that the Confederacy is a case in point.

The genesis of the movement is interesting and just as harmless. About two years ago, shortly after illness had removed Mr. Chamberlain from the leadership of the Tariff Reform movement, it was rumoured that certain sections of the Unionist Party contemplated relegating his policy to the background. It was not improbable for up till that time—and after for that matter—no feverish excitement had been displayed, certainly in high quarters on behalf of Tariff Reform. Things are different to-day, but the most astute prophets could not then have foreseen that the policy of

the Unionist Party would shape itself as it has done. But, however that may be, there were at any rate three young and ardent politicians who determined to leave nothing to chance. They might, no doubt, have left the propelling force of Tariff Reform to others with more wisdom and less energy, but the all-right-on-the-night policy, staunch Unionists as they were, failed to attract them in the very least. The time had come to strike, and to strike hard. It bade fair to be a thankless task. But realising that in all great movements there is a certain amount of disagreeable work to be done, the trio set themselves to work determined to act despite the consequences. Thus they met one night over the dinner-table. It was at a private house and one of the three had drawn up and brought with him a draft set of rules and plan of campaign. It was rough but after some hours' discussion, a workable scheme was evolved which it was decided to lay before a larger gathering of Tariff enthusiasts the following week. So ended the first Confederacy conclave. It was a small beginning but many more kindred spirits were soon found. At the next dinner there were fifteen present. The draft scheme was submitted and with few alterations entirely approved. Thus the Confederacy started on its way rejoicing; from that day its numbers have increased rapidly.

This in short is a correct account of the founding of the Confederacy. As already stated, the process of evolution differed from that of other political bodies merely in this respect—the leaders of the Unionist Party were not asked to perform the baptismal rites; the Press was not its godfather, nor the Central Office its godmother, neither were the blind, the halt, or the lame invited to attend the ceremony.

But as in the social, so in the political world, adversity and self-dependence had a particularly invigorating effect. Left to fight its own way, thrown on its own resources, the Confederacy grew in strength every month; to-day it has reached man's estate and can speak with weight. In its ranks are several well-known peers and a considerable number of Members of Parliament, a large proportion of Unionist candidates, as also many prominent men in the literary world, all of whom, whole-hearted and ardent Imperialists, are firmly convinced that their goal is at the end of the Tariff Reform road.

The policy of the Confederacy is directed by an influential

Council of twelve—annually elected—to whose decrees every new member on his introduction into the Society, pledges himself to bow. Once a month, or oftener if necessary, the governing body meet together; reports from constituencies where the Confederacy Agents are at work, are considered; instructions in reply are issued, and any additional Free Food Unionists that may be brought to light, are “marked down.” It sometimes happens that information is received that in a certain constituency a Free Food Candidate is likely to be adopted. In such instances the Confederacy agent in the county is communicated with, he is put on his guard, and told that the Confederacy is prepared to assist any opposition movement with funds, even to the extent of running a candidate off its own bat, if invited to do so. More than once such tactics have had the desired effect. In many constituencies they are being applied at the present moment. But once it is thoroughly realised that the Confederacy is in earnest, then those who refuse to foot the main planks of the Unionist Party will most certainly see that it is to their best interest to give way to those who can.

By an admirable system of scouts, or to use the more general term “Correspondents,” any Free Food movement in the Party ranks is at once reported to Head-Quarters and dealt with accordingly.

So much for the governing body and its methods of procedure. The individual Confederate however is a host in himself. Once a month as many as are able meet and dine together. At the conclusion of such dinner those present are invited to state anything they know or may have heard that will assist the work of the Confederacy. Further, the secretary informs those present of the decisions of the governing body. At such gatherings members may propose new candidates and should all present be agreed as to their fitness they are elected.

In all similar political societies finance is a very important item; to carry out the policy of the Confederacy it is vital. But the actual cost of organisation is as nothing compared with the expense entailed if at the coming General Election candidates are to be financed as in many cases they will have to be. From time to time the most extravagant pronouncements have appeared in the Press as to the unlimited supplies which the Society has at its command. This is true, and untrue Money,

and sufficient, for its wants as foreseen at present, the Confederacy can safely rely upon. Already it possesses a guarantee Election Fund sufficient to "run" Tariff Reform Candidates against all the known Free Food Unionists in the Party ranks should it be found necessary. Should, however, the list be further added to, and there is good reason to believe that a certain number of members are still holding their hands, more money will be required. The Confederacy comprises many men whose pockets are as deep as their political convictions, and just as full. There is not the least doubt, therefore, that whatever the extra amount required, it will be forthcoming. But before any drastic measures are considered or taken, the first step is to ensure that the electors in any division are properly represented on the Central Local Association, for it is with this body that the choice of a candidate is supposed to rest. What is the position in scores of constituencies to-day? There being little or no Unionist organisation at all, the majority of those who attend the meetings of these central bodies are merely the paid agents or nominees of the sitting member; the greater number of Unionist electors are not represented at all—their voices are scarcely heard in the "Councils" of the division. Consequently the member or candidate may not only be misrepresenting their views, but they can never bring their opinions home to him. In nine out of twelve of the constituencies which have been occupying the attention of the Confederacy this is the exact position of affairs. The first step therefore is to build up a proper system of organisation. This having been done the various localities, through their delegates, can express their views when the Central Association is summoned. In constituencies where the Confederacy has thus cleared the ground the Tariff Reform plant has sprung up and choked the Free Trade weed. Without assistance from outside nothing would have been done, for quite apart from the expense of the operation, apathy is in the bones of the ordinary Unionist elector. But having discovered the pulse of the electorate, there are instances in which the member still pays no heed to its beat. Is the Confederacy to be condemned because it goes a step further and offers to defray the expenses of a candidate who will really represent the views of the constituents should they ask for one? The days of "Pocket Boroughs" are past, but when a member retains his seat, despite the fact that his

political opinions are out of harmony with those of his supporters, we are a long way from real representative Government.

But the Confederacy is not alone concerned with a militant campaign where the Unionist member is opposed to the declared policy of the Party. It adopts an educational rôle as well. Most of the correspondence on questions of Tariff Reform that is carried on in the Press, many of the articles that appear in monthly periodicals, are the work of its members. Until recently there were a certain number of Unionist Free Food Constituencies, where owing to objections raised by the sitting member the Tariff Reform League was prevented from initiating its avowed propaganda. As a "free lance," and not answerable to the Party for its actions, the Confederacy could take its own line, and it did with the best possible results. In one constituency in particular, in addition to importing speakers, one of its agents worked up a Tariff Reform organisation, which has proved so successful that it is more than probable the sitting member will be forced to give place at the General Election to a whole-hearted supporter of Mr. Balfour's Fiscal Policy. In such constituencies meetings are advertised and arranged by the Confederacy agent, a well-known local Tariff Reformer is invited to take the chair, and a Member of the Society is sent to speak. If the resolutions passed are any indication at all of popular feeling the sitting member has very little backing in his anti-fiscal views. By such methods the gospel of Tariff Reform is carried into Free Trade "lands," the inhabitants of which would otherwise be left, in a great measure, ignorant of the Party policy. They cannot learn without a teacher, and as political etiquette prevents a Member of Parliament from speaking in a colleague's constituency against the latter's wishes the Confederacy undertakes the task.

But when all is said and done, it may be asked why this political revolt against a handful of Unionist heretics? The answer is simple. In the opinion of those who have the best means of judging, the Unionist Party at the General Election will have little to boast about as regards its majority. The estimates vary as between thirty and fifty. At the present time there are known to be at least fifteen Free Food Unionists. There are believed to be other "black sheep" who have not yet openly declared themselves as opposed to Fiscal

Reform, but who undoubtedly are, and will strain every nerve to prevent the passing of any such measure. What will be the result? Mr. Balfour, when he is returned to power, will of course stand by the main plank of the Party policy; he will introduce a Fiscal Bill, and on the very first possible occasion these Free Fooders will cast their votes into the Opposition scale with the result that the Government will be defeated. What chance has Tariff Reform then? Where are the hopes of the Unionist Imperialists? It is because the Confederacy sees and has long seen the extreme danger of the position if these "black sheep" are allowed to remain in the Party, and yet not of it, that no stone will be left unturned either to make them stand aside or else to occupy their seats. But even supposing the Unionist majority in the next Parliament should be sufficiently large to discount the harm these wreckers may do, what is the position? The Party goes into action with divided ranks, every conceivable scheme and intrigue will be set on foot, obstruction, determined and persistent, will be resorted to—and that be it remembered in the Party as well as outside—with the result that when the family scandal has reached its height, Radicals will very obligingly stand aside in order that the electorate may the better be able to see how united is the Unionist Government on the main plank of its policy. Is it possible to conceive a more fatal blow to Fiscal Reform? But the "set-back" in Parliament will be as nothing compared to the moral effect produced in the country. The Government would be discredited, every by-election would be lost, a dissolution would be inevitable. And all this because a certain number of Free Food Unionist candidates selected by pocket associations are returned to Parliament for constituencies where the only other choice is the Radical, as the lesser of two evils. In all such divisions the Confederacy is determined to give the electorate an opportunity of declaring its fiscal views; candidates will be in the field where invited, the seat may be lost, but at any rate Unionists in the House of Commons will be united; Tariff Reform will not be wrecked by the Party that initiated it.

Happily the ruin which Free Trade dissentients will inevitably bring down upon us, is becoming realised more and more every day, and not only by Tariff Reformers throughout the country

but by those in the inner councils of the Unionist Party. It was hoped all along that time would heal existing differences. To a very large extent it has. But even the most cautious and sanguine now perceive the hopelessness of protracting negotiations or allowing further time for conversion. The last proselyte has been made; henceforth those who are not with us are against us. Evidence of this is forthcoming every day, and whereas at the outset the Confederacy had to run the gauntlet of abuse, to-day its efforts are encouraged by many in influential quarters. Others approve, and although they prefer not to show their hands, are prepared to assist if funds are required. The fact is such a body as the Confederacy is now seen to be indispensable. Its arm is far-reaching, its blow may descend anywhere. As an excuse for refusing the candidature of a Unionist Free Fooder it is an invaluable institution. It would, perhaps, be too much to expect the Party leaders to withhold their support from such political "undesirables," but with the Confederacy in the background it is not difficult to persuade such aspiring M.P.s that if they do stand they must be prepared for strenuous opposition and probably in the end a three-cornered fight.

The work of the Confederacy will by no means be completed, even though every Unionist Free Fooder is kept out of Parliament. This is merely the foundation of its policy. As already stated, it is a body that places Imperialism before everything else and is determined that nothing shall come before it. As matters stand at present at least fifty-seven Confederates will be returned to Parliament at the next election—possibly more. At all times, in all seasons, no matter what the opposition, these enthusiasts will press their policy on every conceivable occasion. Thoroughly united both politically and socially, they will be a force to be seriously reckoned with, a force that nothing will turn aside. Up to the present the Confederacy has been carrying out a policy of peaceful persuasion, and that very successfully. It is now felt, however, that there is not the smallest hope of the remaining Unionist Free Food Members being converted; they have had time, ample time, to reconsider their ways if they ever intended to. In these circumstances the Confederacy has decided to stay its hand no longer, and before the new year is many months old it will strike.

A CONFEDERATE.

A LABOUR VIEW OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

ALMOST the first thing one learns after entering the House of Commons, if one has not previously arrived at the same conclusion through observation from the outside, is that the present system of Party government, and the rules of procedure which have gradually evolved through centuries to fit in with it, give to the Government of the day almost absolute power to determine which legislative proposals shall have precedence. The decisions of a Government as to which legislative proposals shall occupy the attention of the House of Commons is, to some extent, influenced by the desire of a Government to avoid difficulties with independent sections of the House of Commons, and, also, by the desire to retain its popularity with the public, but the last word is always with the Government. No Bill over which there is any difference of opinion can go through the necessary stages required by the rules of the House of Commons unless the Government grants facilities by allocating time for its passage. A private member who undertakes to run a Bill over the Parliamentary obstacle course has a formidable task before him, for to succeed he must negotiate without mishap the following stages, viz.: (1) First reading, (2) second reading, (3) committee, (4) report, and (5) third reading. The first reading stage may, if the member in charge of a Bill wishes it so, be purely formal.

During each session some two hundred or more Bills are introduced by private members, generally, in the purely formal way mentioned, and set down for second reading. Very few of them ever proceed further, and none to which a single member among all the six hundred and seventy actively objects, unless the member in charge succeeds at the ballot in securing the exclusive use of a day for a second reading debate, or the Government grants facilities for its passage by allocating the necessary time for its

consideration. As there are not more than about eight days at the disposal of private members for this purpose, and these are balloted for by hundreds of members, the chances of success to each individual member are very slight, and Governments do not as a rule grant facilities for private members' Bills unless they are pressed to do so by some organised group of members interested in the measure.

Among the rest there is occasionally a Bill so innocent that nobody cares to oppose it, and, therefore, when it appears in the list for second reading, committee, report, or third reading, no objection is taken, and it moves on stage by stage until all the stages have been passed; but it may be safely concluded that such good fortune will not attend any Bill containing a single provision, however small, that conflicts with any privilege enjoyed by owners of any form of property. In this way the activity of private members in regard to the initiation of legislative proposals is limited to bits of odds and ends to which it is worth nobody's while to take objection. Consequently all important legislation is within the domain of the Government, the inner ring of which—the Cabinet—decides between the respective suggestions of different Ministers and members of their own Party generally—the latter counting for very little, apparently, in the consideration of the Cabinet junta—as to what new legislation is to be attempted. It is obvious that whilst the selection of subjects, when made by a Cabinet consisting of aristocrats, rich men, and lawyers in search of a personal career, may include highly contentious measures, such as Education Bills (so-called) and Licensing Bills, other subjects, far more important, dealing with the rights of property, will only be touched in so far as it is necessary to do so to prove that Codlin is the friend of the people, and not his rival Short.

The reason given by each succeeding Government for confining the legislative activities of private members is insufficiency of time. As a concession a few odd days are thrown to private members each session to be balloted for, but a private member fortunate at the ballot can do little with his day when he gets it. If there is anything in his Bill which interferes with the privileges of the propertied classes the motion for its second reading is almost sure to be talked out. It is only necessary for a relay of speakers to continue the debate until the normal closing hour,

and, save in the unlikely event of his securing the closure against his opponents, the member in charge of the Bill finds himself baffled. He has had his day, but his Bill has made no progress, so he must wait for another session, trust to the luck of the ballot once more, with, at best, the same prospect of an abortive discussion.

From the observations already made it will be seen that Governments are able, generally, to confine legislation within limits of their own choice by monopolising most of the time with their own business. No Government has any difficulty in doing this under the present rules, however restricted its own legislative programme may be. The regular Opposition are always willing to assist by consuming as much time as possible.

The first reading of a leading Government Bill will occupy a full sitting. The Minister in charge leads off with a statement on the object and scope of the Bill, and he is followed by the leading members of the various Parties, Ministers and ex-Ministers having the first call. Three or four days will probably be spent on debating whether the Bill has to be read a second time, and again Ministers and ex-Ministers have the first call, and much of the time is usually occupied by lengthy speeches from the same individual members, who re-deliver, in substance, their previous speeches.

The crowning folly is reached under the British Parliamentary system when the House of Commons calls itself a Committee, and a body of 670 members is supposed to be engaged not only in deciding between the alternative issues presented by each clause of a complicated Bill, but in selecting the fittest words to express the objects of the Bill and its clauses. The task is so hopeless that for the most part members make no pretence of following the proceedings. The discussion chamber, where the Committee business is being transacted, or wrangled over, is regarded by the majority of members as a sort of entertainment to which they return occasionally when the star turns are on; for the rest it is the Terrace in summer and smoking-rooms in winter, or the reading-rooms and libraries, where the bulk of the members spend their time whilst the House of Commons is in Committee. To every important Bill hundreds of amendments are put down, many of them little more than verbal amendments, others intended to change the entire purpose of a clause. It is so well

understood that the whole of the suggested amendments will not be considered, that a time-table is fixed beforehand marking the portions of the Bill to be put to the vote at a given hour at intervals of one or two days each. As the amendments are dealt with in order, according to the line of Bill to which they refer, and not in the order of their importance, amendments of great importance are not even put to the vote when the time for closure arrives; whilst proposals of small importance may have been debated at great length. The very first amendment to be discussed and voted upon in Committee on the Old Age Pensions Bill was one to add the words "there shall be paid to" at the beginning of Clause I. If the amendment had been carried and two other consequential amendments had been made to other subsequent lines of the Bill, the result would have been that instead of the Bill saying that "Every person . . . shall be entitled to receive," it would have said "There shall be paid to every person." On this proposed change of wording several speeches were made and a division took place; whilst among other amendments to the same clause, swept away by the closure without being voted on, was one to reduce the qualifying age for pensions from 70 to 65.

Of 264 lines contained in the Licensing Bill of 1904, only 54 lines were discussed either in Committee or on report. Therefore, all proposals made by private members to amend the Bill which related to the other 210 lines were swept away by closure irrespective of their importance.

To understand the effect of the various amendments one has to spend hours together in a sort of word-building operation. I have seen as many as twelve amendments referring to different lines sprinkled here and there among scores of other amendments in the list, with nothing to show that they were related to each other; yet the whole twelve were really one and intended to effect one change only in the object of the clause. In this confusion the lawyer members, members who employ private secretaries, and Ministers who command the services of expert draftsmen, are in a privileged position as against such other members as take a serious interest in the proceedings. As a matter of fact, the ordinary member is not expected to follow the proceedings closely: he is merely expected to vote with his own side when the division bell rings and keep his constituency loyal to the party.

When, at the end of some twenty weary days, and by the help of the closure so freely used that scores of important proposals are swept ruthlessly away unconsidered, a Government Bill has been passed through the Committee stage, the Mace is taken from under the table by the Serjeant-at-Arms and placed on the table, after which all the amendments which were suggested before may be put down once more for consideration on the report stage.

On the report stage, the amendments are printed in the same order in which they were put down in Committee. The time for this stage is more limited—on the most important Bill it will not be more than three or four days. The result is that the amendments which were not reached in Committee are never reached on report, the discussion traversing the same points which had occupied the time of the Committee. On the third reading of a Bill any amendment which was in order at the second reading stage may be moved again, and the Party leaders usually fight their second reading battles over again. This done, the Bill, in due course, goes to the House of Lords, where, if it does not meet with favour, the superior persons there assembled object to it because it has not been properly considered, and say, quite truly, that most of it has been passed under closure, and under cover of that complaint they proceed to knead the Bill up afresh to make it more to their liking. When, finally, the Bill reaches the Statute Book and it is put into action, it is found to mean all manner of things which nobody but the lawyers ever suspected. The plain wayfaring man is baffled by it: he seeks to know what it says on some point, and finds that it refers him to another Act of Parliament fifteen or twenty years before, which, in its turn, is to be read along with sundry other Acts passed at various times during the last fifty or sixty years, the precise bearing of which he must employ a lawyer to explain to him.

In substance the above criticism of the House of Commons as a legislative assembly has been endorsed by all the leading Ministers and ex-Ministers, but they all profess their inability to find a remedy. The present Prime Minister contents himself by saying that every attempt to adjust what he correctly describes as "the ancient machinery" of the House of Commons "to modern requirements" has proved unsatisfactory. And no wonder!

How can he expect to adjust it? It is obsolete and beyond repair. Ancient machinery which is obsolete and beyond repair should be thrown out. But the system of Ministerial control over legislation cannot be retained if this ancient and obsolete machinery is dispensed with; hence the leading politicians may tinker with it, but they will not willingly part with it. The old Parliamentary hands know that even if the majority of members of the House of Commons were Socialists, the forces of reaction could prevent rapid progress being made with the help of the ancient machinery now in use.

In the foregoing pages I have dealt only with the House of Commons as a legislative body. To complete the purpose for which this article is being written I now proceed to state more fully the position of the Executive. I have tried to show why the House of Commons fails to keep pace with public opinion in regard to legislation. I wish now to explain why the executive power of the State, which, if it were rightly used, would be capable of effecting immediate changes for the public welfare, fails even more grievously to respond to public requirements.

The Crown is the source of executive power, but the power of the Crown is exercised through individual Ministers appointed by the King on the recommendation of his Prime Minister. The leading Ministers are more or less loosely connected in what is called a Cabinet, which is merely an inner circle for consultation purposes. So far as is known, there are no rules which govern its meetings nor are any minutes kept of its proceedings. Next to the Prime Minister, who is usually first Lord of the Treasury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer wields the greatest influence, for, whilst each individual Minister is fully responsible for his department, the Treasury, the first approach to which must be made through the Chancellor of the Exchequer, holds the purse-strings. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer pulls the purse-strings too tightly the Prime Minister may interfere, as the late Lord Salisbury did with the late Lord Randolph Churchill; but, nevertheless, he is an individual with whom other Ministers have to reckon, especially Ministers in charge of great spending departments. The extent to which individual Ministers submit their policy to joint consultation appears largely to be a matter for their own individual discretion.

Probably Cabinet guidance is generally limited to the settlement of precedence in regard to legislative proposals in which the various Ministers are interested, and in the peaceable adjustment of the rival claims of the different departments on the Exchequer. Also, occasionally a Minister in charge of Foreign or Colonial affairs, wishing to feel that in some possible serious development regarding international or Colonial affairs he could be assured of the approval of his colleagues, will submit his policy to them, but that is entirely at his own discretion, as a Minister's authority is derived directly from the Crown. Indeed, latterly it has become customary for the Crown to take a share—precisely what share is not known except to the individuals concerned—in directing the affairs of State. Mr. Haldane, the present War Minister, has publicly stated that to the King belonged the chief credit for the initiation of the latest scheme of army re-organisation. Obviously, therefore, the discredit should be given to the King if it fails.

Though there is much uncertainty as to the extent to which Cabinet Ministers consult each other, there is no doubt about their acceptance of joint responsibility for each other's action. Cabinet responsibility is to the present system of Parliamentary government what the keystone is to the arch of a bridge. It maintains the two-party system, and so long as it remains fixed in its place the people, through their representatives, can never control the executive.

Supported by the system of Cabinet responsibility, no Minister need fear an adverse vote in a House of Commons where his party holds a substantial majority, however unpopular his administration may be, for his action cannot be separately voted on. If the opinion of the House of Commons is, on the merits of the case, adverse to a Minister on any point of administration, it can scarcely be expected that it will be shown in the division when members of the Government party are aware—as they always are, when the Government Whips are officiating in the division lobby—that an adverse vote involves a Government defeat, which must be followed, if the vote is deliberate, and not accidental (*i.e.*, if it is not due to the accidental absence of Government supporters from some division forced by the Opposition in the way of a surprise) by its resignation.

To put the above point more clearly, let us suppose that the

House of Commons were discussing, under cover of the Postmaster-General's salary, the wages of postmen. Let us further suppose that the point under consideration was whether postmen should continue to solicit part of their wages from door to door, as they do at present, or whether on the other hand the State should pay postmen's wages in full and relieve them from the necessity of canvassing for what are called Christmas-boxes, but really form part of their wages. If a vote were taken *separately* on that issue it would receive very substantial support at the first time of asking. Pressure on those who voted against it would ensure a larger number of votes for the proposal each successive year. Indeed, I am of opinion that under such influences a proposal to effect the change I have named would be carried within the life of the present Parliament.

In the event of a vote being taken at present, following on such a debate, members would not vote on that issue at all, they would vote for or against the Government being turned out of office, and, as a change of Government generally involves among other consequences a General Election forthwith, the followers of the party in office prefer to respond to the crack of the Party Whip, as a rule, whatever opinions they may hold on the subject under discussion. It is, however, unlikely that any vote would be taken on such a point, because under the present rules the opponents to the suggested change would prevent a vote being taken by talking up to the time limit, *and some of the opponents would make speeches in favour of the postmen which would fulfil the double purpose of assisting at the talking-out process, whilst at the same time it would endear them to their postmen constituents.*

We are told by learned writers in big books that the House of Commons controls the Executive by means of its power to refuse or accede to the demand of the Crown for money; but political leaders of both Parties, and all who have watched Parliamentary proceedings, know that in point of fact the House of Commons does no such thing. A great victory was won, of course, when, some two hundred and fifty years ago, certain sturdy champions of public liberty made it clear that the King's demands on the people for money must be made through the House of Commons, the members of which should have the opportunity, before granting the same, of stating the people's grievances and

demanding their redress. To increase their opportunities for stating such grievances, many quaint and oddly-conceived customs were introduced in those bygone days which have been maintained to this day. These customs have since become stereotyped into rules, and a superior person called May, who has been a long time dead, has written a book on them which has come to be regarded as a sort of Parliamentary Bible. Amongst other quaint formalities which the old Parliamentary hands of past ages were in the habit of using to their own advantage was that of "getting the Speaker out of the Chair." In explanation of the custom referred to, I may say that all resolutions granting supplies demanded by the King had to be first considered whilst the House was in Committee with the Mace under the table, the same as they have now. On the motion, therefore, "that the Speaker leave the Chair," the predecessors of the late Mr. Biggar used to make long speeches to delay progress. It is, indeed, related that, on one occasion, the poor Speaker being kept in his chair to a length almost beyond human endurance, sought to escape even while the stream of oratory still flowed steadily on, but being observed in his attempt to dodge out of the chair, he was thrust back by main force and held there until everybody had spoken what was in their minds. To this day the formality of getting the Speaker out of the Chair is made the excuse for sundry long speeches, in the making of which Ministers and ex-Ministers take the largest share, and, as the subject of the speeches is generally the inconsistencies of the Government on well-worn topics, and, moreover, as no vote can be taken on the topics, whether well- or ill-worn, at the end of the oratorical tournament the House of Commons can but say "Aye" or "No" to the question put, which is, "That Mr. Speaker do now leave the Chair." Meanwhile, the majority of members loiter, or work, according to their taste, in the smoke rooms or libraries, as the case may be.

When at last the Speaker has been got out of the Chair, Mr. Haldane, the lawyer man who is in charge of the Army, will move that the first half-million or so of the thirty odd millions required "be granted to his Majesty" for some specified services, usually the office expenses or the accountants' department. After Mr. Haldane himself has expounded at great length some general aspects of Army policy, a succession of ex-Ministers will

take the floor, and, for hours together, the two front benches will contend with each other in the presence of a small handful of members, most of whom are themselves waiting to catch the Speaker's eye. Even if some question were raised on which the general body of members entertained strong differences of opinion as to the merits of the case, two out of every three of the members voting, not having heard the debate, would be entirely ignorant as to the merits of the case, the Liberals voting to keep the Government in and the Tories voting to turn the Government out. Furthermore, in the debate itself the Government is in a position of special advantage, for the Minister in charge has ready access to all official records, the permanent officials, some of whom are in attendance, are at his service, whilst the unofficial member is entirely dependent on outside information and such statements as the Minister himself has made in answer to questions or issued in the shape of published returns.

After the War Office has secured the passage of one or two of its more innocent votes the turn of the Navy may come. The Speaker is got out of the Chair as before at the expense of another lengthy but futile debate. Then Mr. McKenna will talk learnedly about battleships, and with the help of the permanent officials who prepare his case for him he will pose as a great naval authority.

Mr. McKenna must be a marvellous man. For the first year or so of his official career he held the important office of Secretary to the Treasury. He then became Minister for Education, in which capacity he was as self-confident as ever. He stayed at the Education Office a little over twelve months, by which time no doubt he would have become accustomed to his own hat peg. Now he is First Lord of the Admiralty, and talks as learnedly about battleships as if he were Sir John Fisher himself instead of being merely his gramophone. Mr. G. N. Barnes may follow Mr. McKenna in debate with a sweeping indictment against the system of confining the sons of working men who enter the Navy to the position of hewers of wood and drawers of water, but whilst most of the members present on the Government side might agree with Barnes, few would vote with him. They would vote for the Government because they believe in Free Trade or

whatever other, to them, big thing was dependent on the fate of the Government.

When the Navy has got a few of its more innocent votes through, the Civil Service comes on. Again the Speaker is to get out of the Chair. This done and the Mace shifted, some branch of the Civil Service is discussed under cover of the accounts under the same conditions as I have described. And so the days roll by, the Government putting down for discussion first one vote of supply and then another, the particular branch of executive business covered by the selected votes being generally arranged between Ministers and ex-Ministers, and, of course, as ex-Ministers expect to be in office themselves at some future date, they do not ask for votes of supply to be put forward under cover of which discussions on important social or labour questions may be initiated. Moreover, Ministers and ex-Ministers are equally keen on the preservation of unfettered Ministerial control over the Executive, and the debates they initiate are generally limited to subjects which raise no awkward questions, the determination of which, in their opinion, does not properly rest with the House of Commons, but with Ministers themselves.

On the nineteenth of the days allocated for the consideration of votes of supply in Committee all the millions which remain unconsidered must be put to the vote in succession without discussion or remark. Every act of the Administration which is covered by these closed votes of supply, the sale of a Sparkbrook factory, the reduction of staff at Woolwich, the amount of largesse which Mr. John Burns has distributed to Distress Committees, his decisions regarding municipal loans, the alteration of the load-line for ships by the Board of Trade, and a hundred and one other equally important things, all go through scot free. Members cannot even make statements thereon. The money votes covering some branches of public work have been closed for many years in succession. This year (1908) the whole of the Education vote, some £14,000,000, has been passed without affording any opportunity of challenging the department on any point concerning its action or inaction. The same is the case with the Board of Trade and the Local Government Board. At ten o'clock on July 28 last, a series of divisions took place under the closure, which disposed of £38,000,000 without a word of comment, and, whilst about 340

members took part in the divisions, I doubt if there were forty members in all who knew to what purpose the respective millions were being allocated. And let me again point out that the millions were not only passed, but, along with the millions, members parted with all right of control over every branch of public work to which the millions relate for the next twelve months, when the same farce will be acted over again. For it is a farce, and everybody on the spot who takes the trouble to think knows it as such.

Now the most effective guarantee for honesty and efficiency in public work, is, in the long run, publicity, and publicity is impossible under a system of single Ministerial control, checked only by an annual discussion which, as I have shown, cannot possibly cover — and that ineffectively — one point in every hundred on which Ministers should be cross-examined, and, if necessary, over-ruled. Moreover, no man, however great may be his ability, is fit to be trusted as the sole director of huge departments, such as Government departments have now become, even after a long term of service. But when we think of the numerous changes in the Ministerial directorship to which State departments are subject, the system of single Ministerial control appears to be not only unsound, but absurd. The present Ministry has not yet been in office three years, and of the seventeen most important offices of State—all of them of Cabinet rank—seven have been given a new Chief. No wonder the barnacles grow. No wonder permanent officials are always in power. Ministers are dependent on the permanent officials, without whose willing assistance they are indeed helpless. The position of a Minister as between the House of Commons and the permanent officials may be gathered from the following statement of Lord Esher, who presided over the War Office Recommendation Committee, and who is now a member of the Committee of Imperial Defence.

“Year after year,” says Lord Esher, “the country watches with sad amusement, painstaking and conscientious members of Parliament striving for information, being fenced in by Ministers who are wrung with anxiety to preserve proper reserve and consequent respect of their departments.”

Precisely. It is very amusing, is it not? But under cover of this reserve great weaknesses in the Administration grow up.

It is under this system of official reserve that swindling contractors have stolen an unknown number of millions from the public. Every successive war, Crimea, Soudan, Transvaal, has revealed great weaknesses in the Administration previously unsuspected, which, if the War Office had been subject to the inquiring attentions of members selected from all Parties, and to the publicity which such a system would entail in the event of unpleasant discoveries, would have been gradually removed. Excepting two or three Ministers, and about as many ex-Ministers, nobody has any inside knowledge of naval affairs, for instance. The department is to others as a sealed book. During the year 1906-7 the Admiralty broke up and sold nine ships, built only fifteen years before at a cost of £1,058,680 for £65,750. It is possible that nothing better could have been done with them, but others besides Mr. McKenna should be satisfied on that point—men differing from Mr. McKenna in politics especially. It is not good for Sir John Fisher to have only one man to satisfy about the fitness of the things he does, and that one a constantly changing figurehead. Sir John Fisher ought to have to face a committee fully representative of every Party in the State. Or, as Lord Esher would say, he should be brought face to face with the enfranchised voter, through the enfranchised voters' representative. Everything may be right, of course. The contractors for the Navy, for example, may be very different from the Army contractors with whom we have become so expensively familiar, and the permanent officials who have had, through undisturbed generations, uncontrolled dealings with those contractors may be quite safe under the close personal care of Mr. McKenna. If, however, when the trial does come (as it came to the Army at the time of the Boer War) it is found that the vampire of capitalism has been feeding on the taxpayer through the Navy, then we shall appoint another Commission and come to the conclusion that it is all on account of the Liberals being in office, we shall therefore call on the Conservatives to rule over us, and appoint their nominee to continue business at the same stand on the old lines, much as the weary sleeper turns involuntarily to the other side when suffering from some discomfort.

No school of politicians can justify on its merits the present system of conducting the executive business of State. There are those who fear the alternative, it is true, which is, without

doubt, committee government. The present system fosters and maintains a governing class, that is why the ruling classes support it. They think that the aristocracy and the chief persons of State should govern, in the interests of the people, of course. They argue that personal control is more efficient than committee government. Especially of late it has become customary to speak of committee management, responsible as it is to the public, as readily liable to corruption. A more misleading conclusion could not, however, be drawn from recent experiences than this. Business carried on under the guidance of committees of elected representatives is, on the whole, immeasurably cleaner and more efficiently done than private business is, and its honesty and efficiency is more secure than is the case under a form of bureaucracy such as obtains in State departments. A variety of faculties and temperaments are to be found on every committee, and they cross-check each other. Moreover, committees in actual practice do not break with past records, and therefore counter-balance the influence of officials. There are always some old members on a committee with a knowledge of the routine of business and of the temper, capacity, and limitations of the chief officials. What is more to the point, committees which have to report their work to larger bodies cannot in the long run conceal that which the public ought to know. Public opinion is readily brought to bear on any department controlled by such a committee.

In recommending, as I do most emphatically, the overthrow of the present system of single Ministerial control, supported as it is by joint Cabinet responsibility, and the substitution in its place of a system of committee government similar to the system which prevails in county and local government, I am making no unsupported recommendation, though if I were the only one to protest against the present system I should persist in doing so. In regard to the Army and Navy, we have the testimony of Lord Esher, who has stated plainly that in these days of enterprising newspapers there can be no advantage in trying to keep even schemes of national defence secret. He therefore boldly suggests the formation of committees of representatives which shall meet the experts face to face, and be given direct access to the official sources of information. As for the phantom Boards, which never meet, such as the Board of Trade and the Local

Government Board, the present Government has itself proposed to abolish them so far as Ireland is concerned. In the Irish Councils Bill of 1907 it was proposed to abolish eight similar Boards to the Local Government Board, and to set up committees instead. They were committees on which there were to be a minority of nominated members, it is true, but even so it may well be asked why, if in Ireland, Education, Local Government, Public Works, and other State Departments can be entrusted to the management of committees, we in England should continue the system of one-man rule in all public departments.

The alternative, therefore, that I wish to submit for the present system of single Ministerial control is committee government. I believe that a development of the committee system would be equally effective both for legislative and executive purposes. The majority of serious legislative proposals would emanate from the executive committees concerned. These proposals would be submitted as committees' findings, and if accepted by the full House of Commons the propositions would be referred to another committee, which should, with the help of competent legal draughtsmen, frame the necessary clauses to bring the propositions into the form of good workable laws. In reporting the work of such a committee to the full House of Commons, it should be made clear that no verbal amendments can be made. If a clause be faulty in the opinion of any member, he may move to return it to the committee, or the Bill as a whole might be rejected, but an Assembly like the House of Commons is quite incompetent itself to take part in the drafting of a Bill. When the House of Commons tries to interfere with the draft of a Bill, the result is that the clauses are pulled out of shape, the lawyer members plug it here and plug it there, whilst the laymen are incapable of taking an intelligent part in the proceedings, and most of them attend only when the division bell calls them to vote.

In regard to private members' Bills, it should be unnecessary for a private member to present his proposals in the shape of a Bill. A private member is unable to call on the services of the official draughtsmen, and is therefore at a serious disadvantage as against those who can do so. In place of a Bill, let a private member have the opportunity of submitting a short statement of the object of the Bill which he wishes to be passed, and if the majority of members are of opinion that the object is worthy of

further attention, permission should be given to him to submit, in his turn, at such times as may be set apart for such purposes, a series of propositions on which the opinion of the House of Commons could be taken, just as if they emanated from a committee as previously described. If the propositions were adopted, or so many of them, and in such form, as the private member concerned considered vital to his purpose, they could go to a committee such as I have already mentioned to be put into fitting words and submitted for approval, clause by clause, and then the Bill as a whole.

Relieved of the detail work and also no longer subject to the same cumbersome methods of dealing with supply, much time would be set free for dealing with private members' business. Committees would be sitting all the year round, keeping in close touch with every branch of the Administration. Every member desirous of taking an intelligent interest in public administration could then find some opening for his services. The full House of Commons should meet in the morning at, say 10 A.M., and do its work during the day; but the whole business should be so arranged that the meetings of the full Assembly should not clash with the meetings of committees. With the exception of a reasonable interval during the summer or at other times for holidays, the sittings should continue the whole year through and always during the day. K.C.s, company directors, and others with business in the City or elsewhere would not like it, but no matter; it would be a great advantage to be rid of them.

I do not suppose the scheme I have roughly outlined will meet with the approval of old Parliamentary hands. I do not even know how much support it would command elsewhere. Of one thing, however, I am sure, and that is of the utter failure of the present system. The present system cannot be defended by any responsible public man. It is unworthy of a nation which pretends to live under representative Government, and there is no other course open than to lay it bare before the people so that they may better understand why the will of the people does not prevail.

F. W. JOWETT.

THE IRISH UNIVERSITIES ACT

THE Irish Universities Act, 1908, professes to have settled a difficulty of long standing, and to have provided for the Irish Roman Catholics the access to University education which many of us, the present writer included, have desired to see them possess. Time only can show us whether this question, which wrecked Mr. Gladstone's Government, which was shirked by Mr. Disraeli, and which Mr. Balfour did not venture to deal with, has been satisfactorily answered by Mr. Birrell. What has really been done is somewhat obscured by the cloud of pretence which, to save the political consistency of the supporters of the Government, was used to envelop the passing of the Bill.

The treatment of religion in its connection with education has been one of the standing difficulties of our political life, and in the lower walks of education has given rise to many refinements and complications. Thus it is maintained that, while taxes may properly be used to assist a school in which denominational religious teaching is given, rates may not be so used. Teachers may give religious instruction of an undenominational character without reproach, but if engaged, and willing, to give definite Church teaching they are assumed to be subject to a test.

Tests, in the strict sense of the word, there are none in any branch of English education which is matter of public concern, save in the theological professorships and theological degrees in the old Universities. These Universities at one time furnished a practical illustration of the working of tests. The tests in existence were definite in character. Subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles was necessary in order to graduate as a Master of Arts, while most Headships and many Fellowships in the colleges were tenable only by persons in Holy Orders. Thus the restriction on the choice of teachers which, in some of our schools was brought

about by the composition of bodies of managers, or governors, resulted in the Universities from the direct imposition of a test.

Oxford and Cambridge and their colleges made no demand upon the State for pecuniary assistance, but the conditions under which their endowments were applied, and their degrees given, were matters of interest to the whole nation, and tests have been abolished by Statute. The restriction of offices to persons in Holy Orders has been almost entirely removed by the action of successive University Commissions, and the old Universities may now be said to have become, what the new Universities have been from the outset, undenominational bodies. And yet, though this change has come over the old Universities, the religious spirit is not absent; and while Roman Catholic and Nonconformist resort to them freely and without fear for their religious beliefs, the services in the College Chapels, enjoined by the Act which abolished tests, serve to remind all alike that the Universities and their colleges are places of religion as well as of learning.

But this is no concern of State expenditure, nor does it affect the principle, now settled in English politics, that in no branch of education will the State provide or found an institution, whether school or university, in which the giving of religious instruction, dogmatic and denominational in character, is a necessary part of the teaching.

But in Irish University education we are met by a difficulty which the aforesaid principle fails to meet. A large class of the community decline to dissociate dogmatic religious teaching from education; they insist that the education of their youth should be placed in the hands of persons, not merely of trained teaching capacity, but of definite and ascertained religious opinions; and they hold that educational institutions not framed on these lines will sap the faith and morals of their students.

The obvious answer to such a demand would be that those who cannot accept instruction, whether provided by the State or by independent bodies, from which all religious tests and disabilities have been eliminated, must provide at their own cost the teaching which they require.

But if the members of such a community set up the plea that they are too poor to provide University teaching for their

students, and that their consciences forbid them to use the existing resources open to them, the State is driven to one of two unsatisfactory alternatives: either it must depart from its neutral position in educational endowment or must acquiesce in the exclusion of a large part of the population from advantages enjoyed by the rest.

Such has been the position for many years past in Ireland. The existing resources for University and College life, excellent as they are, have been placed under the ban of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and their advantages are denied to the Roman Catholic youth of Ireland.

What were these resources? Trinity College stands first in point of time and of importance. As long ago as 1793 Trinity had thrown open its degrees to Roman Catholics; in 1873 all offices in the University were thrown open, with the exception of the theological chairs, to persons of all denominations, lay or clerical, and Trinity, like Oxford and Cambridge, has long been an undenominational society. The Provost and Fellows have offered to facilitate the provision, within the University, of religious services and teaching for Roman Catholics and for Presbyterians, to be given by members of their respective churches. But Trinity is regarded by the Roman Catholic Bishops as dangerously Protestant in character, and the youth of Ireland are warned against it.

The Queen's Colleges, undenominational in character and government, were intended to adapt themselves to the religious tendencies of the population amidst which they were situated. No provision was made for religious teaching, and the Professors were forbidden to teach or speak in a manner which would offend the religious or political convictions of any who might form their audience. Boarding-houses might be licensed for the reception of students, and superintended by "Deans of residence," to whom was committed the moral care and spiritual charge of the students. The Crown appointed the Presidents, Professors, and Deans of residence, but these last needed to be approved of the authorities of the denomination which established the residence before they could enter on their duties. The Bishops professed a want of confidence in appointments thus made, and warned their people that a Roman Catholic could

only resort to these Colleges with danger to his faith. The three Queen's Colleges—Cork, Galway, and Belfast—though little used by Roman Catholics, were linked together, during the existence of the Queen's University, by the requirement of residence at one of the three Colleges in order to obtain a degree. But the Queen's University, which came into existence in 1850, was swept away in 1879, and its place taken by the Royal University. This was a purely examining body, imposing no requirement of residence for its degrees. It was endowed with a number of Fellowships, some of which were used to augment the Professorships at the Queen's Colleges, and to assist the otherwise unendowed Catholic College in Dublin. In appointments to any office within the University there was a convention, fatal to any satisfactory consideration of the merits of candidates, that a precise balance between Catholic and Protestant must be maintained.

Outside the State-endowed institutions to which I have referred, two institutions available to Roman Catholics should be mentioned. The Roman Catholic University College in Dublin which was indirectly assisted, from State funds, by the grant to its teachers of Fellowships in the Royal University, but otherwise maintained by the fees of students; and Maynooth.

The College of Maynooth is perhaps, after Trinity, the most highly organised and best equipped academic institution in Ireland. Until 1869 it had for many years received a considerable Parliamentary grant. In that year this annual grant was commuted for a payment of nearly £370,000 out of the surplus funds of the disestablished Irish Church. But Maynooth has been, for nearly a century, a theological College: its existence emphasises the distinction which exists in Roman Catholic Ireland between the courses of clerical and lay academic study.

Such, then, were the available resources. Of these, Trinity and the Queen's Colleges were forbidden to Roman Catholics: the University College, though under capable and energetic management, was inadequately equipped for academic study. Maynooth was a seminary; and the Royal University an examining and degree-giving, but not a teaching institution.

What, then, were the needs? First, that the Irish Roman Catholic should find access to University education under con-

ditions acceptable to the guardians of his faith; and secondly, that the education thus provided should be such as to exercise a genuine influence on those who carried from it the *imprimatur* of the University degree: it is a question whether this last requirement is satisfied under the Act of last Session.

Assuming that the State is to depart from the neutral position which it has hitherto occupied in respect to religious teaching at the Universities, the necessary provision to meet these needs must take one of two forms: a Roman Catholic College enjoying a large measure of independence in a federated University, or a separate Roman Catholic University.

Federation has found favour with men of great ability and knowledge, who desired to see the resources and reputation of Trinity College made available for the creation of a national University. Space forbids discussion of this vexed question. Trinity was unwilling to give up the freedom so long enjoyed; nor is it easy to understand how, in a University whose constituent Colleges entertained academic ideals, not merely different from but incompatible with one another, the qualifications and courses of study for the degree could have been determined without an amount of friction injurious to the interests of education.

There remained the solution of a Roman Catholic University; but the ground needed first to be cleared of the Queen's College at Belfast. If the Royal University was to make way for a teaching Roman Catholic University in which Belfast would find no place, the students of the College in that city would have nowhere to go for their degrees. It does not appear that Belfast had any great desire to turn its College into a University, but Mr. Birrell offered an endowment, and money for building, and the wealth and public spirit of the city will no doubt enable it to support with distinction a change which was a necessary incident in the larger scheme.

The way was thus made plain for the creation of a Roman Catholic University; for Cork and Galway could readily be adapted to the constitution of a federal University of a definite and uniform religious complexion. So we come to the Irish Universities Act, 1908, which empowers the King to constitute by charter, two Universities, one at Belfast and one at Dublin, the latter with three constituent Colleges, Dublin, Cork and Galway.

The Royal University is abolished and provision is made for the finance, constitution, and powers of the new institutions.

Here the Chief Secretary came into conflict with the principle on which Parliament votes money for educational purposes, the principle that public money should not be used to promote any particular form of religious belief.

He could have met his difficulty straightforwardly in one of two ways. Admitting that the educational conditions of Ireland differ from those of England, he might have insisted that a University which was intended to satisfy Roman Catholic requirements must be honestly denominational. He could then have come to a definite understanding with the Roman Catholic Bishops as to the composition of the governing bodies, the nature of the tests to be imposed and other important matters.

Or again, he might have announced that he proposed to create a University and Colleges, in accordance with English conventions, statutably free from tests, but with governing bodies so chosen that it would be probable to the verge of certainty that studies would be directed and offices held in a manner acceptable to a particular denomination. He would in fact reproduce the conditions which he had so often denounced in English Voluntary Schools, with this difference—that he was going to find all the money, whereas, the buildings of the English Voluntary School are provided and maintained out of private resources.

Neither course was adopted: the Bill was conducted through both Houses with an amount of childish make-believe which seems hardly credible when one looks at the real meaning of the transaction.

Before the Bill was introduced, a Governing Body for the Dublin University had already been chosen: as appeared in a draft Charter laid before the House. As to the religious opinions of the members of this body, Mr. Birrell professed a complete indifference, and a merely second-hand knowledge. But it could hardly have been an accident that twenty-nine out of thirty-five were Roman Catholics: nor could the selection have been made at haphazard if this body was to receive the confidence—which appears to have been extended to it—of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. The process of selection which resulted so happily was not explained. The Governing Body having been chosen, and

the character of the new University thus determined by Charter, the Bill proposed to constitute a University which was almost ostentatiously undenominational. The Minister pointed frequently, and with pride, to the fact that tests were forbidden, that all scholarships were open, that after five years some of the Governing Body would be elected by the Senates of the constituent colleges, and some by the Convocation of the University. But the composition of the Senates, and the influence which Maynooth will exercise, makes it fairly certain that the character impressed on these institutions at the outset will be maintained; and tests are not wanted where the conditions are such that those whom tests were intended to keep out would under no circumstances find it possible to come in.

The truth about the clause which dealt with tests was very plainly put by Lord Robertson. "What," he said, "was the good of putting in a clause about tests when they had a governing body such as that described in his Bill? If he were having a University to please himself he would say 'abolish tests to your heart's content if you give me the right governing body.'" Lord Robertson was a supporter of the Bill, and only desired that its meaning should not be obscured by provisions which meant nothing.

Still more characteristic was the treatment of the proposal to allow a chapel for religious service to be erected, out of private funds, within the precincts of the University. It is the earnest desire of the well-wishers of the new University to stimulate the growth of a corporate feeling and the sense of a corporate life among the students: and one might have assumed that a chapel where those of the same faith might worship together would be regarded as a desirable feature in the new University. But this was not to be.

"The presence of a denominational chapel," said Mr. Massie, "within the precincts of the University, would be flatly opposed to the idea of the Bill. *On paper at any rate* the Bill was undenominational, but the paragraph for the erection of a chapel was *on paper* denominational, and would allow a foothold for denominationalism within the precincts of the University."

Self-deception could hardly go further. The whole purpose of the Bill was to constitute a University and Colleges congenial to

the Roman Catholics, and therefore, essentially denominational, and yet a College chapel, the centre of College life, is forbidden, because *on paper* it would violate the make-believe of undenominationalism with which Mr. Birrell amused and consoled himself and his followers.

But the desire that "*on paper at any rate*" the new University should correspond with similar institutions in England has led to more serious results than the mere folly about tests. The power to affiliate Colleges, that is, the power to confer upon the students of external Colleges some, or all, of the privileges of students of the University, is possessed by English Universities without restriction; but they have been careful to connect the enjoyment of these privileges with the requirement of a certain term of residence. This is, indeed, the distinguishing feature of a teaching as compared with an examining University.

In Ireland the conditions will not be the same. The students at Maynooth have for some years past exercised the right of matriculating and graduating at the Royal University, as they were entitled to do, without residence. It is claimed for them that they should enjoy the same rights at the new University; there is no doubt that Maynooth will be affiliated at the earliest opportunity, and that the students there will obtain degrees as they have hitherto done, without residence.

From this unrestrained use of the power of affiliation two evils will result.

The lack of opportunity for obtaining a degree was a grievance of the priesthood frequently urged before the Robertson Commission, but besides the degree they needed, in the opinion of eminent Roman Catholics, the influence of University life. Dr. O'Dwyer says of the Maynooth students, "Above all they are deficient in that undefinable thing that is not knowledge but culture—the character of a man that is formed when he goes through a University education—something that you cannot put your hand on, a something which cultivates the sense of honour and right judgment with regard to the affairs of life. If our priests had such an education they would be totally different teachers to what they are now!"

This education they will not obtain. Maynooth, when affiliated, will stand to the new University as it did to the Royal,

and the new University will have failed, in one of the chief functions which it should discharge, to bring its students under the influence of its teaching and its life.

But another evil will result from the immediate affiliation of Maynooth. The students who graduated at the Royal University from Maynooth are entitled to be registered as graduates in the new University, Maynooth therefore will start with an influence which Dublin can do little to counterbalance. As compared with the two existing constituent colleges we find that in 1902 the total number of its students was double, and its Arts students nearly treble that of the students of Cork and Galway put together. As the remaining constituent College is not yet in existence it is obvious that Maynooth, without contributing anything to the corporate life of the new University, will enjoy a commanding influence on the studies of the place, and on the choice of those members of the senate who are hereafter to be elected by the graduates. The danger was clearly present to the mind of Mr. Birrell. In introducing his Bill he spoke of "severely restricted powers of affiliation," and later expressed a hope that "the graduate of Dublin or Belfast should be a Dublin or Belfast man." But his restrictions vanished with his hopes when the Bishops announced that "they could not undertake to send their students in the Arts Faculty in Maynooth to reside in Dublin."

The course of study at Maynooth is prolonged, extending over seven years. Mr. Butcher asked that two of these should be spent at Dublin, and protested against "residence away from a University being treated as residence in a University, and against seminary life being treated as equivalent to academic life." But Mr. Birrell could only fall back on precedents from the charters of English Universities, and on the risk of beginning the career of the new University with a quarrel.

But his new University has to establish its position in the world, and to make its reputation; of its three constituent colleges two are small and remote, and the third is yet not existent. Affiliated to this nascent University will be a highly organised and well-attended theological seminary, considerably larger and better equipped than any of the constituent colleges, and to the students of this seminary the degrees of the Univer-

sity will be open without residence. Truly, it may be said that the centre of gravity has shifted from Dublin to Maynooth, and that the new University is in some risk of becoming a mere accessory to a theological College.

It is a pity that the whole business was not handled with more courage and straightforwardness. We may regret that money was not forthcoming to build a college in Dublin which would have met the difficulty as to residence set up by the authorities of Maynooth. But without this Mr. Birrell had a good deal to offer. Besides the buildings of the Royal University £10,000 a year is taken from its former income and given to the new Dublin University, £64,000 a year is provided for the three constituent Colleges, and £170,000 for sites and buildings. With all this in hand, and with an honestly avowed intention of creating a University and Colleges satisfactory in government and constitution to the Roman Catholic bishops, Mr. Birrell might have afforded to drop the cant of undenominationalism and make better terms as to the present or future relations of Maynooth to Dublin.

Opposition has been bought off by money and by concessions, but the result of the whole transaction is disappointing. The College at Cork may at no distant date develop into an independent University. The College at Galway may possibly prove more attractive henceforth to the Roman Catholic laity in its neighbourhood. But the future of the University and College at Dublin is compromised by their subordination to a theological seminary, and if Mr. Birrell's achievement is to be recorded in a monument the site of that monument should be Maynooth.

WILLIAM R. ANSON.

ARE AMERICANS PROVINCIAL?

THE American citizen is conventionally supposed to be impatient of everything that is petty or parochial. His native environment makes it easy for him to think in continents. His birth-place is at some point in a continuous territory of over three million square miles, all under one flag. He need not project his imagination to distant colonies and dependencies in order to acquire a consciousness of the magnitude of his own country. Such a man is not trammelled by the compulsion of fitting his ideas to local standards. What should he care for the opinion of the village who can measure everything by the grand scale? The inhabitants of the Old World, on the other hand, find their lot cast in cramped surroundings. The Englishman, in particular, is habitually spoken of as though his geographical limitations symbolised the narrowness of his intellectual outlook. We are islanders, and accordingly the British mind can hardly escape being insular; pent up, as we are, between the North Sea and St. George's Channel, we cannot even in thought expatiate over a wide area without painful effort.

So runs the legend. Let us now bring to the test this belief that residence in a land of broad physical prospects is incompatible with provincialism of spirit. A study of the *Congressional Record* would yield interesting material for an account of the natural history of the spread eagle. In the House of Representatives I once heard Congress itself described, in the course of one short speech, as "the highest parliamentary assembly in the world," "the freest and most popular legislative assembly of all time," and "the supreme council of the greatest nation of recorded time." Any one who supposes that the style of eloquence which Dickens recorded is out of date in modern America should read the apostrophe to Texas with which Mr. J. W.

Bailey held the Senate spell-bound—as the *Washington Post* reports—on February 7, 1905. He was resisting a suggestion that his State might ultimately be divided into five separate States, and appealed to “the memory of her glorious past” against any such division. She might partition her rich valleys and broad prairies, but not the fadeless glory of her history.

To which of her daughters, sir, could she assign, without irrevocable injustice to the others, the priceless inheritance of Goliad and the Alamo and San Jacinto? To which could she bequeath the name of Houston and his co-patriots? Which should inherit the deathless immortality of Fannin and of Bowie and of Crockett? . . . The history of the world does not furnish a sublimer courage, a more unselfish patriotism, than that which illumines almost every page in the early history of Texas. Students may know more of other battle-fields, but there is no one baptized in the blood of braver men than Goliad. Historians may not record it as among the great and decisive battles about which they write, and yet the victory of the Texans at San Jacinto is destined to exert a wider influence upon the happiness of the human race than all the conflicts which established and subverted the petty kingdoms of the ancient world. Poets have not yet immortalised it in their most enduring verse and yet the Alamo is resplendent with a nobler sacrifice than Thermopylæ itself, because while Thermopylæ had her messenger of defeat, the Alamo had none.

The excessive laudation of individual politicians is inevitable as long as these politicians have to be counted among party assets. But even the necessity of magnifying the Republicans against the Democrats hardly excuses the eulogy paid by Senator Thurston to General Alger, whose management of the War Department during the conflict with Spain was involved in so much discredit. “The country knows,” said Mr. Thurston, “and the world knows, and impartial history will declare, that the war administration of Russell A. Alger stands first in all the annals of recorded time.” If Alger’s achievements stagger humanity, what resources are left worthily to describe the Father of his Country? Dr. George Cary Eggleston does his best, however, in *American Immortals*, a book of biographies of the men whose names are inscribed upon the Hall of Fame in New York City. Of Washington he says that “not any of the adoration that is given to his character is in the least degree extravagant or excessive. Of him—absolutely alone among mankind—may we prudently speak in unrestrained superlatives.” He further declares that Washington was “beyond all question the greatest man that God ever gave to a deserving

or undeserving world," and that "as soldier, statesman, patriot, and man he was by innate character the most perfect type of what God may be supposed to have intended that a man should be, that has ever yet been born upon the earth." Of Lincoln's Gettysburg speech the same writer remarks that it is "an utterance unexcelled in its perfection by any words that human lips have spoken." But the authors and literary critics are closely run by the representatives of the pulpit. The Rev. Dr. R. S. McArthur, one of the leading Baptist ministers in New York, when preaching on the first anniversary of McKinley's death, declared that "one hundred years from to-day Lincoln will be hailed as the greatest man in the human race, and beside him, if not above him, will stand McKinley." This prediction may reasonably be criticised as defective inasmuch as it did not anticipate how soon the popularity of Mr. Roosevelt would complicate the problem of the world's class-list. The perspective has since been correctly adjusted by Dr. Gunsaulus—the Chicago orator who at the funeral of the greatest of the pork-packers offered what was reported to be "probably the most eloquent prayer ever addressed by man to his Maker"—in a comparison which places Mr. Roosevelt in very nearly the same rank as that claimed for herself by Mrs. Eddy.

The commercial supremacy of America is, of course, established beyond the risk of hyperbole. Accordingly the late Mr. P. D. Armour erred, if at all, on the side of modesty in asserting that every man who held a hundred shares of the St. Paul Railroad had a joint account with God Almighty. The prevalent view to-day of the influence exercised on the contemporary history of the world by American finance is succinctly expressed in the following sentence: "In our time we read how the kings and the nobility of Europe bow in awe before a group of American millionaires." This is not an extract from a sensational journal, but from a recent treatise on *Social Ethics* by the Professor of Political Philosophy at a reputable college.

Some curious examples of "swelled head" in the estimate of literary and artistic reputation might be quoted from a recent popular novel, *The Russells in Chicago*, which contains an extraordinary catalogue of local "lights that give brilliancy enough to shine by themselves and cast a radiance on the world." But Chicago is proverbially known as "the windy city." Something

more subdued might naturally be expected from the calmer atmosphere of Boston. Let us turn, then, to *Literary Boston of To-day*, written in 1902 by Miss Helen Winslow, one of the most prominent workers in the development of American women's clubs. She looks back with regret to the time when Boston counted Emerson, Longfellow, and Holmes among her living sons, and remarks: "That was a literary epoch, the like of which has scarcely been known since the Elizabethan age." Boston has none to-day to fill their place, "but, we ask, has any other city in America, or in the world, men—a group of men—like them?" Still the Hub is not so badly off, comparatively speaking, even in this inferior age. Its Papyrus Club "is known to men of letters and attainments everywhere." Of a Boston journalist since deceased it is observed that "besides being recognised as the leading critic Mr. Clapp is regarded as the finest commentator of Shakespeare of modern times." Concerning another writer we are told that "young people everywhere adore the name of Sophie Swett." Miss Winslow quotes a magazine paragraph which calls attention to the legal training of Scott, Balzac and Thackeray, and gravely adds that Robert Grant, too, is a lawyer. After studying this volume one has some hesitation in dismissing as invented the old story of the Boston merchant who guessed that Goethe was the N. P. Willis of Germany. It is not at Boston, however, but at Washington, that there may be found inscribed on the cornice frieze of a picture gallery (the Corcoran) the following list of the greatest artists that ever lived: Phidias, Giotto, Dürer, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Rubens, Reynolds, Allston, Ingres.

But why particularise respecting the various phases of America's greatness? The whole matter was summed up at the annual dinner of the New York Chamber of Commerce in 1901 by Mr. A. B. Cummins, then Governor-elect of Iowa and now Federal Senator from that State:

Our men are unique in the society of the earth. . . . In the depth and breadth of character, in the volume of hope and ambition, in the universality of knowledge, in reverence for law and order, in the beauty and sanctity of our homes, in sobriety, in respect for the rights of others, in recognition of the duties of citizenship, and in the ease and honour with which we tread the myriad paths leading from rank to rank in life, our people surpass all their fellow men.

With this sentence in one's ears it needs an effort to realise that

it was an American writer that once indited a famous essay "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners." Before I proceed, however, to discuss the remarkable attitude of mind disclosed in the above quotations I wish to disclaim any intention of suggesting that it has no exceptions. Occasionally one comes across distinct evidence that the American spirit is conscious of its limitations. For instance, on the death of our late Queen, a Chicago newspaper having invited the leading business men of that city to supply some comment on her Majesty's career, one of them began his paragraph with some such words as these: "Nothing that I can say could add lustre to the reign of Queen Victoria." *

The obvious explanation of all this self-complacent provincialism is that it arises from a colossal ignorance of what has been done, and is being done, outside the United States. And this ignorance is fostered by those very features of the American's native surroundings which are mistakenly supposed to stimulate a broad outlook. The supposition that to be born in a large country is in itself a liberal education is a curious fallacy. It is not uniformity, but variety, that quickens intellectual activity. In this respect the advantage is not with the American, but with the European. The fact that the United States measures nearly three thousand miles from east to west, with an ocean on either side, does not magically expand the mind of the individual American; it simply makes it necessary for him to travel farther to escape the conditions with which he has been familiar all his days. A distinguished American journalist who accompanied President McKinley on his tour through the country, a few months before his death, was particularly struck—and tells us that, in his judgment, a similar impression was made upon the President also—by the close similarity of the scenes through which they passed.

The city which is reached to-day is but the counterpart of the city which was left yesterday. There is an unvarying monotony of architecture, an absolute lack of diversity in dress and custom. The people are actuated by the same ideas, they speak an identical language, they sell the same goods in stores modelled after the same pattern.†

* A similar diffidence was shown on the death of President McKinley by the Collector of Internal Revenue for the Wall Street District (since promoted to be Treasurer of the United States), who communicated this message to a New York paper: "There is a time when a man's vocabulary dries up. This is one of those times."

† H. L. West, in the *Forum*, August 1901.

In most European countries, on the other hand, the comparative nearness of the national boundaries to a man's birthplace makes it the easier for him to pass over them. If you live in Birmingham, for example, you can put yourself into an entirely foreign environment before the resident in Kansas City has crossed the Ohio.

Again, the necessity of making acquaintance with what is happening elsewhere in the world has been minimised for Americans, until lately, by the political isolation of the United States. That country has been spared not only the entanglement of foreign alliances, but also the educating influence of direct contact with foreign problems. Its freedom from European complications, however helpful on the whole to the development of its internal resources, has certainly tended to circumscribe the ideas of its people. Further, in the Old World, even if we are not able to go abroad, a constant appeal is made to the imagination by visible memorials of past centuries. We can travel in time, if not in space. We have before our eyes persistent reminders that the civilisation of the twentieth century is not the sudden creation of our own contemporaries, or of a generation immediately preceding, but has been slowly built up by the genius and toil of our forefathers. St. Paul once spoke of certain persons who, "measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves with themselves, are without understanding." That is precisely the risk to which a whole nation is exposed when in its everyday life there is little to arouse the historic sense, or to afford scope for its exercise if awakened.

And while the conditions of his existence thus tend to leave the average American ignorant of the outside world, there is one circumstance that is likely to make him indifferent also. He is powerfully impressed by the physical size of the United States, and is therefore tempted to the belief that what happens in smaller countries cannot deserve much attention. He often speaks of America as "God's own country," and it is not far from that to the conviction that it is God's only country too. His megalomania brings with it myopia.

The experience of other nations is therefore usually dismissed as an unprofitable subject of study. The "American spirit" is "unique": it can make its own way and win its own conquests without troubling to gain instruction or warning from the successes and failures of other nations. The typical attitude is

exactly represented by Mrs. Gertrude Atherton when she brings one of her characters to Europe and describes him as turning upon it "his contemptuous American mind." And it is just because America is so little willing to learn from the rest of the world that foreign observers, in spite of their eagerness to benefit by her example, find in her methods so much less enlightenment than might have been anticipated. She started with the incalculable privilege of exemption from the social and political burdens of the Old World. Among ourselves every change for the better has to be a reform. Not an inch of ground can be won without the conciliation or defeat of some vested interest. In the process of slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent we are hampered at every turn by the need of considering how to modify a complicated system without impairing its stability. America, on the contrary, could begin her political and economic structure from the foundations with the history of the civilised world for her guidance. She has rejoiced in her freedom, but has thrown away more than half its value by despising the teaching of the centuries. She has wasted much of her energy in the duplication of experiments on which there already existed materials for a decisive verdict.

In the preface to his book on *Municipal Government in Great Britain* Dr. Albert Shaw attributes the defects of American city administration in large measure to the fact that "many citizens who desire sincerely to aid in the regeneration of their town life and neighbourhood affairs" have not learned "what in the experience of the world has come to be regarded as a sound constitution or framework of municipal government." The recent assumption by the United States of the functions of a Colonial Power has provided an even more striking illustration of this characteristic. From the comments of American writers and speakers on the recent history of the Philippines one might almost suppose that the American occupation was a pioneer experiment in colonisation. Certainly their present administrators have done their best to make it so. Mr. Alleyne Ireland, after a long and careful investigation of tropical colonies under several flags, has criticised in the strongest terms the failure of the American Government in the Philippines to take into account "the broad established facts" as to colonial administration. This ignorance of the history of the subject "has involved a groping

about for satisfactory solutions of the most elementary problems of administration, which have finally been solved, after great waste of time and energy, along lines already laid down by other nations." It has also deprived the American Government of any standard of comparison for its own work. For example, Mr. Ireland was shown in the Philippines some of the most wretched roads he had seen in fifteen years of colonial travel, and was asked with pride whether the English had ever done anything like that for the benefit of their colonial subjects! When he replied that you could travel a thousand miles in an automobile in the Federated Malay States on roads as good as the Massachusetts State roads, his statement was met, if not with absolute incredulity, at least with the last degree of surprise. It was the same thing, he says, in a hundred matters. The real depth of American official ignorance on such subjects may be gauged from the fact that, several months after the appearance of Mr. Ireland's criticism, even Mr. W. H. Taft, speaking with authority as a former Governor of the Philippine Islands, explained that the problem of education in those islands was much more difficult than in India because in the Philippines there were twelve different dialects, instead of one common language fit to be used by a civilised people! Whatever attempts at enlightenment may be made by Mr. Ireland or other critics, this attitude of mind is hopelessly incorrigible. In May 1905, General F. D. Grant, who held high military rank in the Philippines for three years, publicly declared that the work of the Americans there had been so creditable as to be the wonder of the world. "I have recently heard people speak," said he, "of what we have done for the Philippines, and wonder why the English have not done as much for India."

In literature the ambition to lift oneself up by pulling at one's own boot straps is not so general, but there is increasing evidence of it, especially in the West. The theory has been most vehemently expounded by the late Frank Norris, in his collection of articles entitled *The Responsibilities of the Novelist*. Books, forsooth, have no place in the novelist's equipment; they will only cumber and confuse him. The American writer should cultivate his own vine instead of gathering "the sodden lees of an ancient crushing." Similarly, a popular Californian author and editor, Mr. Herbert Bashford, has ex-

horted his fellow labourers on the Pacific Coast to "throw off the musty grip of the past," to "get clean away from ancient restrictions and stereotyped forms," &c. The only adequate comment is this quotation from Matthew Arnold: "Only when one is young and headstrong can one thus prefer bravado to experience, can one stand by the Sea of Time and, instead of listening to the solemn and rhythmical beat of its waves, choose to fill the air with one's own whoopings to start the echo."

Some of the keener sighted of American leaders are not blind to the wastefulness of this insistence on practising over again what has been sufficiently tested already. "The world's memory," says Dr. Woodrow Wilson, President of Princeton University, "must be kept alive, or we shall never see an end of its old mistakes. We are in danger to lose our identity and become infantile in every generation. That is the real menace under which we cower everywhere in this age of change." It may possibly be of some advantage to the discipline of a nation that it should grope along its own way to wisdom, just as it is well for a boy in learning arithmetic to discover for himself how his sums are to be worked out. But even in the education of the individual there are stages when progress is immensely quickened by outside assistance, and even impossible without it. And the nation which is content to become "infantile in every generation" must at any rate abandon all ambition to lead the world. You may not plead infancy and at the same time claim the authority and influence of manhood. The peril against which Dr. Woodrow Wilson uttered his warning becomes more acute every year in proportion as the conditions of American life grow more complex. It is an instructive study to read the social contrasts noted by Nathaniel Hawthorne fifty years ago between the England and the America of his time and to observe how few of these differences remain to-day. In the belief that there is some magical transmuting power in the atmosphere of America, the problems of labour have been so neglected that they have become a menace no less threatening than in older countries, and in other respects also the vaunted "simplicity" of American life is rapidly disappearing. In other words, the contempt of outside experience is taking its revenge upon those who are confident that they could fare prosperously without paying heed to the

lessons of the past. Sometimes one may compare the results to what happens in the religious world when the study of Church history is neglected. The imagination of the unwary is captured by novel doctrines which presently turn out to be old heresies satisfactorily disposed of centuries ago. As Dr. Denney says: "A fresh eye is too apt to discover things which have not only been discovered already, but found out." These doctrines succumb once more to a repetition of the old criticism, but meanwhile their revival and refutation absorb time and energy and leave the general situation just what it was before. And in cases where the experimenter is lucky enough to hit upon the right method, the net product is not more fruitful than the labours of the villager in one of Mr. Baring Gould's stories, who spent his spare time for many years in the preparation of a concordance to the Bible, quite unaware that he had been anticipated by Alexander Cruden.

That is the kind of risk to which a man is exposed when he is satisfied to "go ahead" as soon as he has got his idea, without stopping to ascertain whether the same happy thought has visited any one else before him. It is this characteristic that has led many observers to a conclusion exactly opposite to the truth—the conclusion, namely, that America is an imitative nation. They find American writers on politics, sociology or education recommending schemes which are already a commonplace in other countries, and they accordingly infer that these suggestions are a tribute consciously paid to foreign example. In many instances, however, the real explanation is that the mind of an American thinker has been independently at work on the problem, entirely unaided by the history of previous successes and failures. In his effort to be dazzlingly novel the American too often overlooks Lowell's caution that "originality consists quite as much in the power of using to purpose what it finds ready to hand as in that of producing what is absolutely new." He thus becomes, to borrow a distinction made by Mr. W. D. Howells in another connection, so original as to be almost aboriginal. He forgets that the real advantage of being untrammelled by the past is largely forfeited when one is content to remain untaught by it also.

HERBERT W. HORWILL.

SUFFRAGE AND ANTI-SUFFRAGE—A WOMAN WORKER'S APPEAL

No thoughtful person will deny that the present agitation about Woman Suffrage is the most alarming symptom of decadence we, as a nation, have to face at this moment. To the women workers whose powers of reflection have not been quite deadened by the routine of professional work, by endurance of the heavy fatigue this imposes on feminine organisations, or, as in some cases, by removal, in consequence of their labours, from contact with common everyday experience, it is being brought forcibly home that no single factor at this date threatens us with such rapidly accelerated degeneration.

Women workers are not less proud than other women; personally, they would rather go on to the last gasp than own that they are being urged beyond their strength; where their own interests only are at stake the idea of appealing for help is peculiarly abhorrent to them. But, once they have been forced to realise that any further over-driving is going to seriously impair the national welfare, then they have to confess that the time for reticence is past.

That time came when politicians made it clear that they were going to leave to women themselves the duty of demonstrating what it has at last become imperatively necessary to demonstrate, that is to say the inadvisability of imposing on women this new responsibility of the suffrage: since when it has also been shown that this question is not one for the married women or for young ladies living under the paternal roof, because the vote will not be given to them; but that it is on the house-holding women, most of whom will be working to maintain that household, that the burden of political responsibility is to lie.

So confused is the thinking on this subject that there are many who still deny that for women the suffrage is a responsibility, and serious persons can yet be found to ask: "What unreasonable demand is made upon women's time if they go to the poll to record their vote?" With half the advocates of woman suffrage, "*Votes for Women*" is merely an affair of the polling booth. Any one who has been in contact with the lives of men knows well that the possession of that political responsibility of which the vote is but an outward sign, places *them* under the necessity of expending on organisation, demonstration, and so forth, an amount of energy which forms no small share of the sum total of masculine activities. It is not likely that the extreme partisan women we have lately been introduced to are going to have their ardour extinguished by the bestowal of the vote. We may expect it on the contrary to be redoubled and invigorated by success. And when these extremists do possess the vote, it seems likely that they will make political responsibility a much more serious, all-absorbing affair for the female than it has ever been for the male. The headlong feminine methods now applied by the militants to their suffrage campaign, once transferred to a reform of the customs and habits of their moderate fellow women, will leave those unfortunate moderates very little choice as to whether they will confine their political activity to the polling booth. Counter-organisations, demonstrations, and the rest will make a demand on feminine energies which will leave the men's performance as far behind, as the suffrage agitation does other agitations. No, it is too late to say that possession of the vote is only going to involve women in occasional visits to the polling booth. It is going to be their heaviest responsibility.

The inherent incapacity of the sex to discharge such a responsibility has been, one might have thought, more than proved by the suffragists. But owing to that dangerous love of novelty, that instinctive thirst for a spectacle, especially a savage spectacle (additional symptom of degeneracy), everywhere at present observable, the yelling, screeching, scratching, biting displays we have witnessed lately have won for the suffragists, it seems, a number of adherents among the reckless and unreflecting part of mankind quite outweighing the total of those more serious persons

they have alienated. It is, perhaps, when human nature is taken into account, a not unnatural result. But it has imposed on women workers the painful necessity of making an appeal for assistance in the accomplishment of their new task of withstanding the imposition of what will be to them a real cruelty. How painful this necessity is to them must be evident when it is remembered that they are not particularly well equipped even for making this appeal; that they are already working, many of them, to execute a man's task with a woman's strength; and that to speak will mean owning up that many of them feel that a little more is expected of them already than is quite fair or reasonable, as also their conviction that if upon them principally is to devolve the heavy task of averting what threatens to be a national disaster, the only wise and honest course for them is to confess at once that they are not equal to performing it.

The suffrage question, shorn of the many nondescript accretions it has accumulated in the course of its career, is a very simple matter, so simple, indeed, that there is danger in that very fact; no one can believe that it is so simple as it really is. What we have actually to face is this. On the suffrage side we see exceptionally endowed women, women of quite extraordinary capacity of intellect and of physical endurance; women who feel, and rightly, that they are capable of undertaking and executing not only any task under the sun, but every kind of task at once; associated with them we find other women upon whom the favours of fortune have been so lavishly showered that they also enjoy this same exhilarating sense of omnipotence—the Vanderbilts and others of the millionaire class, whose espousal of this cause is announced from America; and behind these leaders we find a solid mass of women possessed not only of a reassuring conviction that they do everything they do supremely well, but that it must ultimately be for the good of mankind if they add to their own peculiar and allotted task some performance of those labours which have been hitherto considered masculine. These must evidently be the women who are unusually skilful and competent, really the exceptional part of womankind; it will at once therefore be conceded, the minority. Opposed to these aspirants for the suffrage, we, the great majority, shamefacedly conscious of our limitations, straining after the accomplishment of our task

to the accompaniment of a sense of imperfection we can never escape from, disagreeably conscious that, taken as a demonstration only, we could make no show against the brilliant creatures opposed to us, we cannot but be aware that when it comes to proving even the inability that lies at the root of our unreadiness to undertake further responsibilities, we are hopelessly handicapped in this effort to do so by the very inferiority that causes our reluctance.

And yet it is the average woman who should have been considered in discussing the extension of the suffrage to women, as suffragists have shown in their careful elimination of this important factor from their statement of the problem. The suffragist argument is based on the capacity of the exceptional women to undertake that most exceptional task, so exceptional that we have only in rare instances seen it attempted, the discharge by one person of a man's functions as well as a woman's. Is it fair to require of the average woman what it has not yet been proved that the exceptional ones are capable of performing?

The case of the average woman is a hard one on this occasion. She is not particularly clever at explaining herself lucidly, and yet a man cannot quite understand without being told. It has been said that as long as the world endures there will always be one field of exploration which can never be worked out. Every man, in fact, sets out on a voyage of discovery when he tries to get into the mind of a woman. Though many modern women say this is not the case when a woman does the same with a man, there are some for whom the sense of adventure eternally endures. Nothing has been such a surprise to women for a long time, as the extraordinary trouble taken lately by one or two eminent masculine thinkers to show that their objections to the suffrage for women imply no disbelief in the equality of men's and women's intellectual capacity. How is one to convey to the masculine understanding that serious women workers have quite another point of view, that average women of any maturity never lose their sense of wonder at the way in which average men accomplish without effort some things that involve strain to themselves? Schoolgirls, we know, when their work is adjudged inferior to that of a male competitor, sometimes attribute the verdict to a conspiracy on the part of men against them, and some women

carry this schoolgirl attitude through life. But thoughtful women honestly acknowledge the superior aptitude of the male for certain activities, and secretly prefer that their own energies should be employed in those directions where the male, in his turn, must admire their especial skill. It will be seen that no humility need therefore be implied in the conviction of the Anti-Suffrage woman that it would be kinder not to call on her to undertake what is so peculiarly calculated to display her deficiencies as the suffrage is. But the more the average woman reflects upon the number of words that would be required to make any man understand what she has always so perfectly well known herself that she never thought of mentioning it before, the more she is forced to decide that she had better simply request that this should be taken for granted. She is, after all, the only person who can really know, and she feels that it is wiser not to burden her appeal with too much preliminary justification.

What she is most anxious to make known is this: that she not only holds the suffrage agitation, accompanied as it is by the hysteria and mendacity of which we have witnessed so many examples, to be a symptom of decadence, but that she believes this decadence itself to be largely the result of a false conception of woman's position in society; that she further believes that if decadence preceded the demand for the suffrage and caused it, the granting of the suffrage is bound to still further magnify this misconception in such alarming degree that it will lead to absolutely fatal degeneration. It cannot be too strongly urged that it is the degeneration of the race that is bound to follow on the granting of the suffrage to women in our present condition of civilisation. It is a national duty to avert this degeneration. On this women base their appeal for national support in fighting against it.

Women know, what men do not seem to have perceived, that it is not an ideal, a heaven-born Licensing Bill that is going to strike at our great national vice of drunkenness. To find the root of the evil it is really necessary to go back to first causes, and the existence of the public house is an effect, not a cause, of the desire for drink. It is not possible to deal with this calamity of our drunkenness while disregarding that primitive wisdom of humanity which dates from the Garden of Eden. In this problem, as in all others, it is indispensable to see what is the

woman's share. That the blame in such things rests ultimately with her, is irrefutable testimony to the important rôle she plays on the human stage, a rôle the importance of which is so terrible, so awful that only the most rash and foolhardy, rather than the most courageous, would wish to add one fresh responsibility to it.

If the working man always had a well-kept home, an exemplary wife, and well-prepared food waiting for him at the end of his hard day's toil, would there be so much drunkenness as there is? If the working men who are being born year by year were born into cleaner surroundings, of mothers who had more of that knowledge women nowadays seem so often unable to acquire, the knowledge of rearing children, as well as of preparing food and keeping a home habitable for the fathers of their children, would there be so much probability as there is that these working men, grown to man's estate, will drink their way to ruin, however superior a wife they may light upon? Would there be so many women drinkers? It is the tritest commonplace, long ago worn threadbare, that by the cradle and the fireside is installed the supreme ruler, the ruler of each man's destiny: she who holds in her hands the fate of the children. Ask how she is acquitting herself there. Scientific men will give you no uncertain answer. Their reply will involve much tedious detail as to unsatisfactory feeding, want of cleanliness and of all that is so important to the health of man and infant. If you do not believe them, go to the schools. Ask, it is not a savoury question, but ask, how many children's heads are free from vermin: there are schools where you will be fortunate if you hear of one.

Can there be a question whether it is more advisable to instruct women how better to discharge the duties, the grand and awful duties, they are already invested with, or to impose on them new ones?

Or can any one who has been near to the lives of the very, very poor, lay all the blame for all their wrongdoing, for all their unsatisfactory performance at their own door? No, it is where the larger liberty is, where human creatures are not the slaves of those bodily needs which must be ministered to somehow by work done between dark and dark, often enough in the dark hours when the rest of the world is sleeping, before a man has earned the right to pause and think, that the blame lies. Dimly

the poor know it. They showed it at the French Revolution. They are showing it now. Does not the poor mother, driven, harassed, often incompetent, who yet is bringing up somehow, in the midst of squalor and discomfort, the family that her richer sister will not interrupt the round of her pleasures and gaieties to bear and rear, declare it when she says of one of the spoilt women who protest that they are the equals of men, "Them fine ladies don't know what it is to be a woman?"

For it is because the wealthier women have been neglecting the first elementary duties of women that the poor have come to this. Where can the fine and complicated art of housekeeping be learnt as well as in the houses of the rich, where there is leisure, and need for every kind of household skill from the highest to the lowest? But women have long ago forgotten that they might afford in their own domain a training given by the dames of a former day to damsels of varying degree as well as to serving maids, a training which included much ministering to and care of the poor, as well as valuable personal intercourse between different ranks. In the deepest sense this is the day of the machine-made in the household; the old Christian, personal relationships have been abolished. William Morris spent a magnificent lifetime in one long fruitless endeavour to recall men to a sense of the beauty of the old order, and the waves of time have closed over him. What is there left to show that any one understood? Are we to suppose that *all* his grain has been thrown overboard, and the husks carefully cherished, the tradition of beautiful decoration only that ministers to the gratification of the rich? Women have practised as well as preached their contempt for art and craft within their own walls until the contagion has spread from upper to lower class. Ready as they have shown themselves to undergo the severe technical training required of one who aspires to earn an income as a hired labourer in the market, they will not train in the same way to work in the home, neither will they consent to earn that income, as they easily could, in their own home. It is to be observed that although they will submit to long hours of close work and even to severe discipline outside, anything of the kind is regarded as unendurable injustice and hardship once the necessity for it is asserted under their own roof-tree.

What is it that makes women so averse from remaining within the sheltering walls of home, that makes the very poor herd into bleak factories, where the pay is wretchedly poor, where hard living replaces the comparatively soft living of the private house, and apply for any arduous, unhealthy task in the rough outside world, rather than face the chilly atmosphere of woman-governed domesticity. Is it not really that women have, in very truth, ceased to govern: they have relinquished their household task to any one who can be found for pay to perform it. The boredom of personal supervision will never be endured by the luxurious modern woman. And other not minor evils have crept in. It seems not only that the upper-class women are fast losing the trick of home-making, that mistresses have shirked the difficulties there are in the relations between those who serve and those who are served (there must always be difficulties, though these should not be insuperable even in this complex age of ours), by keeping at a distance and imposing a rule of speechlessness on their dependents, but that there must be, somehow, where women are the dominant factor, some lack of gentleness, of respect for the individuality and personality of the governed, which makes so many women impatient of household control, not to be coaxed or coerced from their refusal to stay at home in the houses from which the man goes forth in the morning only to return at nightfall. Whatever explanation lies at the root of the poorer women's preference for factory life over household service, for their transference to careers in which the acquisition of household skill is impossible to them, it is this disastrous want of household training which accounts for so much that is deplorable to-day in the lives of the very poor. It is the personal factor which has got to be dealt with before women can claim fitness for political responsibility, or to vote or legislate for other women.

But the most aggressive portion of womankind are hammering, clamouring for further extinction of the dear, domestic, delightful household tasks that all right-minded children and women, not strictly prohibited from indulging their natural bent, adore from the day of the doll's house until the day that ends everything for them. The nearer the schools are approaching to a restoration of the old ideals, the faster and the louder grows the suffragist execration of woman's sphere, the appeal for *Votes for Women* and

for all the round of political duty they will bring in their train. Assiduously and insidiously the poison is being spread. Women with money, brains, and leisure at their disposal, have conceived this evil idea of setting on foot an organisation to instil into the working women contempt for the old-fashioned, simple ideals of womanhood, of sending out organisers to collect more money and thus procure the means to spread the poison further, and now the *amour propre* as well as the professional income of these organisers is at stake, depending on their success in this new and undesirable rôle for women, that of political organiser. Where is it to end? Women workers are in despair. Never, they are told by the suffragists, can they expect to catch up with this snowball of organisation, this evil which it seems only possible to reach by the same evil, by counter organisation. Those women who are taking their life's duty seriously, who are struggling to earn their day's wage and not relinquish the unprofessional feminine tasks they still are desperately clinging to, in spite of discouragement and loudly expressed contempt (the suffragist male who boasts his chivalry on espousing the cause of the suffragette has not much of it to spare for the women who are *not* suffragettes), how *can* they organise and meet on their own ground, for instance, those suffragist organisers in the north who are paid to work up the factory hands there into a sense of grievance at their non-possession of the vote? We will suppose that a woman worker wrote to offer sympathy to the Anti-Suffrage League at its inception, together with such small contribution as she could spare. The reply that welcomed her avowal of sympathy probably contained an inquiry whether she could undertake to work. The working woman would have to reply that the work she already did, left her very little leisure, and that that leisure was claimed by home cares, though doubtless what she *can* do she *is* doing to help. But how can women endeavouring to combine housework and office-work do really effective work against so many women who have clearly no definite duties, and who as clearly possess considerable means, or they could not have spent the time in the streets that they have lately expended there, or hold Suffrage At Homes day by day as they are now doing? Women workers have to appeal to the general public to help them to crush out this poison before it is too late. Shall they appeal in vain? It is not for money they ask, but for

the expression everywhere, with strength and vigour, of such a force of public opinion as shall make it impossible for us again in this generation to fall into such a peril. It is an appeal to all who read this to use every ounce of personal influence they possess to bring about this end.

The writer who makes this appeal is a woman worker who has endeavoured to the best of her ability to combine first teaching and then historical research with housekeeping. A twenty years experience of steady work has led her to the conclusion that it will be a cruelty to impose on women of her class the triple burden of wage-earning, housekeeping, and political responsibility. What such women workers want when their present double task is accomplished is not political excitement, but rest and quiet. These views are held by many women of her own acquaintance, who are called upon to discharge the same double debt as herself. They have at last come to the conclusion that their profound reluctance to incur a responsibility which they feel peculiarly unfitted to discharge has received inadequate attention in consequence of their having been too much absorbed in tasks already theirs to give expression to it.

M. E. SIMKINS.

THE OXFORD THACKERAY

SINCE the appearance, some years ago, of Thackeray's works in the "Biographical" Edition, which, from Lady Ritchie's introductions, must always retain a distinctive and special value, there have been several competitive, if not rival, issues. There is, for instance, that of Messrs. Macmillan, reproducing, wholly or mainly, the text of the first editions; there is also a pretty "Temple" edition, with notes by Mr. Walter Jerrold. And now Mr. Henry Frowde has added to these another, which, besides the happy accident of its being the latest, may fairly lay claim to particular merits of its own. It is excellently printed and produced; and it is extremely moderate in price. You may get it thick or thin, according to your fancy—that is to say, you may have it on ordinary paper, or on that frail-looking but durable Oxford India film, which compresses the thousand pages of *The Newcomes* to a width of three-quarters of an inch. You can also obtain it bound in a style as simple as that of Southey's "Cottonian" library, or sumptuous enough for the shelves of the most fastidious book-lover. It claims to be the fullest in the market, and its arrangement, as that of such collections should be, is mainly chronological. It has also an admirable and exhaustive index.

These are definite and praiseworthy characteristics; but—as we shall show—the Oxford Thackeray has some others which are equally exceptional. In the first place, it is very liberally illustrated. There is a goodly gallery of Thackeray portraits, from Devile's bust in the National Portrait Gallery, to the less-known drawing by Goodwyn Lewis in the Public Library at Kensington. There are admirable facsimiles of Thackeray's beautiful neat script—pages of *The Newcomes*, from the Museum at Charterhouse; pages of *Esmond*, from the original MS. at Trinity College, Cambridge. But it is in the reproduction, which the multiplied

processes now make so easy, of the earlier illustrations that these volumes are richest. Here are all the etchings and woodcuts of Cruikshank to *Rebecca and Rowena* and the *Fatal Boots*; here are Dicky Doyle's designs to *The Newcomes*; here are those of Fred Walker to *Philip and Denis Duval*, and of Kenny Meadows to the *Heads of the People*. Also there are the illustrations of the author himself to *Vanity Fair*, to *Pendennis*, to the *Virginians*, to the *Rose and the Ring*, and the rest. In addition to these, there is a "vast" of specimens from *Punch*, and other sources, of what Thackeray pleasantly called his "own candles." As to the merit of this side of his talent, opinion has been somewhat divided. But compared, as they can in this connection be compared, with the leading comic art of Thackeray's day, we see little to choose between the artist and his contemporaries. Indeed, we find no reason for putting him much below Doyle; and, in the matter of initial letters, we hold the pair—in invention, at all events—to have been nearly equal; while if Thackeray cannot be regarded as rivalling Cruikshank in occasional tragic power (and we are not sure that he does not so rival him in the picture of *Sir Pitt's Last Stage*), he seldom declines, as the artist of the *Fatal Boots* does sometimes decline, into sheer broad-grin and horse-collar hilarity. It may, of course, be urged that some of the *Punch* illustrations are of the most occasional kind, and that the Lardner *boutades*, and a few others, were scarcely worth reviving. But, when all is said and done, these sketches, whatever their technical merits or demerits, are part of the author's intellectual output, and—where they illustrate his writings—represent, more nearly than it would be possible for any second person to represent, what he wished to convey to his readers.*

* Thackeray has been accused of conscious caricature, even in his graver graphic efforts; and it may be admitted that, with every primarily humorous artist, the grotesque will often assert itself inopportunely. M. Hippolyte Taine, who regarded Peggy O'Dowd and M. Alcide de Mirobolant as literary caricatures, would probably not object to their being artistically presented as such. But there is an anecdote in the Roundabout Paper *De Finibus* which oddly vindicates Thackeray both as artist and author. He had, he tells us, invented Captain Costigan of *Pendennis* "out of scraps, heel-taps, odds and ends of characters." Years after, he was "smoking in a tavern parlour one night—and this Costigan came into the room alive—the very man: *the most remarkable resemblance of the printed sketches of the man, of the rude drawings in which*

These illustrations, then—there are said to be nearly two thousand of them—form a feature of the new edition which cannot be overrated. But that edition is also fortunate in another respect—it is most capably edited and arranged. Mr. Saintsbury, to whom this office has fallen, requires no commendation at our hands. His reputation as a critic and man of letters is not a matter of yesterday, or the day before. Yet, in this particular instance, it may be pertinent to observe that few scholars of our time would seem to be better equipped. As the historian of both English and French literature, as the intimate student of the rise and development of the novel, as the editor of Fielding and Sterne—of Balzac and Mérimée, he has manifestly initial qualifications not often to be found combined in one and the same person. What is still more to the point, he is a fervent and faithful admirer of the writer of *Esmond* and *Vanity Fair*. His study of his theme, he says in his "Preface," "has at least one justification—it is of an author who has been, for more than forty years, more frequently in the hands, and more constantly in the head and heart of the student, than any other in prose and almost than any other in rhyme." In other words he himself is as he says of Thackeray's old friend, the late Sir Frederick Pollock—"vir Thackeraianissimus." "For more than forty years," also reminds us that, although Mr. Saintsbury neither knew nor (to the best of his belief) ever saw his author, he is to some extent of that author's day—no slight recommendation in this epoch of short memories and shorter-lived notorieties. If, as he observes elsewhere, he can recall the "green covers" of *Bleak House* in the booksellers' windows, he must also recall the yellow covers of *The Newcomes* and *The Virginians*. Nor can he have forgotten the first volumes of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and that mournful sixth column in the *Times* of Christmas 1863, which told those who had fretted a little over the *langueurs* of *Philip* that *Denis Duval* would never be finished,

I had depicted him. [The italics are ours.] He had the same little coat, the same battered hat, cocked on one eye, the same twinkle in that eye." He spoke with an Irish brogue; he had been in the army; and he completed the likeness by accepting a glass of brandy-and-water, and volunteering a song. In the same paper Thackeray says parenthetically and significantly that Walker's Philip Firmin is not *his* Philip.

since, for its inventor, "Finis had come to an end, and the Infinite had begun."

To call the Oxford Thackeray complete, would not be strictly accurate. Although it may fairly be described as "the fullest," there have been omissions of set purpose. For instance, in spite of the opinion of some "eminent hands," Mr. Saintsbury has not scrupled to leave out *Elizabeth Brownrigge*—that notorious malefactor, who, in Canning's parody of Southey—

whipp'd two female 'prentices to death
And hid them in the coal-hole.

Although, like the subsequent *Catherine*, obviously prompted by the peculiarities of *Eugene Aram* and the Bulwer school, Mr. Saintsbury can find no evidence that Thackeray is responsible for the *Brownrigge épopée*. One cannot, of course, be certain. But that a writer who, from youth to maturity, revealed himself at all times and everywhere, does not so reveal himself in an anonymous piece which is attributed to him, is a very sufficient ground for not preserving such a piece, except in some supplementary limbo of doubtful performances. Thackeray's fame can do without *Elizabeth Brownrigge*. On the other hand it may occasionally happen that papers, such as the semi-political letters of "Our Own Correspondent" from Paris to the *Constitutional*, though manifestly authentic, may from the writer's lack of sympathy with his task, represent him at his worst and weakest; and in this case, too, a sound editorial faculty has no option but to pronounce sentence of banishment. For these, and other excluded things, Mr. Saintsbury gives very excellent and categorical explanation in the seventeen "Introductions" which accompany the volumes and which, indeed, would almost make a volume, and a most interesting volume, by themselves. From the chronological arrangement which has with certain modifications been adopted, they take the form of a sequence of connected chapters, rather than detached essays, and so constitute a corpus of Thackeray criticism, which, by its close insight and trained ability, its happily-remembered illustrations, and its opulence of information, cannot safely be neglected by any student in the future. In the first and last of these "Introductions" is included a sufficient array of biographical facts to satisfy any

reader as yet unacquainted with the somewhat scanty material of the existing lives.

What strikes one most forcibly in turning over the pages of the earlier volumes, is the inordinate and exceptional amount of preliminary work done by Thackeray before he finally "rang the bell" with *Vanity Fair*. This is the more notable because it is not difficult (after the event) to detect many indications of his coming triumphs in these only partially successful or wholly unsuccessful "prolusions" of his probationary epoch. In *Catherine* and *The Luck of Barry Lyndon* there is much of *Esmond* and *The Virginians*; the reviews in the *Times* and elsewhere anticipate something of *The Humourists* and *The Four Georges*: there are premonitions in essays like the "Curate's Walk" of the inimitable *Roundabout Papers*; the famous Quadrilateral of novels has its first foreshadowings in the *Shabby Genteel Story*, the *Great Hoggarty Diamond* and so forth; while the *Burlesques*, the *Ballads*, the *Prize Novelists*, the *Snob Papers*, and the *Sketch-and-Christmas-Books* are everywhere strewn full-handed with the first fruits of the wit, satire, humour, grasp of character, happy phrasing, and unflagging invention which go to make up the later efforts of the Master. Yet no fewer than ten volumes of Mr. Saintsbury's seventeen have been exhausted, and the writer has reached his mid-literary career, before the little pilot-boat of Mrs. Perkins' Ball, the unequal *Snob Papers*, and the great novel of *Vanity Fair* (the last only gradually) at length usher him into his inheritance of previously unfulfilled renown.

In the "Introduction" to *Vanity Fair*, Mr. Saintsbury so exactly "places" that masterpiece, and so scientifically defines its precise function in the evolution of English fiction, that, even at the risk of a prolonged quotation, we venture to reproduce his words:

A succession of great novelists from Richardson onwards had been endeavouring to bring the novel proper—the prose fiction which depends upon ordinary life and character only—into complete being. Fielding had very nearly done it: but what was ordinary life in his time had ceased to be ordinary. Miss Austen had quite done it: but she had deliberately restricted her plan. In the thirty years between her death and the appearance of *Vanity Fair* attempts at it had multiplied enormously in number: but the magnificent success of Scott in another line had drawn off the main body of attention and attempt—to no great profit. The really distinguished novels since Scott, had been sports of

eccentric talent like Peacock's; specialist studies like Marryat's; medleys of genius and failure of genius like Bulwer's and Disraeli's; brilliant but fantastic, and not poetically fantastic, nondescripts like the work of Dickens.

After, or rather amid all this chase of rather wandering fires, there came forward once more, "the proper study of mankind," unerringly conducted as such, but also serving as occasion for consummate work in art. The old, old contrast of substance and shadow is almost the only one for Thackeray's figures and those of his immediate predecessors and contemporaries. In comparison (though by no means always positively) they walk and act while the others only flit and gesticulate; they speak with the voice *μερόπων ὀνθράπων*, while the others squeak and gibber; they live and move and have being, while the others dance the dance of puppets and execute the manœuvres of *ombres chinoises*. . . . As always—because a writer of this kind is rather the first articulate prophet of a new revelation than its monopolist—something of the same quality was soon diffused.* But he was the first prophet: and to this day he is the greatest.

Mr. Saintsbury has other things to say of *Vanity Fair*: but to these we must refer the reader. We observe, however, with pleasure that he is not prepared to endorse M. Taine's preference for Valérie Marneffe as a conception over Becky Sharp. While he is at one with the French critic in considering Thackeray hard upon Becky, he holds that, Beatrix Esmond excepted, "there is no woman so great in English literature out of Shakespeare." And, as an editor of Balzac, he is entitled to his opinion.

The reference to Beatrix reminds us that there have been recent indications that modern criticism, seeking vaguely after originality, may come at length to assert that *Esmond* in reality fails to revive the eighteenth century, and that its author did *not*, as he fondly believed, "copy the language of Queen Anne." So, sometimes, the pendulum swings! In the meantime, Mr. Saintsbury is worth listening to. The process of Thackeray in the historical novel was:

Not merely to discuss or moralise, but to represent the period as it was, without forfeiting the privilege of regarding it from a point of view which it had not itself reached . . . Thackeray, with the conveniences of the novel, and the demands of his audience, *dichotomizes* the presentation while observing a certain unity in the fictitious person, now of Henry Esmond, now of William Makepeace Thackeray himself. If anybody does not like the result, there is nothing to be said. But there are those who regard it as one of the furthest explorations that we yet possess of human genius—one of the most extraordinary

* Its influence is to be traced in Dickens.

achievements of that higher imagination which Coleridge liked to call *esenoplastic*. That a man should have the faculty of reproducing contemporary or general life is wonderful; that he should have the faculty of reproducing past life is wonderful still more. But that he should thus revive the past and preserve the present—command and provide at once theatre and company, audience and performance—this is the highest wizardry of all. And this, as it seems to me, is what Thackeray had attempted, and more, what he has done, in the *History of Henry Esmond*.

We had marked other passages for transcription; and notably some words on the *Humourists*, which it is also sometimes the passing fashion to under-rate. But we have exceeded the limits of quotation, and can only once more call attention to the conspicuous and abiding quality of Mr. Saintsbury's most valuable prolegomena.

A novel and an interesting feature of the latest Thackeray is the Appendixes which preserve the passages discarded by the author in his final revisions. These have often given trouble to readers perplexed by the absence of something vaguely recollected. Mr. Saintsbury's edition sets all this right. In *Vanity Fair*, for example, he reprints at the end a long extract from the first version of the Vauxhall chapter (chapter vi.), showing how that incident might have been treated in the "genteel" or the "terrible" style, for which we should doubtless read Bulwer or Ainsworth. It is clever, as the author always and everywhere is; but it is obviously irrelevant, as he himself decided. From *Pendennis*, whose even tenor was interrupted by illness, the omissions are of necessity more numerous, and uniformly judicious. The most important of these deal with the idle Clavering chatter concerning Helen Pendennis and Pen's tutor, Mr. Smirke, the curate; and with certain traits in the character of the hero's evil genius at Oxbridge, "Captain Macheath," otherwise Mr. Bloundell-Bloundell. Another withdrawal—which M. Taine, working on the first edition, has, oddly enough, selected for special comment—is that relating to Blanche Amory and her tyrannous usage of her poor little tiring-maid, Pincott; and indeed it is difficult to guess why the author condemned it, seeing that it is quite in keeping with the *Sylphide's* other feline characteristics. A passage relating to the educational shortcomings of the Fotheringay may perhaps have been left out because, in addition to repetition of things said previously, it included a joke about Dante's having been

born at Algiers, already assigned, in the *Book of Snobs*, to the Pontos' governess, Miss Wirt. Another large excision in chapter xlv. deals with Love and Mr. Foker. There are also endless minor readjustments and corrections which prove how carefully a writer, who is sometimes accused of negligence, revised his utterances. As the tale of novels lengthens, the suppressions grow fewer. Little that is material is taken from *Esmond*, and beyond a high-life anecdote telling rather against Miss Ethel, not much from *The Newcomes*. In *The Virginians* the cutting is confined to a few digressive addresses, here more frequent than elsewhere. But no attentive reader will wish to be without knowledge of these, or of the minute and even microscopic evidence they afford of the pains which Thackeray devoted to the text of his more serious performances.

Although Mr. Saintsbury has been careful to furnish each work with its needful bibliographical foreword, he has not thought it desirable, nor was it within his commission, to append illustrative notes to his text. For this, apart from the mere printer's argument that they spoil the page, there are of course sufficient reasons; and moreover, from an editor who has given so much, it would be grasping to ask for more. But the re-reading of Thackeray to-day brings forcibly to mind the dictum of Johnson that "in sixty or seventy years, or less, all works which describe manners, require notes." He might have added "places" as well as "manners." How few people now, for example, recollect Pendennis's "Back Kitchen"—the Cider Cellars in Maiden Lane! We should not be sorry to have a note—not a footnote, but a note at the end of the book like the longer notes to Scott's novels—giving some record of that "murmurous" old supper-haunt, with, if possible, a copy of the design from *Mr. Pips hys Diary*, representing the place just "sixty years since." And the ham-and-beef shop in St. Martin's Court! This has long vanished. But the fact that it figures in chapter i. of *Catherine*, where it is as much a symbol of sempiternity as Matthew Arnold's "crush at the corner of Fenchurch Street"—surely this warrants a passing comment, especially when it is remembered that, even on the top of Skiddaw, Charles Lamb found it necessary to recur to it in order to rectify his sensations! Then there is *The Rose and the Ring*, of which delectable

extravaganza Mr. Saintsbury writes with becoming enthusiasm. Lady Ritchie has recently told us that the first scheme included a malevolent Fairy Hopstick, afterwards discarded.* This is perhaps too slight a matter for the kind of annotation we have in mind, though it is worth mention. We were thinking rather of those pleasant verses which, in 1864, the late Frederick Locker composed about the writing of the book, and the "nice little Story" connected with it—to wit, the invalid daughter of the American sculptor, W. W. Story, to whom, at Rome, the author read his manuscript as it was composed, and to whom also he subsequently presented a copy of the book with a "comical little *croquis*" of himself:

A sketch of a rather droll couple,
 She's pretty, he's quite t'other thing!
 He begs (with a spine vastly supple)
 She will study *The Rose and the Ring*.

In the illustrated edition of *London Lyrics*, there is a pretty picture by Doyle of the "kind Wizard" at the sick child's sofa, holding his paper close to his eyes as he does in the portrait by Samuel Laurence. But these and other cognate *memorabilia* were not part of Mr. Saintsbury's plan, and must of necessity fall to his successors. It is all he has left them to do!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

* *Blackstick Papers*, 1908, p. 2.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS

WASHINGTON, *December 7, 1908*

IN the ten years that have elapsed since Spain was driven forth from her last possession in the western hemisphere, the United States has almost, but not quite, broken from the traditional isolation that for nearly a century and a quarter marked her relations with all the rest of the world. On the ruins of Spain America has risen. The sources of history can be traced back to the tiny rivulets of human actions, actions so trivial that a man can as easily turn their current as a child can dam the source of a mighty river. Had there been a man with a man's brain in Spain or Cuba the Ever Faithful Isle would have remained faithful to the castles of Arragon and a great political power would not have arisen in the west. Fatuously Spain drove the Cubans into revolt, and on that fateful May morning when Admiral Dewey steamed into Manila harbour, the flag that had waved for three hundred years was being lowered.

In itself an engagement where the risk was so slight and the loss of life so small, the Battle of Manila is hardly worthy to be dignified with the name of battle; in its consequences so great, the sea-fight in the harbour of Manila on May 1, 1908, may rank among the decisive battles of the world. Unlike the battles that have turned the current of the world's history it destroyed no empires, it wrecked no dynasties, it stayed the march of no world-wide conqueror. There was no Darius or Hannibal or Alexander to be overthrown. But it brought a great people out of their political isolation, and thrust them into the maelstrom of *welt-politik*. When the cable brought to Washington the announcement from Dewey that he had destroyed the Spanish fleet and held Manila under his guns, no one could foresee that he had scored deeply

on the pages of history. Unconsciously he had done what for a hundred and twenty-five years all the genius of statesmanship had laboured to prevent. A bluff naval officer, with no political sagacity, in the hands of fate was a greater instrument of destiny than the genius of statesmanship. Statesmanship calculated, and hoped, that after having done his work well and thoroughly Dewey would heave anchor and leave the Philippines to their fate; for Dewey's instructions were to destroy the fleet of Spain, which was as ridiculous a terror to overstrung nerves as a jack-o'-lantern at midnight in a churchyard is to a yokel. But Dewey was a sailor and no politician. Where he had destroyed he remained. He waited for the instructions of his superior officers, and then it was too late. Fate had spoken before officialdom acted, and for good or evil the United States were in the Philippines.

Had Dewey sailed away much political history since then would have been unwritten. In the first place, the United States would not have been an Asiatic Power; its interest in the affairs of the Far East would have been academic rather than real. Had Dewey left after the battle it is doubtful if the United States would have sent a contingent to take part in the suppression of the Boxer uprising and the relief of the besieged legations. Had Dewey returned to Hong Kong it is almost certain that last week Mr. Root and Baron Takahira would not have appended their signatures to a document that marks an epoch in the political history of the United States, and must have such far reaching world consequences that its importance cannot be over-estimated. Because of its importance and as a matter of convenient reference—and I shall be surprised if it is not frequently referred to in the course of the next few years—I give here the full text of this short but vital agreement:

I. It is the wish of the two Governments to encourage the free and peaceful development of their commerce on the Pacific Ocean.

II. The policy of both Governments, uninfluenced by any aggressive tendencies, is directed to the maintenance of the existing *status quo* in the region above-mentioned, and to the defence of the principle of equal opportunity for commerce and industry in China.

III. They are accordingly firmly resolved reciprocally to respect the territorial possessions belonging to each other in said region.

IV. They are also determined to preserve the common interests of all

Powers in China by supporting, by all pacific means at their disposal, the independence and integrity of China and the principle of equal opportunity for commerce and industry of all nations in that Empire.

V. Should any event occur threatening the *status quo* as above described, or the principle of equal opportunity as above defined, it remains for the two Governments to communicate with each other in order to arrive at an understanding as to what measures they may consider it useful to take.

Every schoolboy whose study of American history has progressed beyond a certain dramatic incident in 1776 and its climax in 1781 knows that to the American political mind an "entangling alliance" has been anathema. The aim of every statesman and every diplomat was to steer clear of an alliance, and no President or Secretary of State dared to propose a treaty of offence or defence knowing that the Senate would refuse to give its assent to a convention of that character. Men's minds become stereotyped in the mould of convention. The wisdom of the unwritten law no one questioned.

The Agreement which Mr. Root has signed as the agent of the United States, and Baron Takahira as the Ambassador of the Emperor of Japan, is not a treaty either nationally or internationally. It is not a treaty under American law, because the Constitution recognises only one way in which a treaty can be legally and constitutionally concluded, and that is by an agreement entered into between the President and a foreign Power which, to become effective, must be ratified by the Senate and proclaimed by the President; for a treaty ranks equally with an Act passed by Congress as "the supreme law of the land"; so that all treaties, similar to laws, must be officially published to enable the people to have cognisance of them. But while not a treaty in the strict Constitutional sense this Agreement has the same binding force as a treaty on the heads of the two States as if it had received the sanction of the Senate; it carries with it the same moral obligation. A treaty is only valuable so long as its provisions are observed in good faith; or, given its most sordid and selfish construction so long as it suits the interests of the parties concerned, to fulfil its obligations. A mere quibble about words or hair-splitting definitions of legal subtleties mean nothing. In essence this is a compact made with a very definite purpose in view.

Jugglery with words has always been the favourite occupation of dialecticians, but the world is swayed very little by the froth of dialectics, and moved very much by common sense. It must have been patent to every observant student of American political thought that during the last few years there has been a strong desire to be liberated from the thrall of the past, and to wish that the facilities of modern intercourse could be employed. The admonition against entangling alliances was no longer needed, and no longer served a useful purpose, but the superstition was too powerful to be broken. Now one has only to read the leading newspapers to see how eagerly they welcome this defiance of tradition, and with what ingenuity they defend an agreement that is not a treaty, but serves all the purposes of a treaty equally as well. If the fear of an entangling alliance was as ever present now as it was until a few years ago, we should see this fear voiced in the newspapers, which would be able to find sufficient grounds for condemning the President and Secretary Root for having overstepped their Constitutional functions and usurped the treaty-making powers of the Senate. But instead of condemnation there has been congratulation; instead of criticism, the statesmanship and tact and great ability of Mr. Root is the theme of newspapers from one end of the country to the other. Tradition dies hard, and in the presence of the dead, joy must be decently tempered with regret. There can be no entangling alliances, for the political training of a hundred years is not to be shaken off overnight, and there can be no treaty, because the Senate has not spoken; but the public can be educated to see that a "reaffirmation of purpose" is harmless, whereas an entangling alliance is fraught with much peril; an agreement may be as satisfactory as a treaty when two persons are of one mind. Thus we find in the *Washington Post* this comment:

There has been no diplomatic compact entered into in recent times of more importance to the two countries directly concerned and to the world at large as well, or likely to be more far-reaching and beneficent in its consequences, than the recent agreement between the United States and Japan. In no sense can it be regarded as an entangling alliance, but simply as a definite arrangement between two great Powers in the interest of commerce, peace, and good understanding. For some unaccountable reason there have been for a long time in both countries persons apparently desirous of fomenting dissension and of creating a feeling of mutual distrust, dislike, and apprehension. The hearty

and genuinely cordial reception of our fleet by the Japanese Government and people has gone far to put a stop to this and to strengthen friendly feeling and relations. The reaching of this agreement will complete the work and remove from international politics one of the bugaboos which alarmists and busybodies as well as interested parties here and abroad have been making use of.

These pages bear testimony to the opinion frequently advanced that the United States would in due course of time follow the practice of all other nations and enter into alliances; that it was inevitable. It was self-evident that as soon as the United States became an active participant in international politics and had interests outside of its own continent it would be compelled by the force of circumstances to make common cause with other nations having the same objects in view, and would have to safeguard itself from nations whose purposes were antagonistic. So long as the United States was self-contained alliances were not absolutely necessary, but the moment it became a Power with Colonies, and it became involved in the greater field of international diplomacy, it could not hope to continue to hoe its lonely row. It was merely anticipating the future to predict, as was done in this Review some years ago, that when the necessity arose the United States would form alliances for its advantage in the same way that other nations have considered it advisable to enter into compacts. No alliances have yet been made, but we are measurably close to them.

It is interesting to trace national psychology and to see how the policy of a people is shaped. To Washington having been commonly but erroneously attributed the injunction against the danger of entangling alliances, for a century or more that has been the keynote of all American policy. An alliance was never proposed because it was opposed to traditional policy. No President dared to advocate it because he feared the consequences. and yet possibly more than one President regretted that he was tied to tradition. There was another and perhaps equally potent reason why alliances were not to be considered. In the old days—they seem old now although they were only yesterday; in those days, when Americans lived on a continent but thought in parishes, whenever an alliance was dimly hinted at certain Americans, mostly of foreign birth and recent arrival, saw in the suggestion a compact with England, which was not to be thought

of. England, in a certain section of the popular mind, not only possessed the wisdom of the owl and the cunning of the fox, but she was credited with the hypnotism of the serpent and the persuasive eloquence of the devil; England was always supposed to be digging pitfalls for American diplomacy baited with an alliance. The only way to escape the snare was never to look at any alliance, no matter by whom it was proffered or how fair it appeared. Gifts borne by the Greeks were regarded with suspicion.

It is not an exaggeration to say that the entire American point of view has changed in the last ten years, and that is a marvellous thing in such a short space of time. Twenty years ago, even fifteen, it was the favourite theme of writers in the press and public men to write and speak in terms of horror of the crimes of England in governing subject races, and Englishmen who read or heard these harsh criticisms attributed them to malice. They were not; they were the honest expression of misunderstanding, of a want of knowledge of the facts. To a people born in the belief that "governments only exist by the consent of the governed," to whom the right of self-government is an inherent right, it was inconceivable that the power of self-government could be denied. England's occupation of India was a proof of crime; the average American looked across the border and had a pitying contempt for a people who were content to be governed from over the seas. But now that under the American flag there are a people who are governed not by their own consent but because government is imposed upon them by a stronger will and a higher civilisation; now that officially there is a distinction drawn between "Continental America" and American dependencies; now that Americans have to meet the same problems and carry the same burden that England has wrestled with and staggered under these many years there is a more just appreciation of the responsibilities and obligations of power. You cannot cast a stone at England for her Indian mote when you have your own Philippines beam ever before your eye; Canada seems less incomprehensible when Porto Rico is remembered; the crime of Egypt dwindles when there are American troops in occupation in Cuba. That diplomacy which made alliances necessary was too complex for

the plain man to understand; it was to him too suggestive of greed and aggression, of a compact made for a nefarious purpose, of a violation of the rights of the weak; but it appears quite simple, quite praiseworthy, the very summit of virtue when his own government enters into an agreement that, appropriate enough to the season, is to bring peace on earth and good will to all men. So great has been American political development in a decade.

Wherever there is a Gordian knot there is always an Alexander to cut it with the finely tempered steel of his imagination. To bring about a complete understanding with Japan, to allay a good deal of friction that coming from nowhere after the end of the Russo-Japanese war has increased in intensity year by year until it threatened the rupture of good relations, to secure the independence and integrity of China and the equality of commercial opportunity in the Far East, were ambitions that theoretically no American would oppose. Turning to the practical measures to be taken to secure these much desired results Mr. Root, one of the great foreign ministers of his time, found himself confronted with an unwieldy, slow moving, and inquisitive Senate. To have submitted to the Senate a treaty would in all probability have been to invite defeat, but the same end could be reached in a more direct and expeditious manner by an interchange of notes. These notes, as I have before pointed out, do not constitute a treaty, they impose no obligations upon the United States, they cannot be cited in any court of law. But between the negotiators they are binding, and they have opened the way for simplifying the methods of diplomacy. It will be easier now for Mr. Root's successors to make agreements with foreign governments, the Senate will be less likely to object to a treaty when it is known that a treaty failing an agreement will be accepted in its place. Of course it must always be borne in mind that an agreement made between a President and a Sovereign only holds good during the tenure of office of that President, its intent might perhaps be nullified by the direct expression of Congress. But that is needlessly borrowing trouble. For the time being the contract suffices.

When the American constitution was adopted the Senate was a small and compact body, and while it was given a veto power over the President in the making of treaties it was not imagined that it would exercise it to the extent of really sharing with the President the conduct of foreign relations. As the Senate has increased in size it has assumed an increased right to direct foreign policy. It is not necessary here to discuss what some writers have termed the usurped powers of the Senate or to question the wisdom of these powers having been reposed in the Senate; it is only necessary to point out that when a legislative body has equal power with an executive in the conduct of foreign relations, the executive is almost inevitably bound to be placed under some embarrassment. The fact that in this instance the President has executed a policy without having consulted the Senate or deeming it necessary to ask the approval of that body is, as I view it, extremely important and indicative of one of those silent constitutional changes that will receive the sanction of public approval, because it is a change in the right direction. It restores to the President a fuller control of foreign affairs. It gives the President, who is responsible for a policy, the means of executing it. It really places foreign affairs in the hands of the President, and that from every point of view is most desirable. With the Senate part of the treaty-making power there is no danger that a President will defy prevailing public sentiment; but a President can carry on a great many negotiations on his own responsibility that would be impossible if they were subject to the approval of the Senate in advance or must receive the sanction of the Senate before they become effective. So long as the Constitution remains unamended the Senate will still retain the power to reject a treaty, but policy can be shaped by the President through agreements and notes without the necessity of the Senate being consulted. And this is a distinct gain.

The Agreement is a good thing for all the world as it makes for peace and lightens the strain on international relations; it is a thing that England especially will welcome. Since the conclusion of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and the irritation against Japan that has grown up in this country brought about by the school question in California, the immigration of Japanese, the mouthings of demagogues, and the advocates of a great navy,

who have used the menace of Japan as a bogey to frighten timid legislators of an economical turn of mind, there has been more or less criticism of England for having entered into an alliance with Japan, and a good deal of speculation has been indulged in as to what the attitude of England would be in case of hostilities between the United States and Japan; the tone of that speculative discussion showing that England might be regarded as a possible enemy in the event of a conflict. All doubt is now removed, The Anglo-Japanese alliance is followed by an American-Japanese agreement; the purposes of England are almost identical with those of the United States, and both powers are animated by the sole desire to preserve peace and maintain the *status quo* rather than to disturb the equilibrium and commit aggression. Thanks to the masterly diplomacy of Mr. Root the apprehension of war has vanished; the fear that England may make common cause with Japan against the United States no longer possesses men's minds.

Although Mr. Roosevelt is still President, and Mr. Taft is merely President-elect, and has neither official position nor power, his influence is being almost as sensibly felt as if he were in occupation of the White House and spoke with authority. He has already shown that the pledges he made during the campaign were not merely for the sake of catching votes, but were promises to be redeemed; but that is exactly what one might expect from a man of Mr. Taft's high character and scrupulous regard for his dignity. The Republican Party, in its platform and during the campaign, committed itself unequivocally to an immediate revision of the Tariff, every one understanding that revision meant a reduction of duties. Mr. Cannon, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and the men who carry out his policy in the House, are ultra-Protectionists, and although they were willing to accept the platform during the campaign, after the election they were only too ready to forget its obligations, and instead of revising the Tariff, leave it practically unaltered. Mr. Taft at once caused it to be known that in that case he should be compelled to oppose the election of Mr. Cannon to the Speakership of the next House, and, furthermore, that he would veto any Bill that was not in accordance with his views, and did not reduce

duties on those imports that are conceded to be unnecessarily high.

It requires a good deal of courage for a President actively to oppose the election of a Speaker of his own Party; first, because Congress is a co-ordinate body, and is not subordinate to the President, and, constitutionally, the President has no more power to influence Congress than the King has to control the action of Parliament; and, secondly, any attempt on the part of the President to interfere with the free choice of the House in the election of the Speaker, would be certain to precipitate a fierce Party fight that would seriously embarrass the President, and perhaps result in Party disaster. But Mr. Taft was prepared to risk everything rather than be put in the attitude of betraying the public, and so determined was his attitude, that it is now well understood Mr. Cannon, instead of opposing Mr. Taft, will work in harmony with him.

That does not mean that the new tariff law will materially differ from the one now in operation, or that the existing fiscal system of the United States will be changed, and it will abandon Protection in favour of Free Trade. The tariff revisionists in America are not Free Traders, it is doubtful if a corporal's guard of Free Traders can be found in the United States from Maine to California; but there is undoubtedly a very pronounced feeling at the present time in favour of a readjustment of duties and a reduction of those that are higher than are necessary for the purposes of Protection, and are only maintained to enable certain favoured manufacturers to obtain excessive profits. A moderate extension of the free list and a slight reduction of duties is perhaps as far as Congress can be induced to go at the present time.

But the importance of Mr. Taft's victory lies in the fact that it reveals him as his own master, and determined to execute a certain line of policy; but that comes as no surprise to those who best know the character of the new President. All through his career Mr. Taft has never been wanting in courage or resolution; he is singularly free from hesitation or expediency, although he has great tact and is amenable to reason. But when a decision has to be made he acts on his own responsibility, and after having cautiously and judiciously weighed the evidence he reaches

a conclusion from which he is not to be swerved. It is these qualities that made his administration of the Philippines so remarkably successful, and gained for him the grateful appreciation of the natives, and has enabled him to meet so many perplexing problems in the war department. His popularity with Congress is very great, and that ensures harmonious relations between the legislative and executive branches of the Government, and will enable Mr. Taft without friction to carry out the policies which he considers essential for the welfare of the country.

With the relations between the United States and all the rest of the world cordial, and with every indication that this friendship will continue: with every prospect that a period of great prosperity is in sight; the energies of American statesmen during the next few years will be devoted to national development and regulation; to bringing under better control forces that have made the United States materially great, but which must now be held in check if they are not to destroy what in the beginning they created. The United States, it is obvious, is entering upon a new social and economic phase. The old wasteful recklessness, inseparable from a rich and young country inhabited by a virile and adventurous race, is passing, and men realise that no matter how rich the country or how great its resources, spendthrift waste must in the end inevitably lead to national bankruptcy. That is why the conservation of national resources now occupies such a large share of public attention, and Government aid is being invoked to stay the hand of selfishness and cupidity. The forests are being rapidly denuded, the mines are being exhausted, the soil is rendered sterile because the American has lived in the present and given no thought to future generations. The same spirit has made them indifferent to the appalling loss of life in mining and railway accidents; to the millions of property destroyed every year by fire; preventable losses if only a little more care and thought were exercised. And that same spirit has led to the creation of monopoly, to the domination of corporations, to the amassing of those marvellous fortunes that are at once the envy and scorn of mankind; although the scorn is not always justified, for the opportunities have been enormous, and

the audacity and genius to seize them have been no less wonderful.

But there is now a searching of the national conscience, and combined with that is the application of the practical common sense of a very practical people. When there was a wilderness to be subdued the woodsman was the pioneer of civilisation and the sound of his axe as it fell upon the trees was the music of the advancing hosts, for the clearing of the forest was the first sign of that irresistible centripetal energy that made the settlement expand. The pioneer could afford to be wasteful, and the habits of the pioneer long survived. But now conservatism takes the place of waste, regulation succeeds the rough licence of a youthful community. Conservatism, control, respect for law—that is the programme for the next few years.

A. MAURICE LOW.

THE NATURE OF A WHIG

ALTHOUGH it has been customary to expound the principles of Whiggism in very copious and high-sounding language, any competent writer with a gift for condensation could probably state the essence of the matter within a moderate compass. But however this may be, it is certain that the nature (as distinguished from the principles) of the true Whig does not lend itself to brevity of treatment. The heroic method is the only one. What we really need is a companion volume to *The Egoist*, and until we have it there can be no finality. But as Mr. Meredith has not chosen to undertake this romance of *The Whig*, and as no other author is capable of the delicate portraiture which the case requires, we are likely to go to our graves with the thing still unsettled and liable to dispute.

The mere essayist, whether panegyric or the reverse, is baffled by a fellow of such infinite variety. The Whig of flesh and blood is not to be blessed with a few fine epithets, or damned with a sententious rap. No one can hope to unriddle that great human problem in a phrase. His character is certainly far more interesting than his philosophy, which, like that of Aladdin's wife, consists largely in a readiness to entertain any proposal that may be made to him for the exchange of old lamps against new ones. He is a creature so complex, so full of apparent contradictions, so wayward in his moods, so headstrong, intemperate and changeable in his antipathies, so uncertain in his attachments, of such a blind, fluttering activity at one moment and in such a helpless collapse at the next, that no description, no matter how accurate and detailed it may be, will ever do him justice. To understand him we must hear him talk, not only in the market-place, but among his friends. To be known thoroughly he must be seen in action under a great variety of circumstances. And for these

reasons even a historian has hardly enough of different lights in which to show him off.

It is a vice of Toryism to confound the facts of life with the systems which have been evolved at various times for dealing with them. According to this view, everything structural is immovable, and only administration worth considering. The Whig error, on the other hand, consists in regarding evil as a thing which can be got rid of by eloquent speeches and by Acts of Parliament. He believes firmly that the world may be made good by incantation. The Tory, appealing to what he calls experience, is too ready with the argument that nothing of importance can be changed without the destruction of society; a contention which is impatiently rebutted by the Whig, who alleges that if something be not done immediately society will blow up of its own accord. Both parties, we may believe, are honestly set on doing justice according to their lights; but the Whig is first and foremost for retributive justice. That is the department of virtue which stirs his heartiest enthusiasm. Best of all, no doubt, if the sinner would acknowledge his wickedness and live; but next to that, the pleasantest thing is to set him in the stocks, or tie him to a cart's tail, or mulct him in fines and penalties. It gives a zest to the political labours of the true Whig if he can make his reforms unpalatable to the classes which he has chosen to schedule as reprobate, and as not attaining to the proper standard of seriousness and virtue.* He has probably never realised, in all the centuries of his existence, to what an extent he is dogged and impeded in his efforts to secure good grazing for the virtuous flock, which he has somewhat officiously undertaken to shepherd, by this passion for raiding and wiping out old scores against the goat classes. It is this quality in him which makes the joy of the astute Conservative leader who sits smiling to see his opponent exhaust himself in prodigious efforts to drive the wicked into sterile and stony pastures. Any fair-minded goat would probably admit that the Whig bark is a thing infinitely more to be dreaded than his bite; but so also the Whig's own clients—the sheep—are apt at times to bewail the fact that his promises are much better than his performance

* As Lord Hugh Cecil has put it, the Whig is never happy unless he is making somebody squeal.

of them. But though the situation is so clear, the eye of the Whig never penetrates it. He blames the House of Lords, the faulty Constitution, the fickleness of the electorate, "circumstance, chance, the world"—anything, indeed, but the true cause, and continues to send out his punitive expeditions with unabated confidence and vigour.

The Tory creed in its simplest form is that of the old Duke—that the King's Government must be carried on; that the King's dominions must at all costs be preserved intact; and that, even if we have to live on crusts, appearances must be kept up in the face of the world. This view, needless to say, earns no very hearty assent from the Whig. It jars on his nerves. He considers the statement not merely boastful, but shallow, because it ignores "the moral basis of government," a phrase of which he is very much enamoured. No one has a greater hatred of disorder than himself, but at the same time there are worse evils even than anarchy. While he yields to no man in his resolve to do his duty by the Empire, it is duty alone which moves him. He deprecates a cheerful attitude. When his opponents, in the blindness of their carnal pride, refer to the glories of the past, he stifles a groan with difficulty. He delights to stagger under the burden of the inheritance without a thought of enjoying his estate. He is like an heir whose whole mind is occupied with the mortgages, so that he has neither energy nor interest left for plans of development. And, further, speaking candidly, he is bound to tell you that there *are* costs much too heavy to be incurred with the object of maintaining the Empire intact; nay, there are imaginable circumstances in which he would readily acquiesce in a smaller Empire if he felt assured that thereby the well-being, not merely of this country, or of the seceding portion, but of the world in general, would be advanced. He bids you also to consider whether it might not be well worth the sacrifice of some barren rock if we could assuage a little of that not altogether ill-founded jealousy which foreign nations entertain with regard to our policy. For his own part, he would rather have Great Britain respected for her virtues than envied for her possessions. And as for "keeping up appearances" (he concludes with a curling lip), he has never had any sympathy with deception either in public or in private life. In

his opinion, the man who fills up his income-tax paper with an exaggerated figure is not only a liar, but a fool, for his pains.

Perhaps the tendency of the Whig to be deflected from the pursuit of his political ideals by the desire of making onslaughts upon his enemies is due in some degree to a difference in the character of the hostility which each party entertains for the other. The Whig disapproves, while the Tory despises. To be regarded with a sour face may be very unpleasant, but has not the same power to provoke as a mocking smile. The Whig is merely human, and he may be forgiven if he is at times misled and blinded by the desire to punish people whom he imagines to hold both him and his rhetoric in contempt. In arrogance there is really not a pin to choose between the parties; but with the Tory arrogance is largely a matter of the animal spirits, with the Whig of the moral nature. The Tory never understands that it would be possible for any one to despise him sincerely. He regards himself as the salt of the earth, to be envied for his good fortune, and perhaps also to be reprehended, not unjustly, for certain trivial faults arising out of an exuberant vitality; but derision does not touch him at a single point. Consequently when in power, though he may provoke hatred by his complacency, he does not incur it by vindictiveness. For he has no old scores to wipe off, no debtor who is worth powder and shot.

One thing ought, perhaps, to be made clear at this stage, namely, that the Liberal or Radical party is not all Whigs any more than the Unionist or Conservative party is all Tories. Whiggism, with its fervent appeal to the emotions, is the force which wins elections for the party, but it rarely has a preponderance in the Cabinet. Whiggism certainly is no bar to the leadership, and for proof of this we need look no further for examples than Mr. Gladstone and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who were both Whigs of an unimpeachable orthodoxy. But neither the one nor the other ever had a reliable majority in his own Cabinet. For, by what seems to be a rule of nature, Cabinets have a way of composing themselves in spite, not only of the predilections of the Prime Minister, but even of the popular passions which carried them into office. Ministers are rarely Whigs because, as a rule, the men who have qualified for office are sensible, ambitious persons with a turn for business and very little of the idealist in their composi-

tion. Seldom are they enamoured of political theories, and always—with the possible exception of election times—inclined to be embarrassed by any demands upon their stock of enthusiasm. The typical Cabinet Minister is attached to one side or the other; but he is attached, as it were, externally, like a limpet. He does not form a part of the material to which he adheres. He is a party man in a sense, but he is also a member of a caste—a very powerful and important caste—which makes less account of party distinctions than it does of office and position. This official class loves power and prominence, and esteems a certain kind of efficiency in manœuvre and debate, much more warmly than any political theories. Can we imagine, for example, that Mr. Asquith, or Mr. Haldane, or Mr. Mackenna, or Lord Crewe would deliberately jeopardise their careers for an ideal? Nor is there anything unthinkable or preposterous in the idea that Mr. Lloyd George or even Mr. Churchill might be persuaded to hold office in a Unionist Cabinet without any poignant sacrifice of essential consistency. It might afford an agreeable sensation in the newspapers if one or all of these eminent politicians were to change sides to-morrow, but no real violence would be done thereby to our mental processes. The typical Minister is a man who believes in his own capacity for government and desires above everything to exercise it. According to his circumstances, to a number of small accidents of birth or education, or in a momentary impulse of pique or admiration, he chooses to aim at office with the assistance of one or other of the powerful sentiments called Whiggism or Toryism. There have been instances (and these not altogether discreditable) of men deliberately choosing their party for the openings it seemed to offer, as a man might choose which bank of a river to fish from according to the number of the rods he saw already engaged. But although essential to the working of the machine, the coldness and apathy to noble emotions of the official Radical or Liberal is oftentimes a bugbear to your true and ardent Whig.

It must be admitted, however, that the average minister is no rule for the great minister, but a different order of being; neither a member of the Civil Service nor a full-blooded partisan, but an intermediate class, attached to one party or the other, going out when it goes out, and occasionally coming in again

when it returns to office. Also, his duties are somewhat different from those of the clerks of the Treasury and the Board of Trade. He makes noisy speeches instead of working quietly in an office; but he is equally necessary to the carrying on of government, and nothing interferes with his utility, or is so great an embarrassment to his chief, as an excessive zeal with regard to political theories. A Cabinet composed entirely of Peter-the-Hermits would not be a good Cabinet, though without one at least it is perhaps unlikely that any great thing will be done.

It may also be remarked that the force of Whiggism is always stronger in a new parliament than in an old one. This was very notably the case in the famous House of Commons of 1880, which entered upon its career with as great a clamour of fine, humanitarian sentiments as has ever been heard at Westminster. But almost before it had finished its first round with Mr. Bradlaugh and the Fourth Party, an extraordinary evaporation had taken place. In the same way the no less famous House of Commons of 1906. The early months of that never-to-be-forgotten year were no time for nervous Tory speakers, who had then more than common difficulty in keeping the threads of their argument in the teeth of the interruptions and outcries to which they were subjected. It seemed as if, to the very great and very virtuous majority, a Tory speech was a tedious anachronism, and an outrage upon common sense. A new age had begun, in which certain things could be tolerated no longer, and the best way to the millennium was to act promptly upon this assumption. When, therefore, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman exclaimed, "Enough of this foolery," accompanying his words with an appropriate gesture, he expressed with inspiration the prevailing sentiment and was cheered by the whole force of Whig enthusiasm. There was a certain Cromwellian ring about the phrase which suggested action and earnestness: a sense of familiarity, which left the memory hesitating, as it were, midway between *take away that bauble* and *à la lanterne*. Not that there was the faintest intention of violence or cruelty in the mind of the most kindly, sincere, and courageous gentleman who made the exclamation, or among the audience who cheered it. Not a hair of Mr. Balfour's head was to be harmed; it was merely his intolerable and antiquated point of

view which it was desirable to have hanged to the nearest lamp-post and so done with for ever. The world would then swing round to its true course, and the forts of folly would at last crumble into dust. But the impatient method of dealing either with the persons of our adversaries or with their ideas is rarely fortunate. Not once in a thousand times does it score a real success. Of all forms of parliamentary tactics it is the one most open to a disastrous counter-attack. And so it has proved in this instance, for Mr. Balfour, who at first was unable to obtain a hearing, has quietly become master of the situation. He could, if he chose, mock at all the Whig gods one by one, and pluck them by their beards without incurring any danger beyond a decent expression of dissent.

Two theories are put forward to account for this remarkable change. The House of Commons, say the optimists, is a great school of courtesy, and the worst manners are soon mended in the Parliamentary give-and-take. But, according to the pessimists, the true explanation is nearly the opposite. The House of Commons breathes a corrupt atmosphere in which the toughest moral fibre will assuredly deteriorate. Even the most saintly persons, after a few months of it, suffer a horrible contamination. They grow worldly, and having sat in the comfortable seats of the scorners, gradually, by a subtle contagion, come to listen without protest, even with a covert relish, when men speak slightly of the holiest things. But neither of these theories appears to account altogether satisfactorily for what has happened. It may be true that to some extent manners have mended and morals have been corrupted, but the real fact is that as soon as you lay a finger on a Whig, the stuffing begins to be knocked out of him. As soon as Whiggism has to *do* anything, as soon as it brings forward plans which are examined and questioned and discussed, as soon as it is put to the defence of its position, there is an immediate loss of respectability. If the Whig be a plain man, he has probably delighted greatly in phrases, and pinned his faith to their efficacy when he should have the chance of showing what they could do. The chance is given, and the phrases, while retaining much of their original charm for the ear, fail somehow to grapple with any of those particular facts of life which it was considered so desirable to have removed. If he be a man of

feeling, he has delighted in sentiments; if a philosopher, in logic. But the sentiments are shown to be illusory, or misplaced, or merely platitudes, blown out a little and disguised; and even the logic, which is often quite admirable in its way, proves worthless because the facts from which it starts have been wrongly observed. Changes in manners and morals have, indeed, very little to do with the invariable decline of Whiggism as a Whig Parliament descends into the vale of years. The vice is in the Whigs themselves, whose nature it is to fill their bellies with the east wind.

From this it follows that the glory of the Whig is in Opposition. Office affects him unfavourably. He drags himself wearily along. Like the sables and the little Arctic foxes, whose coats are worthless in summer weather, he needs the rigours of exclusion to put him in looks and spirits. At those periods when he sits upon the Speaker's right hand he loses much of his natural ferocity, and will speak to a Bishop, or even to a publican, almost as one man to another. In proportion as his vitality declines, he becomes a more amiable companion in mixed society; his conclusions are tempered with a certain diffidence, and he even makes allowances for the imperfections of human nature, which in the days of robust faith he would have been ashamed to do. For then, needing no quarter, he gave none. But now the case is sadly altered. His plans won't work; his boasts remain unfulfilled. Difficulties which he laughed to scorn when his predecessors alleged them as impediments to this or that desirable end, now spring maliciously from their various ambuscades and hiding-places to lay him by the heels. He had undertaken, and fully expected, to set the whole world right; but here "the great mundane movement" still continues very much as it did before, and the drowsy earth hums through space at the same angle!

How different in that glorious last quarter of the eighteenth century when Charles Fox led the Whigs, if not to victory, at least to imperishable fame! Always opposed to Ministers, Whigs were then able to proclaim their theories of government without much regard to anything more practical than the rhetorical necessities of debate. Responsibility for the conduct of affairs never overtook them to nip and check the growth of their tradition. They believed, and possibly their descendants still believe,

that if the Whigs had been then in power the American colonies would never have revolted; that France would never have declared war either in 1778 or in 1793; that Napoleon's nature would never have been soured by our fatal opposition to his philanthropic schemes, and that consequently hundreds of thousands of lives and many millions of money would have been saved. It is impossible either to controvert or to prove these airy conjectures. We might have saved lives and money, but it is at least equally possible that, by the economy, we might have been reduced to the status of Holland or Belgium, or might even have become French citizens. No man can say; but we think the better opinion to be that with Charles Fox in power (instead of Lord North and Pitt) the facts of the situation would have remained the same, and all the noble Whig talk about liberty would not have kept the milk of human kindness from turning sour, or the main events from happening very much as they did.

Long before the end of the Balfour Administration the Whig was in a state worthy of his best days. Years of opposition had put him in the very pink of condition. Not even in 1777, when there was an unfortunate surrender at Saratoga Springs; nor in 1793, when a beneficent Government in France was provoked beyond endurance by the unsympathetic demeanour of the British Cabinet; nor in 1808, when Sir Arthur Wellesley found it necessary to lose lives in order to win battles, was the Whig in better fighting trim than at the elections of 1900 and 1906. A thwarted Whig is the supreme spectacle. The peacock in *Pride* is the only simile for him. He is then the noblest, the most virtuous, the most splendid and indignant object in the universe. He sticks at nothing. The investments of the Chamberlain family, Mr. Chamberlain's pecuniary interest in the South African War, Chinamen in chains, Chinamen undergoing torture—any calumny will serve him for a missile. A few months ago the Whig papers were very angry with a member of the extreme wing of their own party, who was reported to have recommended the use of broken bottles as a means of dispersing assemblages of policemen. But to a detached spectator the condemnation in this case seemed a trifle overdone; for the broken bottle (of one kind or another—not necessarily of glass)

is a regular item in the Whig battery. He is never satisfied with throwing mud, but in moments of excitement desiderates something with an edge, something that will hurt. It is one of those habits for which, speaking after the event in a cool hour, the Whig will put forward as excuse that he "was carried away by the strength of his feelings"—a plea which has already been respectfully considered in a previous paper.

It has, indeed, little bearing on the problem of to-day to examine the prescriptions which the two parties at different stages of their history have written out for their country's cure. A survey of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries is apt to breed confusion in the mind of the election agent. It is better not attempted if he wishes to speak with conviction. His faith in the immutability of political principles will not be strengthened by the discovery that the Tories have been the party of Free Trade; the advocates of quiet commercial progress; the friends of religious liberty; the enemies of aristocratic influence; the peace party; the contemners of martial glory clamouring factiously for the reduction of provocative armaments; and that the Whigs, on the other hand, were the inventors and propagators of the doctrines of Protection, the oppressors of the Catholics, and the great upholders of the balance of power. We have made a long journey, even since those more recent days when Mr. Bright opposed the Factory and Adulteration Acts, and the Lord Robert Cecil of the 'sixties foretold the ruin of his country if the household franchise should be granted.

To-day in those matters which we call domestic policy and social reform, the difference between the two parties lies more in the temper in which the object is pursued than in any disagreement as to the desirability of the object itself. And yet it was the principles and aims themselves, even more than the means to them, about which men were quarrelling hotly in the mid-Victorian epoch.* The real issue of to-day is the Empire. No pious pretence was ever more hollow than that which sought to persuade us that this question could be kept out of party politics. Such an exclusion was only possible for so long as

* Foreign policy for the moment is also to a large extent uncontentious; but here it must be admitted that the ground is by no means firm beneath us; we walk on a very thin crust.

the problems of imperial union remained vague and far off. As soon as men came to close quarters with them, as soon as a real interest was kindled, the inevitable division was sure to open like a chasm. For of all the matters on which Whig and Tory were by their natures foredoomed to disagree, this particular one was ear-marked from the beginning, even as it lay in the womb of Time. How the Whig would regard it and what the Tory would think of it when at last it became a living issue were foregone conclusions. After a long campaign of skirmishes we are at the beginning of a battle royal. On everything to do with the Empire there is a cleavage which it is foolishness to ignore. Even the title-deeds are a matter of dispute; whether we came by it honestly or through violence and fraud. There is disagreement not only about the means to union, but about the righteousness of such an aim. The tradition, the institutions, the nature of the tie, appear under a different aspect to each party. Nay, the very existence of the Empire in its integrity is an issue so real and vital as to throw an air of make-believe over the contests of the past. Here at last is a cause worth fighting, both for and against, according to a man's convictions, and we make no apology when we acknowledge our satisfaction that it should be so.

F. S. OLIVER.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER'S VICTORY

THE triumphant re-election of the Liberal Party to power in Canada with a majority of over fifty seats in the House of Commons, the retention of the almost solid vote of Quebec unbroken, the sweeping victory in the Maritime Provinces, the capture of the Far West, and the almost successful assault upon the Conservative stronghold of Ontario, all this comes with a shock of surprise even to the Canadian electorate. The plaudits of the Liberal editors themselves, instead of voicing the loud exuberance of the victor, have something of a hushed and devout thankfulness as of combatants to whom has been granted a greater crowning mercy than they had dared to hope.

Meantime the Conservative press of the Dominion speculates vainly upon the cause of defeat, wonders whether the tariff note was pitched too high or too low, whether the cry of graft and corruption was too loud or not loud enough, and vainly urges upon the leaders of the party the need of personal magnetism.

The truth is that the recent Canadian election was not fought upon any general principles of government or of legislation whatsoever. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, indeed, has never wearied of reminding the electorate that he is a Liberal of the school of Gladstone. Such was the wording of one of his latest messages to the public before descending into the arena of battle. But it is hard for the leader of a Government which has maintained unimpaired a highly protective tariff, which pays £500,000 yearly in bounties to manufactures, which operates railroads and constructs new ones, and which has initiated a semi-compulsory arbitration act, to class itself as a Liberal Government in any orthodox acceptance of the term. If Liberalism has any theoretical signification it stands for the non-interference of Government in the economic field. There is nothing in the record of the present

Canadian Government to identify it with such a creed. If Sir Wilfrid Laurier is indeed of the school of Gladstone, he has been a shameful truant for the past twelve years. Theoretical Liberalism had no more to do with the result of the recent Dominion elections than theoretical Brahminism.

Nor were there on the Conservative side any distinctive principles. The Halifax programme of Mr. Borden, now being rapidly demolished by the axe and crowbar of Conservative editors, contained practically nothing that is not endorsed by the generality of the people in Canada. Tariff protection to industry and a certain amount of Government ownership, but not too much, are matters of very general acceptance in the Dominion. The adoption of a declaration favouring honest administration and an efficient Civil Service had about as much bearing on election results as a resolution reasserting the law of gravitation, or favouring the diurnal motion of the globe. Failing principles the Conservatives fell back on personalities. A hailstorm of accusation beat against the Liberal Party. A tempest of counter-accusation was raised in return. Cries of "thief," "grafter," and "corruptionist" rose loud above the din of battle. The Canadian pot called the Canadian kettle black. When the storm-cloud of the elections had swept past, the wreckage of the Conservative Party strewed the field.

The real secret of the Liberal success lies in the peculiar relation of Sir Wilfrid Laurier towards the two races of Canada. As long as Sir Wilfrid Laurier is able to walk, or to be carried, to the hustings, just so long will he command the vote of French Canada. High tariff or low tariff, much graft or little graft, hard times or easy, the compatriots of Sir Wilfrid will rally to his support, not solely for his own sake, though his personality, large experience, and the charm of his address counts for much, but because of a fact of greater significance still. Sir Wilfrid Laurier embodies in himself the fact that the French race, one hundred and fifty years after General Wolfe, is still unconquered in Canada; that it has neither been assimilated nor amalgamated, nor outswamped nor outvoted, and that it does not mean so to be.

In this lies the secret of Canadian politics and Canadian public policy. The two races living together for centuries remain

as distinct as the perennial streams of the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence, flowing side by side unmingled. They dwell apart. They do not intermarry. They do not mingle or associate, except perhaps for a little bilingual chirruping of an artificial kind in the drawing-rooms of Ottawa and Montreal. Thus far the nostrums of a long series of political apothecaries have failed to relieve the situation. Lord Durham in his report of 1839—the ablest State paper ever penned on Canadian affairs—suggested the Union of the Provinces and the adoption of responsible self-government in order that by the application of what is called British fair play the French might be voted out of existence. The expected result did not follow. The Union of 1840 proved a mere nominality. The French would not be outvoted. Dual ministries revolved as twin planets in the firmament under whose uncertain light the Union stumbled its rickety course for twenty-five years and then collapsed in a heap. Out of the *débris* of it, the political constructionists of both races—appalled at the extent of the wreckage—put together the present confederation, a successful structure except only in that it leaves still unsolved the problem of real Canadian unity. Generations of politicians have sought in vain to effect the formation of parties that should be partly French and partly British. The attempt has never really succeeded. Beneath the soil of Canadian political life the fires of racial antipathy are still smouldering. No one who recalls the hot flame of agitation that swept over the surface of the Dominion on the execution of Riel, or during the discussion of the Jesuit Estates Bill, can doubt the fact. Each of the races has hoped that the lapse of time would bring it to a position of undoubted supremacy. Generations after the conquest the French still dreamed of a French Canada whose extension westward from the Ottawa Valley to the prairies should leave Ontario encircled in its grasp. The hope of a French North-West that saw in the twin towers of St. Boniface, the cathedral of a new metropolis of the plains went down before the rush of immigrants into the grain-fields of the West. The country of the *coureurs des bois* is now the prospecting-ground of the Cobalt miner. The prairies and the mountains have only a single tongue. But as the French Canadians have lost in territorial extent they have gained in internal solidarity. The proof of this is seen in the tightening of

the National bond in the province of Quebec, the repatriation movement recalling the sons of New France from the factories of Massachusetts, in the exhortations of Mr. Henri Bourassa, and in the solid triumphal vote of Quebec for the name of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Nor of Quebec alone. For it is noticeable in the recent contest that even outside the borders of the mother Province, wherever the French tongue predominates the vote was solid for the Liberal Party. In the ridings occupied by the Acadian French of New Brunswick and in the counties of the Ottawa Valley where the French race has pushed westward into Ontario, the Liberal victory is complete.

The same solidarity does not of course exist among the English speaking people. The very strength of their numbers—4,500,000 against 1,800,000—precludes it. The French enjoy the natural cohesion of a minority race. Rural Ontario casts its vote not on racial lines but on lines of party. Here the line of division which a succession of party leaders have striven in vain to perpetuate in French Canada, has been graven deep. Here Liberalism and Conservatism are actual things, not as names of a creed or policy, not as signifying the conflicting ideals of progress and stability, but as names of parties, of individuals as rallying-points of traditional and hereditary adherence. The Ontario farmer is either a Grit or a Tory, not as a matter of belief but as a matter of inheritance and family dignity. He can as soon change his politics as his skin; save only on one point and in one way, he will not permanently and continuously follow the lead of "a Frenchman." To Laurier—whose name in the back townships the older people still anglicise—as the lineal successor of Mackenzie and Blake, he grants an adherence now grown habitual. But after Laurier this adherence cannot be transferred to any other of his race. Even as it is the cry of French domination is already heard in certain quarters.

This is precisely the dilemma in which the Liberal Party is destined to find itself on the retirement of Sir Wilfrid Laurier—an event which, it is widely said in unofficial circles, is to be expected at some time before the expiration of the newly elected Parliament. A solid Quebec will answer only to the call of a French leader. But the attempt to set up in place of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, a Brodeur, a Lemieux, or a Gouin would precipitate an

avalanche of disaster in Ontario. The spectre of racial antagonism that stalks behind the scenes of Canadian politics, the ghost that has never been exorcised despite seventy years of incantation, would walk again. On the other hand, the attempt to set up a British successor to Sir Wilfrid would be equally disastrous in Quebec. Mr. Fielding, notwithstanding his undoubted financial ability, can never capture the French vote. In the Liberal campaigns his rôle has been that of Government statistician—necessary perhaps, but unheroic—perambulating the hustings with his little box of figures, his rounded millions of imports and exports, his juggleries of surpluses and deficits, matched against the counter-jugglery of the Opposition expert, marvellous! as sword-play to the bucolic mind of a back-country audience, but leaving the imagination of people untouched.

The plain truth of the matter is that the Liberals in Canada have enjoyed an advantage unique in our history, not likely readily to recur. They have had a leader French enough to hold the solid vote of one race, British enough in speech and semblance to divide the votes of the other. With Sir Wilfrid gone, this advantage will be lost for ever. What will remain? To begin with, the Liberals will have the advantage of being in office. This counts for much in Canada. Herein is the cardinal point of difference between the operation of Parliamentary Government in Great Britain and in the Dominion. In England to attain to office is the first step towards losing it. The untrammelled criticism of opposition is exchanged for the responsibility of executive control. "Le moment où nous naissons est le premier pas vers la mort." Thus in England, Conservative and Liberal Ministries rise and fall with decorous alternation. Had the world seen no other example of Party Government than that of the United Kingdom, scientists would long before this have established a theory of the necessary periodicity of Parties. In Canada the case is altered. Since the confederation of 1867 there have been but three changes of Ministry as between the two Parties. The first Ministry of Sir John A. Macdonald ended in 1873; the Liberal Ministry of MacKenzie was voted out of office in 1878. The Pacific Scandal killed the one, hard times killed the other, before either had had time to take root. The next Ministry did take root. It remained in office for eighteen years, and nothing but a perfect

storm of political disasters—the death of Macdonald and of Thompson, the disruption of the Cabinet, and the roaring cyclone of the Manitoba School Question—could tear it from the soil. Since then the Liberal Government, favoured by twelve years of the genial sunshine of prosperity, has driven its roots into the ground in all directions. In Canadian politics, indeed, to those who have, is given. Office brings with it the control of expending departments whose pecuniary favours, even apart from corruption, fall upon the constituencies in a fructifying shower. In a new country such as ours, public works, railways, and canals become words to conjure with. A wharf is built here, a railway branch there, a river dredged, a new post office building is erected, all on a lavish and handsome scale calculated to stir the gratitude of local contractors with a lively sense of favours still to come. And if to this is added the machination of the dark-lantern politician, the timber-limit man, the town site speculator, and the room-for-all land agent, then the Canadian Government is able to entrench itself in a fortress well-nigh impregnable. Nothing but a long course of patient undermining, and the explosive force of an unforeseen catastrophe, can blow it skywards.

Under these circumstances the Conservative assault proved utterly futile. The mud grenades of the campaign orators spattered harmlessly against the solid outworks. The Liberals, secure behind the wall of office, pelted back. The public looked on, interested but not excited, and when the time to vote came voted solid. The amazing part of the thing to the outsider is that the campaign accusations of speculation, corruption and graft counted for so little. No doubt enough of the accusations were true to have for ever damned either the Government or the Opposition in the eyes of an ideal public. But the Canadian public is not ideal. That is the trouble of it. The average Canadian citizen has the idea that the politicians, conspicuous exceptions apart, are a sorry lot of scoundrels. He deplores their wickedness, but wishes that he had their chance. That is the plain truth of it. Hence the evil of corrupt politics—of the existence of which in Canada there is no shadow of a doubt—lies as much with the voters as with the politicians. We are not, taken in the lump, a very upright people. It would not do to say that we are a corrupt people. That is too blunt. But we have not yet, take

us man for man, attained to any high degree of individual political integrity. Indeed we have not yet had the chance. In our country nearly everybody is still looking for money. Not one man in ten thousand enjoys that settled and stable form of family position, pecuniary or otherwise, which can enable him to view money with indifference. We are a young people. We have in our history no background of robber barons, no magnificent land thieves in coats of mail, no quill-driving attorneys to bind our fortunes fast with laws of primogeniture and entail, no hereditary titles to enable us to know good families from bad. We are still as a nation in the groping stage, groping for money; when we have got it, plenty of it, and enough of it, we may hope to turn honest men. Meantime, and for the present, there is a sad lack among us of that rugged public morality found only among a people too poor to hope to become rich or too rich to fear to become poor.

It is not here intended to imply that the Canadians are sunk in a crude materialism that knows nothing of higher things. We have our higher, our imaginative side, and it was to this side that much of the work of the Liberal Party strongly appealed. It was not without a consummate knowledge of the psychology of the Canadian public that the Liberal leaders in the campaign paraded the project of the Trans-Continental Railway, already half-completed, and the gigantic schemes of a railway to the Hudson Bay and a Ship Canal from the Georgian Bay down the Ottawa to the sea. In new countries vast public works such as these and a programme of internal development appeal to the public with a force unknown in older lands. In England the improvement of the system of transportation is a matter for the investor, the city-man or the guinea-pig, but not for the citizens at large. These things appeal to the Canadian on his imaginative side. The English youth, as he attains to the political age, turns for his interest to questions of foreign policy and external relations. The Balkan situation, the possible dissolution of the Dreibund and the disputed succession in Morocco are the natural food of his speculation. To the Canadian, Morocco is very far away and the Dreibund usually mistaken for a form of patent leather shoe. The foreign policy of the Canadian is summed up—at least, in its official version—in the statement that the battle-

ships of President Taft will allow no one to hurt him. This may be true, but the very finality of it is flat and uninspiring. All the rest is called "the vortex of European militarism," and it is patriotic to disregard it. But if you would see the imaginative side of the Canadian talk with him of railways in the wilderness, of a grain flotilla on the Hudson's Bay and the valley of the Peace broken under the ploughshare. The attraction of the great unknown hinterland that called to it the *voyageurs* and the *coureurs des bois* still holds the soul of the Canadian people. To this side of the public mind the Liberal Party has powerfully appealed. "Let us carry you to the Hudson Bay" they have said; "let us float your grain ships on the Ottawa, and then, if you will, let us depart in peace."

Such the circumstances and such the general environment in which the Liberal Party has been returned to power. How long its tenure of office will last is difficult to estimate. As long as Sir Wilfrid Laurier is at the head of the Party and the present prosperity continues, the initial advantage of the solid French vote should hold them in power. Laurier gone, they must meet the Conservative Party on terms more or less even. The railway to the Hudson Bay may prove more valuable as a campaign asset than as a commercial reality. The rolling snowball of scandal will gather increased bulk. The unforeseen that always happens will no doubt occur. The present paper, however, is not concerned with prophecy but is only intended to indicate in brief compass the leading features in the political situation of the moment.

STEPHEN LEACOCK.

THE SHAKESPEAREAN PROBLEM

THE EVIDENCE FOR THE DEFENCE

MR. GEORGE GREENWOOD'S book, *The Shakespeare Problem Re-stated*, deals ostensibly with only the negative side of the question, that is to say, the improbability, amounting in his view to impossibility, of Shakspeare of Stratford having written the plays and poems almost universally credited to him; although it is inevitable that the positive belief, thinly veiled, of the writer, that Francis Bacon was the real author, should at times appear. Indeed, certain of the negative arguments would otherwise be meaningless. The book is on the whole temperately written; it is based on considerable research. There is much originality in the way in which the matter is set forth; and some new matter. The demonstration, for instance, on legal grounds, of the baselessness of the poaching story, is, in its entirety, so far as I am aware, new. It is a lawyer's contribution, such, perhaps, as only a lawyer could make. But the book is also the work of a scholar, and cannot possibly be set aside as the production of ignorance and fanaticism. It is almost, if not quite, free from the common weakness of the Baconians, that of counting rather than weighing arguments. Unlike some of these enthusiasts, Mr. Greenwood constantly rejects data that would tell in his favour if only their soundness could be admitted. He takes no stock in cryptograms. Reference direct or indirect to his work will constantly be made in the following paragraphs.

One preliminary remark as to the writing and pronunciation of the name. Our usual spelling of the name "Shakespeare," and that now commonly in use, though Shakspeare himself, so far as we know, never spelt it that way, was apparently unknown

to Stratford till late in Shakspeare's life. More than this the pronunciation implied by the spelling was equally unknown. The first syllable was pronounced "Shack," and constantly written so. Of this there seems to be no doubt whatever. It is also probable that the second syllable was pronounced "spur." The author of the plays first used the spelling Shakespeare, and as it seems to me, intended, whoever he was, to indicate a different pronunciation. In order, again as it seems to me, that there should be no mistake, no possible reversion to the Stratford pronunciation, he generally even took the precaution of having it printed with a hyphen, thus, Shake-speare; which can by no possibility be miscalled. The instructed play-goer possibly drew the distinction, pronouncing the actor's and the author's name differently. But I imagine the uninstructed *then* knew no more how Shakspeare the actor pronounced his name than he knows *now* how Mr. Bouchier pronounces his. It is convenient, when referring to the actor, to spell the name Shakspeare, and, when referring to the author, Shakespeare. Even if they belong to one and the same man he clearly drew the distinction himself. If he had changed the pronunciation of his family name he would have indicated it by inserting the *e* in his signature, which it is sufficiently clear he never did.

In an action at law it is sometimes obvious from the demeanour of the witnesses and the arguments they rely on, either that they are conscious of the weakness of the case they are supporting, or are ignorant of the strength of that they are opposing. If I should select, as I think I may without injustice to the other combatants, Mr. Sidney Lee and Professor Churton Collins (the sad news of whose death was received during the writing of this article) as the two champions who by common consent stand in the forefront of the Stratford battle, I should venture on the criticism that Mr. Lee falls under the former description of unsatisfactory witness, and Professor Collins under the second. Both accomplished scholars have written at length on the subject; Mr. Lee in particular. I will therefore consider Mr. Lee's method of giving evidence first; and I think my best plan will be to select two or three typical instances of his argument, treating these somewhat fully, and leave readers to judge whether such a line of defence does not suggest consciousness of a weak case in the mind of the witness.

It being well understood that all that is known, or can reasonably be affirmed, as to the facts of Shakspeare's life could be comfortably written on a sheet of notepaper, Mr. Sidney Lee has, with unconscious, or possibly conscious, humour, produced a book of 350 odd pages (exclusive of appendices) and called it *A Life of William Shakespeare*. While all other writers, both before him and after him, bewail the singular and even unique dearth of materials for a life, Mr. Lee, in a sentence which Mr. Greenwood calls flamboyant, but which is also grotesque in its exaggeration, tells us that "Patient investigation which has been in progress more than 200 years has brought together a mass of biographical detail which far exceeds that accessible in the case of any other contemporary professional writer." There would be a pleasant quarter of an hour for the Court, and a very bad one for Mr. Lee, if he were in the box and undergoing cross-examination on this bit of expert evidence. Perhaps the mental syllogism is this: Mr. Sidney Lee has written a Life of Shakespeare in 355 pages: the odd five would be ample in the case of any contemporary poet; therefore "the mass of biographical detail, &c. &c." to the end of his sentence. But what is the object of such a statement? The more absurd it is, the more certainly is it made with an object. What would a judge think was this object? I cannot help suspecting he would think the object was to prejudice the judgment of the Court—a circumstance under which a judge is apt to become restive. All depends, of course, on what we agree to call biographical detail. Mr. Lee attempts to call biographical detail that to which no one else would dream of applying the term. (So far as I understand him, on one occasion he admits a legend confessedly arising in the nineteenth century.) His book has been called, it seems, "epoch-making." If its method should become general with biographers, the epithet would prove well-bestowed. We should have to reconsider all our ideas of biography.

Mr. Lee has the assurance—I can use no other word—to annex to the passage above quoted the marginal note "Contemporary evidence abundant." When we have compared what we *know* of Shakspeare with what we *know* of Ben Jonson, for instance, we shall be able a little to appreciate the spirit in which Mr. Lee approaches his task, and how far we shall be wise to take on trust later statements made by him in this connection.

It would be improper to take up the space of the *National Review* with the known facts of Jonson's life; the demand upon it would be exorbitant. But the space required in the case of Shakspeare is by no means so prohibitive. We only know that he was born at Stratford, of illiterate parents; (we do *not* know that he went to school there)—that, when $18\frac{1}{2}$ years old, he married Anne Hathaway (who was eight years his senior, and who bore him a child six months after marriage); that he had in all three children by her (whom with their mother he left and went to London, having, apparently, done his best to desert her before marriage); * that in London he became an actor with an interest in a theatre, and was reputed to be the writer of plays; that he purchased property in Stratford, to which town he returned; engaged in purchases and sales and law-suits (of no biographical interest except as indicating his money-making and litigious temperament); helped his father in an application for coat armour (to be obtained by false pretences); promoted the enclosure of common lands at Stratford (after being guaranteed against personal loss); made his will, and died at the age of 52, without a book in his possession, and leaving nothing to his wife but his second-best bed, and this by an after-thought. No record of friendship with any one more cultured than his fellow actors; no letter; only two contemporary reports of his conversation, one with regard to the commons enclosure as above, the other in circumstances not to be recited unnecessarily. In a word, we know his parentage, birth, marriage, fatherhood, occupation, his wealth and his chief ambition, his will and his death, and absolutely nothing else; his death being received with unbroken and ominous silence by the literary world, not even Ben Jonson, who seven years later glorified the plays *in excelsis*, expending so much as a quatrain in his memory.

How different the case of Jonson himself from the day he was entered at Westminster School till he received the King's pension in his old age; while the chorus of poetical tribute at his death was of such volume that substantive publication in the shape of a book was deemed the only adequate embodiment of it. But apart from the external facts of his life, which include

* If the entries in the Worcester diocesan registry are consecutive the chances in favour of this are, on a conservative estimate, of the order of 1000 to 1. But the data cannot be given here.

friendships, quarrels, letters, conversations, and authentic portraits, all resting on abundant contemporary evidence (real in this case, not imaginary), we have something more than biography; we have auto-biography. It is much to know the external circumstances in the life of a distinguished man; to know the conditions of the inner life is of immeasurably deeper interest. These are the true biographical details of which in Shakspeare's case the sum is zero, or, if for admiration, a *minus* quantity. In his *Discoveries*, which, he says, "flowed out of his daily readings, or had their reflux to his peculiar notion of the times," and which occupy just one hundred pages in Gifford's edition, Jonson treats us as privileged friends, leads us behind the scenes, and gives us his private opinions of men and things. They disclose a sound and refined critic of literature and life, and, generally, a high-minded, warm-hearted, attractive character. Incidentally, among his friendships two names stand out super-eminent, the names of Verulam and Shakespeare. And, strangely enough, not only had he the same sentiments regarding both, but the same impressions and estimate. His tribute to Verulam (or St. Alban's) as a man (and this after his fall) is pitched in so lofty a strain that it argues a character correspondingly elevated in its object. Of Shakespeare, again, as a man, he makes use of the extreme expression that his devotion stopped short "only on this side idolatry." In estimating their work he uses a very singular phrase, identical for each; each had surpassed all that "insolent Greece or haughty Rome" had sent forth (the phrase being applied to Bacon at a later date than its application to Shakespeare); the one, Shakespeare, is "Star of poets," and "soul of the age"; the other has "filled up all numbers" and is "the mark and acme of our language." Oddly enough, both had the same extravagant and somewhat *gauche* characteristic—one that, but for Ben Jonson, we should never have suspected in Francis Bacon—an inordinate and undignified excess in the matter of jesting. Their humour was so exuberant that apparently, with both, a jest was a jest, and must be jested in season or out. They got out of hand and wanted a brake on the wheel of their conversation: "Sufflaminandi erant"—but I am anticipating and diverging.

I do not apologise however; even the digression serves to illustrate the extravagant absurdity of Mr. Lee's statement.

The result of contemporary biographical detail is, in Ben Jonson's case, that we have a fairly full knowledge of the course of his life, and we know the man himself as we know few men who have been dead two hundred years and more; in Shakspeare's case, that we have the barest outline of his life, with enormous gaps—a sort of geological record—and know nothing of the man's character except what we can gather from his relations with his wife before and after marriage, and his callous pursuit of his pecuniary interests. Mr. Lee, after his statement as to the abundance of the contemporary record, adds: "Nevertheless, some important links are missing, and at some critical points appeal to conjecture is inevitable." One would think so.

So much for the general mental attitude in which Mr. Lee approaches his task. I will now give an instance of his treatment of a detail, which I think illustrates his methods in an interesting manner. It refers to the Christopher Sly dialogue in *Taming of the Shrew*. Shakespeare, he says, "admits into this induction a number of literal references to Stratford and his native county" ("his native county" seems casually let fall, but its importance will appear). Now the "number" of these literal references is to be exact, precisely two. Sly says he is "Old Sly's son of Burton Heath," and that he can call to witness "Marion Hacket the fat ale-wife of Wincot." As to Wincot, Mr. Lee is torn by conflicting emotions. He tells us there are three Wincots in Warwickshire, and a "good claim" has been set up on behalf of each to have been the scene of Master Sly's exploits. Three good claims to one indivisible incident seem a liberal allowance—but that is a trifle—Mr. Lee is often generous with his credible traditions and good claims when they tell the right story. He decides in favour of the Wincot in the Parish of Quinton. He tells us it is a "very small hamlet," and no one will be inclined to dispute the point with him, for he further describes it as "consisting of a single farm-house." It is probably quite the smallest hamlet ever seen or heard of; still a hamlet is a hamlet, and, as such, more likely to harbour a fat ale-wife than a single farmhouse would be. So hamlet it is. But here the impartial biographer meets with a cross-wind. Warwickshire tradition—and heavy is Mr. Lee's debt to Warwickshire tradition—shows a consensus in favour of Wilnecote near Tamworth, pronounced and written Wincot, and famous for its ale, about

Shakspeare's time. And now we see the virtue of "his native county." Tamworth, as Mr. Lee is aware, is on the extreme edge of Shakspeare's "native county," being, if one may judge from the map, partly in Staffordshire, and some thirty-three miles, as the crow flies, distant from Stratford. Here is a quandary for an investigator who can only see Stratford when he looks at a map. Mr. Lee is at no loss; he has a solution, and a solution, he may flatter himself, that would not have occurred to everybody. Shakespeare meant both; he made what the Scotch call a mixtie-maxtie of the two, or, to use Mr. Lee's own more dignified language,* "It is probable that Shakespeare consciously invested the home of Kit Sly and Kit Sly's hostess" (his authority for identifying them does not appear) "with characteristics of Wilnecote as well as of the hamlet near Stratford,"—we are allowed to forget by this time that the "hamlet" is of that newest species known to science, the one-house hamlet. But now comes the master-stroke—if this is not to be invidious where there are so many. "Burton Heath," says Mr. Lee, rising to quite a rhetorical climax, "is Barton-on-the-Heath, the home of Shakespeare's aunt, Edmund Lambert's wife, and of her sons." No ifs and ans, not even a "doubtless"; † this is absolute; not to be questioned or gainsaid. And yet to one who can see other places besides Stratford on a map of England, a place called Burton is not undiscoverable, being moreover one-third the distance of Stratford from the Tamworth Wincot, and a heath country. Well, at any rate we know now what is Mr. Lee's conception of a "number of literal references." These he tells us he considers "singularly precise." They may be; since all things are comparative.

One would have thought that this and "the mass of biographical detail" would be strong meat even for the digestion of a Stratford pilgrim or a Birth-place Trustee, but Mr. Lee had apparently accurately gauged his public—as his editions testify.

* What dignified language can do to rescue the details of the Stratford life from their essential meanness is never wanting in Mr. Lee's version. Thus we are told that when Shakespeare was thirteen years old "he was enlisted by his father in an effort to restore his decaying fortunes." The meaning we gather from the next sentence; viz., that the boy was taken from school and apprenticed to the butchering trade.

† Mr. Lee's constant illegitimate use of this "adverb" seems to exasperate Mr. Greenwood. For myself, I am not inclined to complain. Rightly understood—as a signal to proceed with caution—it is quite useful.

Critics of Mr. Lee need not apologise for plainness of speech; his own methods with those who differ from him are so very forcible. In a letter to the *Times* in December 1901 Mr. Lee—I quote Mr. Greenwood—assailed his opponents “with a wealth of derisive and denunciatory epithets that was really quite startling.” Their theory was characterised as “foolish craze,” “morbid psychology,” “madhouse chatter”; they were suffering from “epidemic disease,” and were “unworthy of serious attention from any but professed students of intellectual aberration.” A bad example will never excuse bad manners; but when, in spite of the Apostle’s excellent admonition, railing accusations are brought, one is not exactly bound to mince one’s words.

Yet another dogma of Mr. Lee’s calls for notice for the light it throws on his estimate of Shakespeare’s character. He tells us that Pope had “just warrant for the surmise that Shakespeare

“‘For gain not glory winged his roving flight
And grew immortal in his own despite.’”

It is an atrocious thought, worthy of Pope, but why must Mr. Lee needs associate himself with the atrocity? The truth is he has no alternative: either that, or Shakspeare of Stratford did not write the plays. It is part and parcel of the Stratford theory. If Shakspeare of Stratford wrote the plays the libel is true. It is true that the great dramatist, the glory of English-speaking nations, went back to Stratford without, apparently, casting one lingering look behind at the scene of his intellectual triumphs; careless, not merely of his fame with posterity, but of posterity itself; for he took no pains that posterity should ever know or possess his works. Many, and some of the greatest, he left unprinted. Some, and some of the greatest, had neither been acted nor printed to the day of his death; and he left no directions for their production either on the stage or by the press. In his unlettered retirement he turned his back not alone on the works themselves, but on the learning and the culture—

Captures from soarings high and divings deep—

with which they are almost overloaded; but I must finish the couplet:

Spoil-laden soul; how should such memories sleep?

This also is vanity to his earth-born, earth-seeking spirit. He might have sat for Milton's portraiture of Mammon:

The least erected spirit that fell
From Heaven; for even in Heaven his looks and thoughts
Were ever downward bent.

It is a frightful picture; let us hope it is not true to the life. What is worth human, what is worth intellectual effort if he, who has attained the most, rated the attainment so low; if the aims of the highest are, when all is said, but the aims of the lowest—money-making, material comfort, and—a brand-new coat-of-arms? I cannot think that people realise to what a level it is necessary to degrade the first of poets before he can be identified with Shakspeare of Stratford.

To this shocking, to this abject view, is Mr. Lee driven by his logic; but his instinct is better than his logic. He tells us—and we shall all hasten to agree—that of all Shakespeare's characters the character of Prince Hal is "most congenial" to its creator: the offspring nearest to his heart. Let us listen for a moment to this favourite character:

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
I care not who doth feed upon my cost;
It irks me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour—
I am the most offending soul alive.

It would be a sad necessity that forced us from the belief that this nobility and freedom were really congenial to the soul of the poet, and not the selling of tenpence-worth of stone to the town, or sueing Philip Rogers for £1 15s. 10d., including two shillings loaned, or helping to turn the poor off the common-lands of Stratford—in which last, as Mr. Lee says, he fortunately failed. Not that there is anything derogatory in business transactions in themselves. Man does not live by poetry alone. But Mr. Lee's instruction to us is that these were the things really congenial to the soul of Shakespeare. Has the uncongeniality between his two "congenials" never struck him?

I had arrived at this point when the news of the tragically sad death of Professor Churton Collins was received. In dealing with his *Studies in Shakespeare*, I am happy, in the first place, to

be able to pay a sincere tribute to the intrinsic value of his work. It is a real loss to the literature of criticism that we can have no more such coin from the same mint. In my humble judgment his essay on "Shakespeare as a Classical Scholar" is the most important contribution to Shakespearean criticism since Coleridge. As Professor Collins builds up his solid yet elaborate argument establishing the intimate relationship between Shakespeare and the Greek tragedians, he seems to me to secure a real triumph of the critic. He makes us feel that he has formulated and solidified for us something that was already in our minds, but undefined and floating. (Perhaps we cannot thoroughly assimilate criticism on any other condition.) Now that it is pointed out to him, no reader of Shakespeare who has an acquaintance with Greek tragedy but must feel how close is the kinship between the minds that produced Lear, and Agamemnon or Antigone; how similar is their outlook on the world human and superhuman. After reading this essay, one feels that one goes back to Shakespeare with a new intelligence; and in bringing this about he has, I imagine, performed for us the highest office of the critic. All this, I fear, somewhat indirectly belongs to the Shakespeare Problem; but, under the circumstances, I shall be excused the digression.

The moment, however, the question of the authorship of the plays arises, his critical faculty deserts him. Indeed, he is quite candid; he practically confesses so much himself. An author, who thought he had been hardly treated by Professor Collins, asked permission to send him a pamphlet which would exhibit the unfairness. "Whereupon," says Mr. Greenwood, "Mr. Collins declines the gift, because 'this whole subject is so distasteful and repulsive' to him." After this we are not surprised to find uncritical views on the "subject" in his writing; as, for instance, when he speaks of the "numberless passages in Shakespeare's poems and plays recalling Stratford" as the counterpart of Sophocles' affectionate references to Colonus. The fact being, of course, that Stratford is never mentioned by Shakespeare, that there is no single reference so direct as to be indubitable; and only one (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I., Scene 1) that turns the scale of probability; and this, it is said, doubtfully.

The temper of mind in which Professor Collins approaches the whole question is, no doubt, as impossible as Mr. Lee's; but an

important difference is to be noted. He does fairly and honestly think that the controversy is neither serious in itself nor worthy of serious consideration. With Mr. Lee the case is far otherwise. Though his formal treatment of the problem is relegated to a few contemptuous pages in an appendix, his entire book is moulded by it. The fact of his aversion has nothing to say against this. A pilot is guided by the north star equally when he is "stemming toward the pole," and when it is sinking astern. No one with the problem in his mind can read Mr. Lee and not be aware of this obsession. A tradition is credible or incredible, an argument weighty or worthless, just as it happens to bear on the authorship of the plays. There is a desperate, almost despairing, anxiety to identify their author with Stratford. We have seen one instance of this drowning-man's catching-at-straws, and the instance is only a fair sample; as could be shown if need were. Of all this there is nothing in Professor Churton Collins. He knows little of the opposite argument and cares less. He selects the weakest arguments (arguments which I personally should not rely on for a moment), and easily demolishing these, persuades himself that he has demolished the whole case. His worst fault is ignorance of a subject that repels him. In this matter ninety-nine hundredths of the reading public are similarly situated.

To draw this article to a conclusion, the true and simple statement of the facts I take to be this. There are three pieces of strong *primâ facie* evidence that Shakspeare of Stratford wrote the plays, and Mr. Lee's "200 years of patient investigation" have added no fourth. First the similarity (not identity) of name on the title-pages, and the practical certainty that it had reference, plain or mysterious, to Shakspeare the player; secondly, the fact that he was regarded as the author by many, perhaps most, of his contemporaries; a belief which he can have done nothing to disturb; thirdly, the verses of Ben Jonson prefixed to the First Folio, and the passage in his *Discoveries*. Every attempt to add to these has resulted in fiasco, or is itself obvious delusion.

I am not one of those who think lightly of these evidences for the Shakspearean origin of the plays. This is a mistake that Judge Webb and Mr. Edwin Reed are inclined to make. I fully agree with Mr. Greenwood that such things constitute

hard nuts for the Baconian to crack. I believe myself that they can be dealt with not altogether unsatisfactorily, though obviously not, seriatim, within my present limits. On one of these points, however, I may properly say a word now; namely, the, to me, undoubted fact that Shakspere, the player was, among his contemporaries, popularly identified with Shakespeare the author.

The more I study the matter, the more has one thing been borne in on me, and grown with ever increasing strength—the conviction that, on the literary side—for us the all-important side—Shakespeare was not merely not fully and generally appreciated in his own day, but was universally and hopelessly unappreciated; high authorities to the contrary notwithstanding. So sane a critic as Professor Walker of Lampeter, for instance, tells us that, like Vergil and Goethe, Shakespeare was known “to his own age as a giant overtopping all his fellows.” I cannot conceive on what facts such a statement is founded. Believing that I am aware of all the evidence quoted as bearing on the point, I go so far as to say that the author of the plays must have died a bitterly disappointed man, perhaps even with his own faith in his work shaken; which, indeed, might account for some things that puzzle us. I say boldly that he was reckoned a bad second to Ben Jonson—the proofs are overwhelming—by the most cultivated men of the day. Compare merely the commendatory verses on the two dramatists as contributed by contemporary poets and scholars. In the First Folio list, barring Jonson himself, they are practically anonymous. But among those who praise Ben Jonson we have Chapman, Donne, Beaumont, Fletcher, Field, Selden, Waller, Herrick (“arch-poet Jonson”), Henry King, Habington, Shirley, Cartwright, Ford, and scholars, to me unknown, who write overflowing in Greek and Latin verse. One of these in the course of a long poem in fluent and idiomatic, if not strictly Augustan, hexameters informs us that, just as the uncultured strain of Lucretius, and the formless numbers of Ennius led up to the perfect Vergil, so and not otherwise did the toys of Chaucer and his rude followers and the “twin bards” (apparently Beaumont and Fletcher, though the dates seem awkward) and *Shakespeare* lead up to the divine Jonson. He addresses them as “divi,” Jonson as “Deus”—“Sed, parcite, divi, Si majora vocant, si pagina sanc-

tior urget"—meaning Jonson's. A number of them specifically compare the two dramatists, and invariably to the disadvantage of Shakespeare. If we turn to Dr. Ingleby's *Century of Praise*, we find ourselves in the region of farce. Much of that artless collection is not praise at all, but something very different; and whatever contemporary praise there is, that is at all superlative, is bestowed not on the plays but on the poems. And what of Jonson himself and his verses on Shakespeare? Is it to be supposed for a moment that Ben Jonson, of all men, when everybody else was placing him first, placed himself second? As to the First Folio verses, is it not obvious to suspect that they are purely official? We know pretty well what the Elizabethans could do in the way of panegyric, when they gave their minds to it. Jonson all but idolised the author, and he would give his plays a good send-off. But what he really thought he imparts elsewhere in a sort of confidence: as, that Shakespeare "wanted art"; "often fell into those things could not escape laughter"; but that, after all, "he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned"—not too reverent a way to speak of a giant universally recognised as overtopping all his fellows. It really will not hold water. The opinion of all was his opinion—that Jonson had all that Shakespeare lacked. No doubt he was the man and art would die with him. That was what Ben Jonson thought, and, in effect, probably said.

Incidentally, but most significantly, it is to be noticed—so far as I know it has not been noticed before—that one star, and that one a star that "had no fellow in the firmament," is conspicuous for its absence from this galaxy of praising poets—the "consummate orb" of Milton: and why? *Jonsonus Virbius* was many months in preparation; every literary man must have known what was in the wind. Why did not Milton contribute? Clearly because he could not subscribe. He for one could not place Jonson first, and must stand severely aloof. Seven years before—he was now in his thirtieth year—he had written his poem (not a sonnet by the bye, as De Quincey and others call it) on Shakespeare—the very first adequate appreciation in literature of the greatest of the immortals. This was prefixed to, and possibly written for, the Second (1632) Folio. Tribute of "wonder

and astonishment" is paid to the overpowering force of the great poet, but the tenderness of universal genius has its due appreciation also—"sweetest Shakespeare" he elsewhere calls him—and "*my Shakespeare*" in this poem; as though the sole devotee claimed a sort of proprietorship in the divinity he had discovered. It would be a singular and interesting thing in the history of English poetry if Milton should prove to be the first to discover Shakespeare; and it certainly looks very much like it.

Returning to the *primâ facie* evidences that I have enumerated, I venture to offer a piece of advice to the champions of the Stratford school. They would be wise men never to venture a step beyond those evidences. They should take their stand on these alone, and refuse to say another word. But this they cannot be content to do. For some reason, best known to themselves, they seem to feel that the position is not as strong as they would like it, and they must needs exert themselves to strengthen it; their efforts resulting in the futilities I have been exhibiting. The only thing they succeed in demonstrating is that the *primâ facie* evidence is unsupported. They ransack the literature and the records in the desperate search for fresh proof, and they are, and, I venture to prophesy, will be, eternally disappointed.

Two things I think are proved. First, unless I have overlooked some important evidence, that in his own day Shakespeare's poetry, as poetry was not thought anything very wonderful; secondly, unless the examples I have chosen are not typical, and are consequently unfair, that the arguments, at any rate of the principal witness for the defence, are not worth serious consideration.

Perhaps I ought to define my own position more clearly. It is this. I have no contention with those who, while admitting the difficulties in the way of the Shakspearean authorship, yet think those difficulties are not insuperable, or are less than those that attach to any other theory. This is a reasonable view. My contention is rather with those who deny that the difficulties exist. This view I hold to be almost demonstrably untenable—but I must leave these points for a second article.

GEORGE HOOKHAM.

INDIA AND THE DEMOCRACY

LORD (then Mr.) Morley commenced his speech on the India Budget in the House of Commons last year by remarking that for the first time the Democracy in its full strength was face to face with the problem of governing India, and to assist it in performing this task he read to the House several passages from John Stuart Mill's work on *Representative Government*. A democracy is usually far too well satisfied with its own supposed omniscience to take up any course of study, but if it could be induced to read and digest the book recommended it would learn many useful though possibly unpalatable truths.

The first of these would be that its own claim to a Divine Origin is even more unfounded than the old Divine Right of Kings. The claim of any Government to respect must rest solely on the ground of its fitness for securing the welfare and happiness of the people. If it does this its external form is of little consequence, and it is usually shaped by circumstances rather than by choice. For a representative form of Government to succeed certain conditions are essential, and even when it has been established under the most favourable conditions it is full of defects: almost the utmost that can be said in its favour is that the defects of other systems are still greater. But whatever may be the merits of a Democratic form of Government for its own country, the government of a dependency by the Democracy of another country is a wholly different matter, and is fraught with the greatest danger. The Democracy of the governing country is necessarily ignorant of the facts social and political in the dependency, and imagines them to be the same as its own, and when it thinks it sees anything going wrong it at once prescribes the remedies it is in the habit of using itself. These remarks were made by Mill with special reference to India; they

are even more true now than they were fifty years ago when Democracy was in its infancy here, and the so-called "National" Congress Party had not yet come into existence in India. There is a very serious danger that the full-grown Democracy may mistake this Party for the people of India, and imagine that by granting its demands it will produce general content. There could not be a greater misapprehension of the facts of the case, or a greater blunder in the proposed treatment.

I have been frequently asked by Englishmen of education and intelligence what the people of India think on this or that question; they will hardly believe me when I assure them that there is in India no people with a big P, or nation with a big N. There are more than 300,000,000 people with a small p, and the nations into which they are divided are as numerous, and differ as greatly in race, language, religion, and modes of thought, as those of Europe. No political organisation could well have less claim to be considered National than the Congress. No doubt it contains a large number of delegates nominally representing all parts of India, but if a statement could be prepared showing the age, caste, and profession of these delegates, and who elected them it would be found that they nearly all belong to what is known as the writer, or babu class, and that their election was a mere farce. The Congress has been openly repudiated by the Mahommedans and the Sikhs, the ruling chiefs will have nothing to do with it, and although in Bengal a few native gentlemen of position have been induced to support it, the aristocracy generally are decidedly opposed to it.

The touring M.P. cannot understand this; he starts from England full of self-complacency, and belief in his own powers of observation, in order, as he says, to see things with his own eyes, but he brings his own tinted spectacles with him. On his arrival he is cordially welcomed by natives who speak English fluently, express English ideas, and very probably wear English clothes. He may visit many parts of the country, but his surroundings will everywhere be the same. He will never enter an Indian village, and he would be quite incapable of conversing with a villager, or indeed with a native of any rank, in his own language. He cannot distinguish between the different races, to him a native is a native, and when he sees some thousands of

them collected together, and when he hears them pour forth the same maxims and sentiments as he has been accustomed to hear poured forth by himself and others in England, and to regard as supreme wisdom, he returns home quite convinced that he has learnt more in a few weeks than an official can learn in a lifetime, and that the people of India are a highly intelligent race, eager and fit for representative institutions.

If the Congress cannot claim to be an assembly of the representatives of the people, may it not claim to be an assembly of the wise, in which Indians, who have received an English education, meet together to discuss calmly and thoroughly the facts of Indian life, and seek to apply to them the soundest principles of Western political theories? A very short study of the printed proceedings of the Congress will quickly dispel any such idea. The whole proceeding is essentially not Indian, but imitation-European. The president delivers an opening address which might have been written for him in England, no real discussion follows, but a series of cut and dried resolutions in favour of a reduction in the military, and an increase in the educational expenditure, simultaneous examinations, and more appointments for natives, are moved, spoken to, and carried unanimously, just as at political party meetings in England, and the Congress adjourns for a year when the same programme will be repeated.

The Congress which met at Poonah towards the close of 1907 began and ended in a free fight between the "Moderates" and the "Extremists" over the election of a chairman. The Congress was adjourned *sine die*, and the Moderates then issued a manifesto declaring that in future their goal would be the attainment by constitutional means of a political position for India similar to that enjoyed by Canada and the other self-governing Colonies. The Extremists issued no manifesto, but their acts have spoken for themselves. The flood of seditious writing, which has too long been allowed to flow almost unchecked, spreading the most gross falsehoods against the Government and its officers, and exciting hatred against Europeans generally, has been followed by actual outrages after the latest fashion of Western anarchism. Full accounts of these have appeared in the papers, and I need only refer to the discovery in a garden in Calcutta of a large supply of arms and explosives, with full directions for the making

of bombs, and a quantity of papers disclosing the existence of a most serious and widespread conspiracy. I call it so because one of the papers was a map of India, on which the whole country was marked out into districts, for each of which a staff of revolutionary agents had been provided, whilst a special staff was formed to learn the art of making bombs, and to arrange for their use when made. So far as yet ascertained from confessions and other evidence, the conspirators all belonged to the student, or ex-student, class, and their story of how they were led to conspire was simple, and much the same in all cases. Whilst passing through our schools and colleges they had fed their minds on *Mill on Liberty* and other mental food which they were quite unable to digest. It only intoxicated their brain, and when they failed to pass examinations or to obtain appointments they naturally took to sedition, thinking that they would become Mazzinis or Garibaldis. Undoubtedly it is our educational system which is responsible in the first instance for the present state of things. I refer not so much to the course of study laid down by it as to the broad general fact that by offering higher education almost free of cost to all classes we have led many youths, only fitted by nature to live by their hands, to attempt to live by their brains. They have sought education, not as a means of improving their minds, but as the means of obtaining an appointment. When their hopes end in failure, as they must necessarily do in the great majority of cases, is it likely that they will return quietly to their ancestral calling, content to show in it what is the true benefit of education? Is it not almost inevitable that they should take to sedition as the only line of politics which pays, and which, even if it does not pay in cash, at least gratifies their vanity by enabling them to pose as leaders and worthy opponents of Viceroy and Secretaries of State?

If the responsibility for the present condition of India rests, in the first instance, on our educational system, the burden of it must certainly be shared by our system of government in England. Of the members of Parliament who support the agitators by their speeches, or by questions intended to embarrass the Government, those of them who have only English experience may plead that they know no better, but those who have also Indian experience do know better, and the member who wrote

to a leading agitator in Bengal with reference to the partition: "Go on agitating. Morley is a Whig, and will give way if you squeeze him," has much to answer for. But, apart from the mischief which has been, or may be, done by individual members of Parliament, there is the difficulty arising from the general spirit of Democracy. Lord Morley, speaking at the last annual dinner of the Indian Civil Service, compared himself to a two-headed Janus, with one face turned towards India and the other turned towards England; and Mill, whilst saying that we were bound to give the Government of India the best head we could, observed that we could hardly give it a worse than a Secretary of State, who was thinking not of Indian but of English politics, and who went out of office with his Party on some purely Home question just as he was beginning to learn his work. In England the Government rests entirely on the will of the people, and a change in it means little more than the election of a new committee by the members of a club. Platform oratory, even of a violent kind, mass-meetings and demonstrations, and an unlimited use, or abuse, of the Press are but the ordinary machinery for carrying on government in this way. The laws on sedition are at least as strong in England as in India, but they are practically a dead letter, and "the right of public meeting" and "freedom of speech, spoken or written," have become principles which must be regarded as sacred all over the world. In India the Government is still a thing which governs, and must be treated with respect; its overthrow would mean chaos, and if the support of it is incompatible with some "sacred principle," it is the latter which must give way. But will the Democracy admit this? Although it is only comparatively recently that the agitation in India has become serious, the abuse of its liberty by a part of the vernacular Press has been going on for many years, and under Lord Lytton a very mild Act was passed to check the abuse. This was, however, repealed under his successor, Lord Ripon, not on the advice of experienced Indians, but under pressure from Home.

Lord Morley, speaking in the House of Lords on June 30, said that he and Lord Minto were in perfect accord on all points, and that he would adopt any measures they might agree in thinking necessary for the suppression of disorder and sedition regardless

of the effect on his popularity inside or outside the House of Commons. In doing so he will no doubt be supported by all moderate men, but he will be strongly opposed by the Labour members and others who claim to be the real representatives of the Democracy. Nothing could be more convincing than his defence of his action on the deportation of Lajpat Rai and Ajit Singh, yet its only effect on these members has been to cause them to charge him with being false to the principles of a lifetime, and they will repeat the charge still more vehemently if he feels compelled to in any way violate another of their shibboleths, the one of "Liberty of the Press." Lord Morley has also said that a mere policy of repression has always been found to fail in the end, and no doubt this is so when it is directed against a really National movement. But the present agitation is in no sense such a movement; the mass of the people are unaware even of its existence, and the great majority of the better classes are opposed to it. The condition of parts of Bengal much resembles that of a school in which the lower boys have got quite out of hand, and openly defy and insult the headmaster simply because they believe that the trustees will not allow him to use the birch. Permission for the purchase of a birch has been at last given, and if it is sufficient to hang it up "in terrorem" so much the better. The one thing certain is that the agitation must be stopped; it might and should have been stopped long ago, and the reason this was not done is fear of the English Democracy.

It is said by Lord Morley, and by others also, that when we have suppressed disorder we are bound to do all we can to satisfy those national and natural aspirations which we ourselves have called into being. As a general proposition every one will agree with this, but before we proceed to action it is necessary to understand clearly what these aspirations are. Foremost amongst them is believed to be a desire on the part of Indians to be more freely admitted to a share in the government of the country. If by this is meant the employment of a larger proportion of natives as officials, we must remember how large the proportion is already. Practically the whole of the Provincial Service, that is the Civil Service recruited in India, which supplies not only the clerks in the public offices, but also all the officials judicial or executive

who come into direct contact with the people, is already in their hands. The Covenanted Civil Service recruited in England is open as freely to them as to Englishmen, and the number of them who enter it increases almost every year. In every High Court in India, including the chief court of the Panjab, there is at least one native judge, and it is no slur on his ability to say that he is appointed not because he is the ablest man available, though he may be so, but because he is a native. It is difficult to see what grievance the natives have in the matter of official appointments, and even if those now held by Europeans were handed over to them it would do but little to satisfy the multitude of hungry applicants. It must not be supposed that the substitution of native for European officials would be popular in the country generally. Whatever may be the faults of the European he has at least no family or social connections to influence his acts, he is known to be impartial and to wish to do justice; whilst his native colleague is constantly regarded with suspicion, just or unjust. The native may also be a man of low caste, or of a despised or hated race, and to put a Bengali to rule in North-West India would be like taking a Roman Catholic from the south of Italy or Spain and putting him to rule in Scotland or Ulster. The substitution of the babu for the sahib would not be popular in any part of India. Probably what is meant by giving the natives a larger share in the government is not the employment of more of them as officials, but giving the non-official public a greater voice in it, and Lord Curzon has said that we should not be deterred by what is now passing in India from proceeding on the path of Constitutional Reform. It is wise before starting on any path to see clearly where it will lead us, and to make up our minds where we want to go. We know the "goal of the Moderates," but Lord Morley has demonstrated most clearly the impossibility of establishing any form of Representative Government in India, and has declared emphatically that he will not attempt to do so. No doubt the Moderates would be quite ready to remain under the British flag, for they know well that if we were to accept them as the representatives of the people and hand over the government to them to-morrow, they could not of themselves retain power for a week. The "Raj" of a Parliament of babus supported by British bayonets would be at once the most grotesque and the

most universally detested of all the "Rajs" that have ever been set up in India.

Of the proposals for the establishment of an Advisory Council nothing can be said until the details are fully known. An Advisory Council, with no real power, is hardly likely to satisfy those who call for a change, and I do not at present see how it is likely to greatly help the Government. It can at present consult any one it chooses, and it has always enjoined on its officers generally, and on its district officers in particular, to make themselves acquainted with the real feeling of the people, and this can only be done by going about amongst them. Talk to a native gentleman, or a native of any rank, quietly in his own house or in yours, and he will tell you what he really thinks. Make him a member of a Board and call upon him to speak in public, and he will say not what he thinks, but what he supposes he is expected to say. So, too, with regard to the Legislative Council; this body already contains, or may be made to contain, representatives of all the most important interests in India, and an increase in its numbers would probably only mean an increase in the flow of profitless talk. Local bodies, with not merely advisory but with very considerable executive powers, already exist in every town of importance and in every district in India. When the Bill establishing them was under the consideration of a committee of the Legislative Council, a member fresh from England and full of "Liberal" ideas proposed that the chairmen and vice-chairmen of these bodies should be elected, remarking that every man ought to be proud to submit himself to the choice of his fellow citizens. A native gentleman of high rank and thorough English education, who was on the same committee, at once took him up and said: "You are giving us not what we want but what you want, and if you suppose for a moment that any decent native would submit to the degradation of election you can know nothing about India." Is there not even now a danger of our giving the people, not what they want, but what we want? What the great mass of the people, "the dumb millions," really desire is simply to be let alone, and some of our measures intended for their benefit have been most distasteful to them. Nothing, for instance, could have been better meant than our efforts to check the plague at its first outbreak, yet it may be safely said that no

measures ever so completely united all sections of the people against us. Another reform foreshadowed is one in the direction of decentralisation. This concerns rather the officers of the Government in their relations amongst themselves than in their dealings with the people. Almost the whole time I was in the service there was a talk of such a reform and a desire that more should be left to "the man on the spot." But when it came to asking who was to be this man, every one thought it ought to be himself. The man actually on the spot is the native subordinate, and no one would propose to entrust unlimited power to him. The claim of the district officer is a strong one, but though, as a class, these officers are admirable public servants, there are necessarily some men amongst them whose discretion is not sound. Much the same may be said of the next highest grade of officers, and so we go on all up the line until we reach the Secretary of State himself, who is indeed the very embodiment of centralisation. The Act of Parliament which transferred India to the Crown intended that the seat of Government should still be in India itself, and that the administration should be carried on there by a Viceroy from England, assisted by a council of Indian official experts, enlarged for purposes of legislation by the addition of other members, official and non-official, European and native, who were all free to vote entirely according to their real opinions. The only control over legislation reserved to the Secretary of State was the power to veto an Act within six months from the date of its passing. From the very first the policy of each Secretary of State has been one of steady encroachment on the powers of the Government of India, until it may be fairly said that the seat of Government has been transferred from Calcutta to London. Official members of the Legislative Council have been told that they must vote to order, and on the plea that to veto an Act after it has been passed would be "inconvenient," the Secretary of State now requires that all Bills of importance should be submitted to him for approval before they are introduced into council. In executive matters the interference has been so great that it has been said that the Viceroy is now little more than a clerk at the end of a telegraph wire. Much the same thing has been going on in London. The original intention was that the Secretary of State should ordi-

narily act on the advice of his council of Indian experts, but he now rarely, if ever, consults his council as a body, and the members of it individually have been reduced to mere ciphers. Not long ago one of them remarked to me that it was really heart-breaking to spend hours or even days in considering some Indian question on its merits, only to find that it had been settled round the corner in Downing Street, not on the merits at all, but merely on the consideration of what would best "go down" with the House of Commons. If Lord Morley wishes to "decentralise" he cannot do better than begin at home.

What is the existing system of administration in India which some are so eager to reform or destroy? Mr. Keir Hardie says it is a "huge Military Bureaucracy," but then he knows no better. Sir Henry Cotton, who does know better, was reported as describing it to a Radical meeting some time before the last General Election as "an Autocracy in comparison with which that of Russia was mildness itself." Such a description would be ludicrous if it were not deliberately intended to mislead. By "autocracy" is meant rule by the personal will or caprice of the ruler, exercised directly or through subordinates. No such rule exists in British India, whatever may be the case in those States which still enjoy the blessing of an Independent Native Government. In British India no official can exercise any power unless it be expressly given him by law, and no subject can be punished except on conviction after a fair trial in open Court. There is as full personal liberty in India as in England, and as much facility for entering Government service. If a man's "aspirations" are not for the spoils of office, but for the real good of his country, he can devote all his energies to promoting that good, and the Government would most cordially welcome his co-operation. The defects in our administration are due, not to the system itself, but to the human imperfections of the men who work it. The greatest danger of all, ill-feeling between the races, is one which no change of law or system can touch, and it is certainly not high-placed officials, civil or military, whose treatment of natives is most open to censure.

It is, however, not the object of the present paper to discuss problems, mostly of our own setting, connected with our rule in India itself, but rather to consider the influence on that rule

exercised by the establishment of Democracy in England. I regret to say that Mill's fears seem to me only too likely to be realised. But Democracy has come to stay, and there is little hope that it can be induced to abstain from meddling with India, or to realise that it is as unfit to govern that country as retired Indian civilians would be to govern England. Is it equally impossible for modern Radicals to take Carlyle's advice "to clear their minds of cant, and see things as they really are"? If they cannot do this the future is full of danger. The first fact they must realise is that the present agitators in no way represent the real people of India. Tacitus says, with reference to the fall of Galba, "two common soldiers undertook to transfer the Roman Empire, and they transferred it;" let us trust that no future historian may be able to say "a band of Bengali school-boys undertook to overthrow British rule in India, and they overthrew it."

CHARLES A. ROE.

GREATER BRITAIN

CANADIAN AFFAIRS

1

THE results of the General Election are still being discussed throughout the Dominion of Canada. Once more the question of the leadership of the Conservative Party is a subject of controversy, and in Western Canada many influential men are of opinion that Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, who has a sympathetic knowledge of both East and West, would make a more effective organiser of the victory that is certain to be won—sooner or later—than Mr. R. L. Borden. But the former still refuses to re-enter public life, and is unlikely to do so in the lifetime of his father, the “Grand Old Man” of Canadian politics, whose enduring vitality amazes all his friends. And if he did consent to emerge from his tent and leave the delightful climate of British Columbia and the “Jeffersonian simplicity” of society there for the hurly-burly of Party warfare, it would be as the chief lieutenant of Mr. R. L. Borden, who may be lacking in the qualities collectively described as “Magnetism” on this side of the Atlantic but certainly has the gift of creating strong ties of loyalty between himself and his most prominent supporters. It was the treachery of Sir Mackenzie Bowell’s intimate associates which shattered the Conservative organisation in the dreary unimaginative days after the death of Sir John Thompson, the only Conservative statesman who could play Elisha to Sir John Macdonald’s Elijah. That there must be no more treachery in the camp is to-day the first plank in the Conservative platform.

As yet the Canadian sense of nationality is not apparent in Federal politics; in other words, neither Party is “national” in any true sense of the term. There are no great national issues, and—except for the upheaval of popular opinion in the West

against the methods of Mr. Sifton and his—the recent contest was virtually a contest between the “Ins” and the “Outs” from first to last. But all said and done, I find more sense of nationality in the utterances of the Conservative journals in the West than in all the rest of the monstrous mass of electioneering speeches and manifestoes. Here is a pertinent excerpt from the *Winnipeg Telegram*, which has on its staff one of the best journalistic minds in the Dominion:

The campaign for honest administration has not by any means been a failure. True, it has not put the campaigners into power; but it has put some of the worst exemplars of the grafting theory of politics out of power. The Conservative party can afford to pocket its defeat if the country is served. But it cannot afford to recede one inch from the stand it has taken and from its advocacy of principles of government which are fundamental in their nature. The forces of corruption in Canadian politics have been shaken to their centre. The exponents of corruption have in some instances been wholly destroyed, and, in all, robbed of power, unless the administration prefers the degradation of their alliance to an honest attempt to purify itself from their association. That was something worth doing and it was something the Conservative party, and particularly the Conservative party in the West, may be proud of having done. It seized the spirit of the nation and expressed it as it has done before. Nobody could possibly misinterpret the verdict of the West, and where does the future of Canada lie if not here?

Certainly, the way in which to gain enough seats to secure a majority in the House of Commons may be to play on racial and religious prejudice and sectional interest. But it is possible there may be in Canada to-day men who recognise that it is better to have succeeded for the country in failure, than to have failed immeasurably in temporary success. To such men is committed the covenant of Canadian citizenship and in their hands lies the future of their country.

We will not submit to the doctrine that a knot of politicians may sit in Ottawa and, because Nova Scotia is Nova Scotia, with individual interests, and because Quebec is Quebec with local interests, and because Ontario is Ontario, and Manitoba Manitoba, and British Columbia British Columbia, so manipulate the political action of these provinces that they may divide the heritage of the people among themselves. The campaign of the Conservative party was a protest in the name of a common Canadianism against any such disintegrative idea; and while in many of its main features it was successful actually, it was even more successful, particularly in its Western developments, as a warning that a national popular instinct existed which would not down and could not be forever curbed.

It is to be hoped that these good intentions will be carried into effect when the Conservative Party is returned to power—in 1912 or 1916. But, in my judgment, Canadian politics cannot

be nationalised until the one great issue of the nearer future—East v. West—comes within the pale of practical matters as a result of the growth in wealth and population of Canada beyond the Great Lakes. So far as I can see there exists no great vivifying aspiration in the Eastern Provinces, though here and there discontent with the party “machines” is slowly but surely gathering force. Still a generation or two must pass before it is possible to create a party of political reform strong enough to put an end to all forms of “boodling” and “grafting.” For the time being the Eastern politician lacks the imaginative insight which is the first essential of national statesmanship. Now and again he talks of the greatness of Canada, of the grandeur of the Empire. But—he does not keep these things in his mind. There is not a single constituency in the Maritime Provinces or Ontario where half a dozen votes would be lost or won by a difference of opinion between the official candidates in regard to some far-reaching Imperial question. And the same may be said of the three prairie Provinces where the average elector, living discomfortably in order that he may lay the foundations of a comfortable civilisation for posterity, knows nothing of world-politics, and cannot understand that even his chief industry of “wheat mining” might be seriously affected by war on the far-off, forgotten high seas. In British Columbia, because he is in touch with salt water and breathes in the sea-born ideas of Empire, the average elector has some conception of that vastness of Canada’s destiny; though even there, within sight and hearing of the stormy Northern Pacific, parochial considerations generally determine his attitude in Provincial and Federal politics. None the less the West has an aspiration which, when it can express itself in the making and unmaking of Federal administrations, must inspire Canadian public life with a loftier conception of Canada’s position in world-business and world-politics.

The West is not so much a country as a state of mind; the Westerner, for all that he talks of land values and the development of natural resources, and all the rest of it, has given the best of his life to the purchase of unreal estate, to the building up of a civilisation, which may or may not tower as high as his hopes, but in any case—for the irony of circumstance must have its way—will never be enjoyed by the makers. He lives in the middle

distance of the future, and that is why he really thinks most of the Canada that is to be than of the Canada that was and that still is. The moment he has the power to prevent it, the spoliation of the West by the professional politicians of the East will be checked. The American West saved the Union—never forget that Lincoln was a true type of the Westerner!—since it was from the “big country” that the North derived the reinforcements, the continuous movement of vitality, which finally crushed the unconquered South in the long-premeditated struggle for the creation of a self-supporting, independent slave power. It may be that the Canadian West, where any man may say “I am I” (which was enough for God), but never “I am It” (which is the politician’s boast), will some day release the Canadian nation from the prison-house of small corrupt ideas, the delusions and illusions for which and by which self-seeking politicians live and earn a livelihood, sometimes attaining to the status of “small millionaires,” worthy to help the financial magnates of the United States into their fur overcoats. But before the money-changers can be driven out of the Temple, a man of the people—not one of the horde of lawyers, mostly K.C.s who take a brief from this or that party—must be found to ply the scourge. Canada has yet to find her Lincoln. In Mr. R. P. Roblin, the Premier of Manitoba, who is no word-juggler, no orator, no diplomatist—nothing but a live man, a sincere man—she has an archtype of the battling statesman who will surely come. But, for the present, all her politicians are plagiarisms of Sir John Macdonald and other historic personages.

2

For some time past I have been travelling through the West (incidentally and accidentally getting some curious glimpses of the way a political victory is organised), and looking over the portions of Canada’s new transcontinental railway which are already in operation. The prairie section between Winnipeg and Wainwright (666·8 miles) is an admirable piece of work. In time the road-bed will be as good as the Grand Trunk track between Montreal and Chicago, which combines the merits of English and American railway-building in the happiest manner. It is practically an “air-line,” and when the great bridge over the Battle River is completed, and the rails laid on to Edmonton,

the gateway of the North, and the most picturesque of all the prairie cities, the Grand Trunk system will have the shortest and by far the best route across the prairie-region. It is a curious fact that the engineers in charge of the construction of this section made use of a part of Mr. (now Sir) Sandford Fleming's original survey for the Canadian Pacific Railway. It was originally intended that the first Canadian transcontinental should pass through the Yellowhead Pass—the easiest cut by far through the Rockies—but political exigencies, combined with the impression that wheat could not be grown in the Saskatchewan Valley, led to the abandonment of this excellent route. I found that the builders of the Grand Trunk Pacific were criticised for not turning to this side or that in order to open up wonderful areas of agricultural land. Such critics forget that the new transcontinental is primarily a through line, and only secondarily a freight-collecting and colonising road. From the trunk, line branches will be built into every area of undeveloped or half-developed land, and it is obvious to the most elementary mathematician that, since the primary route crosses the prairie-region diagonally, instead of being parallel to the supposed side of the square at no great distance from it, the mileage to be constructed in order to collect freight in all such areas will be the minimum possible. Of course, this is a point of railway strategy which the average settler cannot be expected to understand. But the farmers in the broad ribbon of territory—the finest wheat-lands in the “Last Best West” of Canada beyond the Lakes—which will send its grain down to the lake-ports by the Grand Trunk Pacific, are naturally enthusiastic supporters of the new transcontinental, though the fact that it will be Canada's cheapest and speediest through freight-route means little to them. To have an elevator ten or fifteen miles nearer makes all the difference between large and small profits on the year's work. Since the spring a number of market-towns have grown up along the new track, and the amount of business obtained by the railway (which, at the time of my journey, was being operated by the Construction Department) has been at least four times what was expected.

After going to the end of the railway and looking at the great bridge which is being built over the Battle River—it will be completed and the rails laid to Edmonton before this preliminary

account appears in print—I returned to Winnipeg and thence journeyed to Prince Rupert—a journey which involved 3000 miles of railway travel and a sea-voyage of 2000 miles in the land-locked waters, suggesting the Norwegian Fjords, through which the ports of Northern British Columbia are reached. Prince Rupert has a magnificent harbour, with accommodation enough for the whole British Navy, which is easily approached from the ocean. The town-site is 10,000 acres in extent, and the lots will probably be sold by auction next May. The interest in this new Seattle in the making is very great, and the rush there in the spring will certainly equal the famous stampede to the Klondike-placers twelve years ago. Never was there so keen and wide-spread an interest in any real estate proposition in any part of the Canadian or American West. I myself have received scores of requests from all parts of Canada for a little reliable information about the possibilities—or, rather, probabilities—of Prince Rupert, which will assuredly hold, in the near future, a commanding position among the seaports of the Pacific slope of North America.

In my next article I propose to deal more coherently and at greater length with the economic development of “Greatest Canada” and with the political problems arising therefrom. For the present the vastness of the West is an obsession, and my mind is a turning kaleidoscope of highly-coloured impressions, the memories, collected in haste to be collated at leisure, of many thousand miles of travel and a thousand conversations with men who are building the second storey of the Dominion, laying their works and days as a bricklayer places his bricks in every part of a development-line that extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific, a distance of three thousand miles. A just sense of perspective is for the moment impossible, and I shall not regain it until I am back again in Toronto, the one Canadian city in which the atmosphere is suitable for meditation.

E. B. O.

VANCOUVER, Dec. 1.

SOUTH AFRICA

We have heard of late but little of the South African Convention, which has adjourned until January 11. From recent telegrams, however, it would appear that British and Boer delegates are on cordial terms, and that considerable progress has been made towards unification. There is naturally a tendency to look at the pleasant side of the picture, and to assume that once unification be secured details matter little. But our readers should remember that unification, humanly speaking, must mean the establishment for many years to come of a central South African Government of Boers inspired by principles such as commend themselves chiefly to the Boer section of the population. If this were not so, is it conceivable that the Boers, whose supremacy is established in three out of the four colonies concerned, would press unification with their present energy? If we believe that British principles and methods are superior to Boer principles and methods—and if we cannot believe this the Empire must be on its downward path—we must regret that the guiding spirit of the new dominion will be Boer and not British, and we must see that the new constitution protects to the fullest extent the position and rights of the British minority and keeps the door open for future British immigrants. We do not doubt that Dr. Jameson and the other British delegates are fully alive to this, and that they will accept no constitution which does not provide fully for equal electoral rights for the urban and rural communities, for the allocation of seats on voters and not on population basis, and for a system of automatic redistribution which, by increase in the number of constituencies, and consequent enlargement of the House, or by enlargement of the electoral units, will give adequate and unfettered representation to new population and to growing industrial centres. Apologists for the Radical-cum-Boer policy may be reminded, in this connection, that, according to official statistics, during the nine months ending September 30, 1908, the number of white persons who left South Africa by Cape and Natal ports exceeded the number of arrivals by 19,896. Needless to say that the vast majority of those departing were British—part of the *corpus vile* on which his Majesty's Government are trying their "great experiment" in magnanimity.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of THE NATIONAL REVIEW

FAIRPLAY

SIR,—On various occasions we have been fellow workers in the advance guard of Reform, and I have also been, since its origin, a regular subscriber to the *National Review*, which journal rendered a great service to the constructive policy of the Party, particularly when publishing the articles upon the "Economics of Empire."

It was, therefore, with regret that I read certain references in the article in this month's number entitled "Mr. Balfour's Sum in Subtraction."

All Unionists are agreed regarding the urgent necessity of changes in the next Unionist Cabinet.

There is merit and truth in the burden of the general theme with which most are in accord, but the article loses its influence by the evident maliciousness of the paragraph in regard to Mr. Wyndham. Whether mistakes occurred or not in 1904 is immaterial. Many people who know the facts consider he was the scapegoat of circumstances and loyalty. Undoubtedly, and especially during the last two years, Mr. Wyndham has rendered service to the Party as a Party, second to no other Front Bench man of the late Cabinet. All who run may read the history of Mr. George Wyndham's work during the last two years. Not content with his constituency work and his Parliamentary work, the work that he has done in the country is enormous, and would have taxed the physical as well as the mental abilities of a man who was less fit and able. He has taken a great part in the re-organisation of the County National Unions of Kent and Wiltshire, and, speaking from personal knowledge, I can only say that without him, the great Unionist revival and work that has taken place in Cheshire would hardly have been possible. As for Tariff Reform, at the present moment there is no other statesman better received, or more lucid upon this subject: Witness, his speech at the 1900 Club Dinner in February this year, at the Tariff Reform Annual Dinner the same month, when, without seeking to dull the lustre of Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, all of whom spoke that night, it was admitted on all hands that Mr. George Wyndham's speech stood out by itself. At Chester, in August, at the Eaton Demonstration, he likewise made a brilliant speech of an hour, which interested an audience of many thousands of people, and tremendously

inspired the Cause here. More recently still, during the National Union Conference at Cardiff, he made, at the Tariff Reform Luncheon of the South Wales Federation, what was admitted by everybody who heard it, one of the best speeches on the subject of Tariff Reform. It is only necessary to repeat the words of old and experienced politicians, who stated after that meeting, that the speech which Mr. George Wyndham had then delivered was equal to anything of Mr. Chamberlain or any other leader of the Party. Now this week, at the Sun Hall, Liverpool, at a meeting of some 6000 people, he spoke for seventy minutes to an enthusiastic audience, and made a most complete and comprehensive Tariff Reform speech.

To represent a man, who has every opportunity of otherwise spending the life which he is devoting to Politics, and to this important Cause, as occupying only "a faded place in the catalogue of exhausted influences," has over-shot the mark, and merely exposed the poisoned arrow of enmity and jealousy. It will surely stimulate the friends of Mr. Wyndham to increase their appreciation of his work and talent, and such articles, although it were better they appeared in other pages, will only do more to ensure his occupying a higher place both in popular estimation and the next Unionist Cabinet. Surely any Tariff Reform Government, possible or conceivable, could ill spare the talent, ability and knowledge of so able and influential a member. Goodness knows we are short enough of speakers of first-class importance and influence. To-day there is no more popular or acceptable speaker at a big Unionist meeting than George Wyndham.

Yours faithfully,

A UNIONIST CANDIDATE.

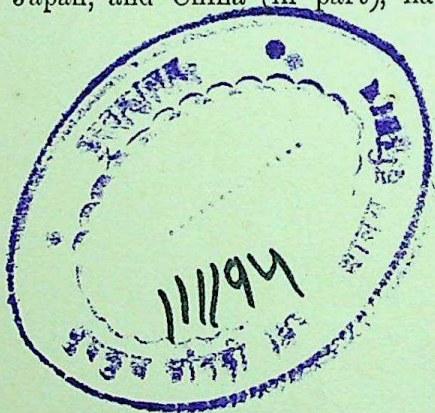
To the Editor of THE NATIONAL REVIEW

"C.P.R. V. G.T.R."

SIR,—I notice in an article on "Greater Britain" in the October number of the *National Review*, signed "E. B. O.," certain statements which are not in strict accordance with the past experience or present information of Canadians generally. The writer informs us that he first knew Western Canada in 1895, and goes on to tell us that he has travelled on railways, in Canada it is to be inferred, where the conductor had to get down and implore a traveller, who was walking ahead of the train, to return to his seat and not shame the railway. It is a pity he should have wasted his time retailing a Yankee joke which was worn threadbare half a century ago. I travelled over Canadian railways in 1854, and those over which I then travelled were just as comfortable, and were run at as high a rate of speed, as the railways between London and Birmingham, London and Southampton, London and Grantham, and the ever to be remembered London, Chatham and Dover, over which I travelled about the same time. "E. B. O." proceeds to eulogise the Grand Trunk at the expense of the

C.P.R., alleging that the G.T.R. has more "posts" on the great lakes than the Canadian Pacific. I don't know what he means by "posts," the ports on the lakes are, of course, open to all vessels alike. The C.P.R. has five magnificent passenger steamers on the lakes, the Grand Trunk has none. The climax of error is, however, reached in the concluding paragraph of the article, in which he says, "What is a matter of Imperial importance, the Grand Trunk Railway is in a position to provide a quick and easy 'all red' route between ocean and ocean. The Canadian Pacific Railway does not provide this route. It is not 'all red' all the time, since the traveller who sails to Halifax in the winter season must pass for a long distance through the State of Maine." The Grand Trunk Railway cannot give an "all red" route from ocean to ocean, because its Atlantic port is Portland in the State of Maine, and the Grand Trunk Railway runs for one hundred and fifty miles through United States territory (Maine) to get there. On the other hand, the Canadian Pacific gives now, and has for years given, what is practically an "all red" route, not merely from ocean to ocean, but from Liverpool to Hong Kong. A passenger can step on board a C.P.R. steamer at Liverpool, land at St. John, New Brunswick (or Halifax), go straight to the railway, and the C.P.R. train will carry him all the way to Vancouver, and then the C.P. steamer will convey him, under the British flag, to Hong Kong. The mails from the United Kingdom for Japan, and China (in part), have been conveyed this way for years.

W. W.



[illegible]

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